

THE

Vesperian Harp.

Watts, Ps. 97.

OLD HUNDRED L. M.

MICHAEL LUTHER.

1. He reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Praise him in o - ver - gel - ic strains; Let the whole earth in songs rejoice, And dis - tant islands join their voice.

2. Deep are his counsels and unknown, But grace and truth sup - port his throne; Tho' gloomy clouds his ways surround, Justice is their e - ter - nal round.

3. In robes of vengeance, lo! he comes, Be - fore him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas re - tire.
Shake the wide earth and cleave the tombs;

4. His an - e - mics, with sore dismay, Fly from the sight and shun the day; Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high, And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

1. The Lord my shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be-side?
 2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas-ture grows; Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows.

3. If e'er I go as-tray, He doth my soul re-claim, And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho-ly name,
 4. While he af-fords his aid, I can-not yield to fear, Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there.

5. A-mid sur-round-ing foes, Thou dost my ta-ble spread; My cup with blessings o-ver-flows, And joy ex-alts my head.
 6. The boun-ties of thy love Shall crown my following days; Nor from thy house will I re-move, Nor cease to speak thy praise.

WINDHAM. L. M.

And.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a tra-vel-ler.

2. "De-ny thyself, and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command; Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.

1. Sal - va - tion, O the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sove - reign balm for ev' - ry wound, A car - diac for our fears.

2. Sal - va - tion! let the e - cho fly The spacious earth a - round, While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.

3. Sal - va - tion! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise be - longs: Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

Attributed to A. WILLIAMS.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs, With an - gels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2. Wor - thy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus! Wor - thy the Lamb, our hearts re - ply, For he was slain for us.

3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive, Honour and pow'r di - vine; And blessings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ev - er thine.

4. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name Of Him that sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb.

1. Sweet is the work, my God my king, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mor-tal care shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of solemn sound.

3. When grace has pu-ri-fied my heart, Then I shall share a glorious part; And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like ho-ly oil to cheer my head.

4. Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I de-sired, or wished be-low; And ev'ry hour find sweet em-ploy In that e-ter-nal world of joy.

MEAR. C. M.

BROWN.

1. In God's own house pro-nounce his praise, His grace he there re-veals; To heav'n your joy and won-der raise, For there his glo-ry dwells.

2. Let all your sa-cred pas-sions move, While you rehearse his deeds; But the great work of sa-ving love, Your high-est praise ex-ceeds.

3. All that have mo-tion, life, and breath, Proclaim your Ma-ker bless'd; Yet, when my voice ex-pires in death, My soul shall praise him best.

1. Come, weary souls, with ain distress'd, Come, and accept the promised rest; The Sa-voir's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloo-my fears a - way.

2. Op-press'd with sin, a pain - ful load, O come, and spread your woes abroad: Di-vine com-pas-sion, migh - ty love, Will all the pain - ful load re-move.

3. Here mercy's boundless o - cean flows, Pardon, and life, and end-less peace, How rich the gift! how free the grace!
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;

4. Lord, we accept, with thankful heart, The hope thy gracious words im-part; We come with trembling, yet re-joice, And bless the kind, in-vit-ing voice.
5. Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous love Confirm our faith, our fears remove; O sweet-ly influence ev'-ry breast, And guide us to e-ter-nal rest.

SUPPLICATION. L. M.

1. Show pi-ty, Lord; O Lord, for-give! Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live; Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The pow'r and glo-ry of thy grace; Great God, thy na-ture hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found.

'Twas on that dark and doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell a-rose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends be-tray'd him to his foes.

SOLEMNITY.* L. M.

DAVISON.

He dies, the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep a-round,
A sol-enn darkness veils the skies, A sud-den trem-bling shakes the ground.

* This arrangement of Solemnity is given for the satisfaction of those who prefer it to the one above.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing!
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

DEVOTION. (Wyeth's.) L. M.

Ran.

2. Sweet is the day of an-ured rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like Da-vid's harp of solemn sound.

O may my heart, &c. O may my heart, &c. Like Da-vid's harp, &c.

O may my heart, &c. O may my heart, &c. Like Da-vid's harp, &c.

BOURBON. L. M.

Arranged by Wm. Housen.

'Twas on that dark and so-lemn night,
 When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's de-light,
 And friends betray'd him—to his foes.

DISMISSION. L. M.

I can-not bear thy absence, Lord; My life expires if thou de-part;
 Be thou, my heart, still near my God, And thou, my God, be near my heart.

1. Ye nations round the earth, re-joice Be-fore the Lord, your sovereign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing.

2. The Lord is God; 'tis he a-lone Doth life, and breath, and being give; We are His work, and not our own; 'The sheep that on his pastures live.

3. En-ter his gates with songs of joy, With praises to his courts re-pair; And make it your di-vine em-ploy To pay your thanks and honours there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind; Great is his grace, his mercy sure; And the whole race of man shall find His truth from age to age en-dure.

PARIS. L. M.

HILLIARD.

1. This spacious earth is all the Lord's, He raised the building on the seas, And gave it for their dwelling place.

2. But there's a brighter world on high, Thy palace, Lord, a-bove the sky; Who shall ascend that bless'd a-bode, And dwell so near his Ma-ker, God?

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-

JEHALAH. L. M.

lu-jah! A-men.

He dies, the Friend of sinners dies,
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

lu-jah! A-men.

TENDER THOUGHT. L. M.

A. DAVIDSON

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A - rise, my ten - der thoughts, a - rise, To tor-rents melt my streaming eyes; And thou, my heart, consent to feel Those e - vils which

ANGEL'S HYMN. L. M.

TANBUR.

thou canst not heal. The God of our sal-va-tion hears Yet, when he comes with kind designs, Thro' all the way his terror shines.

Four.

Praise to the Lord, of boundless might, With uncre - a - ted glories bright; His pre-sence fills the world a - bove, Th' o - ter - nal source of light and love.

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

Essex.

1. From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise a - rise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

2. E - ternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and plan-ets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

DAVISSON'S RETIREMENT. L. M.

ANANIAS DAVISSON.

Je-sus! and shall it ev-or be, A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days!

Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?

1. Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive; Let a repenting rebel live;

2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of thy grace; Great God, thy nature hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found.

LITCHFIELD. L. M.

L.M.

How soft the words my Saviour speaks! How kind the promise he makes! A bruised reed he never breaks, Nor will he quench the smoking flax.



1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armour on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where thy great Captain, Saviour's gone.



2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes; Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross, And sung the triumph when he rose.



3. Then let my soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heavenly gate; There peace and joy e - ternal reign, And glit'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.



4. There shall I wear a starry crown, And triumph in Al-might-y grace; While all the armies of the skies Join in my glorious Lead - er's praise.

PASSEOVER. L. M.



1. 'Twas on that dark and doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell arose Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betray'd him to his foes.



Oh have I turn'd my eyes with - in, And brought to light some latent sin; But pride, the vice I most de - test, Still lurks se - curely in my breast.

THE HUMBLE PENITENT. L. M.

DARINSON.

1. Stay, thou in - sult - ed Spir - it, stay! Tho' I have done thee such despise; Nor cast the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take thine ex - er - last - ing flight.
 2. Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart, And still shook off my guilt - ty fears, And vox'd, and urged thee to depart, For ma - ny long re - bell - ious years:
 3. Tho' I have most un - faith - ful been, Of all who e'er thy grace received, Ten thousand times thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:
 4. Yet, O! the chief of sin - ners spare, In hon - our of my great High Priest; Nor in thy righteous an - ger swear, T' ex - clude me from thy people's rest.
 5. This on - ly woe I dep - re - cate, This on - ly plague I pray re - move, Nor leave me in my lost es - tate, Nor curse me with this want of love.
 6. Now, Lord, my woe - ry soul re - lease, Up - raise me with thy gracious hand; And guide in - to thy perfect peace, And bring me to the promised land.

SALEM. L. M.

DUFFELL.

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1. He dies! the Friend of Sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two, For him who groan'd beneath your load; He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richer blood.

GLASGOW. L. M.

DAVISON.

1. This life's a dream, an empty show, But the bright world to which we go, Hath joys sub - stan - tial and sin - cere; When shall I wake and find me there?

2. O glorious hour! O blest abode! I shall be near, and like my God! And flesh and sin no more control The sacred plea - sures of the soul.

3. My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joy - ful sound, Then burst the chains in sweet surprise, And in my Sa - viour's image rise.

1. Sweet Sol-i-tude, thou blessed queen,
 With modest air and brow se - rene,
 'Tis thou inspir' at the poet's theme,
 Wrapp'd in sweet vision's al - ry dream,
 Wrapp'd in sweet vision's al - ry dream,

2. Pa - rent of virtue, nurse of thought,
 By thee were saints and patriots taught;
 Wisdom to thee her treasures owes,
 And in thy lap fair science grows,

at - ry dream, Wrapp'd in sweet vision's al - ry dream.

science grows, And in thy lap fair science grows.

3. Whate'er exalts, refines, or charms,
 Invites to thought, to virtue warms—
 Whate'er is perfect, firm, or good,
 We owe to thee, sweet Solitude.
4. With thee, the charms of life shall last,
 E'en when the rosy bloom is past;
 When slowly pacing Time shall spread
 His silver blossoms o'er my head.

5. No more shall this vain world perplex—
 Thou wilt prepare me for the next;
 The springs of life shall gently cease,
 And angels waft my soul to peace.
6. O may I reach the heavenly place,
 Where God unveils his lovely face!
 My soul his beauties shall behold,
 And sing his praise on harps of gold.

My soul, the great Cre-a - tor praise; While clothed in his ce-lestial rays, He in full ma-jes - ty ap - pears, And like a robe his glory wears.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clef, and the bottom two are bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the second staff.

The heavens are for his curtain spread, Clouds are his chariot, when he flies On winged storms a - cross the skies.
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clef, and the bottom two are bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the second staff.

Lord, what was man when made at first, Adam, the offspring of the dust, That thou shouldst set him and his race, But just be - low an angel's place?

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1. Lord, when thou didst as - cend on high, Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky: Those heav'nly guards a - round thee wait, Like chariots that at - tend thy state.

2. Not Sinai's mountain could ap - pear While he pronounced his dread - ful law, And struck the cho - sen tribes with awe.
More glorious when the Lord was there;

3. How bright the triumph now can tell, When the re - bellious pow'rs of hell, That thousand souls had cap - tive made, Were all in chains like captives led.

4. Raised by his Father to the throne, He sent his promised Spirit down, With gifts and grace for ev'ry - el men, That God might dwell on earth a - gain

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For on-to us a Saviour's born; See how the angels wing their way, To usher in the glorious day, To usher in the

2. Hark! what sweet music, what a song, Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptured, listening heart, Sounds from the bright ce-les-tial throng!

3. Come, join the angels in the sky, Let peace and love on earth abound, While time revolves and years roll round, Glo-ry to God, who reigns on high! While time revolves and years roll round, years roll round.

KEDRON.

L. M.

Dane.

1. Thou Man of griefs, remember me, Who never canst thyself forget Thy last expir-ing a-go-ny, Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat,

2. Fa-ther, (if I may call thee so,) Remove this load of guilty woe, Nor let me in my sins ex-pire,

3. I tremble, lest the wrath divine, Should bruise this wretched soul of mine, Long as e-ter-nal ages roll, Which bruises now my wretched soul, Long as e-ter-nal ages roll.

1. In vain the wealthy mor-tal's toil, And heap their shining dust in vain; } Their gold-en' cordials can-not ease Their pained hearts or ach-ing heads,
 Look down and scorn the humble poor, And boast their lofty hills of gain. }

2. The ling'ring, the un-will-ing soul, The dismal summons must o-bey, } Thence they are huddled to the grave, Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
 And bid a long, a sad fare-well, To the pale lump of lifeless clay. }

Nor fright, nor bribe approaching death, From glit'ring robes and downy beds.
 Their bones, without distinc-tion, lie A-mong the heaps of meaner bones.

WHITESTOWN. L. M.

Horn.

Where nothing dwell but beasts of prey, Or men as

They sow the fields, and
 fierce and wild as they, He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
 And build them towns and cit - ies there. They
 They sow the fields, and trees they plant, Whose
 They sow the fields, &c. Whose yearly fruit sup-

trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit sup - plies their want, Their race, &c.
 sow the fields, and trees they plant, Their race grows up from fruitful stocks;
 Whose yearly fruit supplies their want; Their wealth increas - es with their flocks.
 year - ly fruit sup - plies their want, Their race, &c.
 plies their want, Their race, &c.

The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And spangled

And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their

The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great O-

And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great Orig - i - nal pro - claim.

heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great Original pro - claim, Their great Orig - i - nal proclaim, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim, 1 2

great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim, And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great Orig - i - nal pro - claim, Their great O - rig - i - nal proclaim, 1 2

rig - i - nal pro - claim, Their great O - rig - i - nal proclaim, Their great O - rig - i - nal proclaim, Their great Orig - i - nal proclaim, 1 2

And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim, Their great Original proclaim, Their great Orig - i - nal proclaim.

1. Great God, at-tend while Zion sings, The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex-

2. Might I en-joy the meanest place With-in thy house, O God of grace! Not tents of ease, nor

3. God is our sun—He makes our day; God is our shield—He guards our way; From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and

4. All need-ful grace will God bestow, And crown that grace with glory too: He gives us all things, and withholds No re-al good from upright souls.

5. O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway Tho' glorious hosts of heav'n ob-ey, And devils at thy presence flee; Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

ceeds a thousand days of mirth. To spend one day with thee on earth, To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door. Not tents, &c. Should tempt, &c.

foes with-in. From all th' assaults of hell and sin. From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes within.

He gives us all things, and withholds, And devils at thy presence flee; He gives us all things, and withholds No re-al good from upright souls, And de-vils at thy presence flee; Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

1. My spirit looks to God alone, My rock and refuge is his throne;
 2. Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways, Pour out your hearts before his face;
 3. False are the men of high degree, The ha-er sort are van-i-ty;
 4. Make not increasing gold your trust, Nor set your hearts on glittering dust:
 5. Once has his awful voice declared, Once and again my ears have heard; "All pow'r is his e-ter-nal due; He must be fear'd and trusted too, He must be fear'd and
 6. For soy'reign pow'r reigns not alone, Grace is a partner of the throne: Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord, Shall well divide our last reward, Shall well divide our

In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on his aid—
 When helpers fail and foes invade, God is our all-suf-
 Laid in a balance, both ap-pear Light as a puff of
 Why will you grasp the fleet-ing smoke, And not be-lieve what

CALDWELL. L. M.

va-tion waits,
 fi-cient aid.
 empty air,
 God has spoke.
 trusted too,
 last re-ward.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.



He comes. He comes, the Judge severe, Halle, Halle-lu-jah!
 The seventh trumpet speaks flint near, Halle, Halle-lu-jah! His lightnings flash, His thunders roll, Halle, Halle-lu-jah! How welcome to the faithful soul, O

HEBRON. L. M.



1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on; And ev'ry evening shall make known
 Thus far his power prolongs my days; Some fresh memorial of his grace,
 Halle, Halle-lu-jah!

2. Much of my time has run to waste, But he forgives my follies past,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home; And gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep — While well-appointed angels keep
 Peace is the pillow for my head; Their watchful stations round my bed.

4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground; With sweet salvation in the sound.

1. Say now, ye lovely so - cial band, Who walk the way to Canaan's land, } Oh! have you ventured to the field,
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain, Say, do you wish to turn a - gain? } Well arm'd with helmet, sword, and shield! And shall the world, with

dread alarms,
Compel you now to ground your arms?

2. O, come, young soldiers, count the cost,
And say, what pleasures have you lost?
Or what misfortune does it bring,
To have Jehovah for your king?
Shall sin entice you back again,
And bind you with its iron chain?
Has vice to you such lovely charms,
That you must die within its arms?

3. Is folly's way the way of peace,
Where fear, and pain, and sorrow cease?
Does pleasure roll its living stream,
And is religion all a dream?
Say, what contentment did you find
When love of pleasure ruled your mind?
No sweet reflection gave you rest,
Nor conscious virtue calm'd your breast.

4. Did you not dread the hast'ning day,
When carnal joys must pass away?
When death shall sing in mournful strain,
"Let dust to dust return again?"
But now your thoughts delight to soar
Where earth and time shall be no more;
They pass the grave and mount on high,
To the fair fields above the sky.

5. There, on the hill of sweet repose,
You'll bid adieu to all your woes;
There you shall walk the flow'ry fields,
And taste the fruit that Zion yields;
There sits the Saviour on his throne,
And there Jehovah reigns alone;
There angels circle round his seat,
And armies worship at his feet.

6. But, oh, I see among the rest,
A host in whiter garments dress'd,
And nearer to the throne they stand,
With palms of vict'ry in their hand!
Oh, who are those I now behold
With blood-wash'd robes and crowns of gold,
A glorious host, distinctly known
To him that sits upon the throne?

7. Now, now we know from whence this throng,
For, hark! redemption is their song;
From yonder vale of tears they come;
Welcome ye trav'lers, welcome home!
Oh, now upon the peaceful shore
You're met at last to part no more
Where flesh and sin shall not control
The pure affections of the soul.

BONNIE DOON. L. M. D.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Houston.

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1. When, marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glitt'ring host be-stud the sky, One star alone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye. 2. Hark!

3. Once on the rag-ing seas I rode— The ocean yaw'n'd—and rudely blow'd The storm was loud, the night was dark; The winds that toss'd my found'ring bark. 4. Deep

5. It was my guide, my light, my all; And through the storm, and danger's thrall, It bade my dark fore-bodings cease; It led me to the port of peace. 6. Now,

hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev'-ry host, from ev'-ry gem; But one alone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.

horrors then my vitals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem, When suddenly a star a-rose, It was the Star of Beth-le-hem.

safely moor'd—my per-ils o'er—I'll sing, first in night's di-a-dem, For e-ver, and for e-ver-more, The Star—the Star of Beth-le-hem.

G D G D G A B C D G D G D G C Dm D G

G A B C Dm E G E D G D G D G A B C Dm D G

ARNHEIM. L. M.

1. The Lord is come: the heav'n's proclaim His birth—the nations learn his name: An unknown star directs the road Of eastern an-ges to their God.

2. All ye bright armies of the skies, Go worship where the Saviour lies: Angels and kings before him bow, Those gods on high and gods below.

3. Let i - de - o - lat - ry to the ground, And their own worshippers confound; Zion shall still his glo - ry sing, And earth confess her sovereign King.

VESPERIA. L. M.

1. Soft be the gent - ly breathing notes, That sing my Saviour's lov - ing love, Soft as the eve - ning zéph - yr floats, Soft as the tuneful choir above.

2. Soft as the morning dews descend, While the sweet lark ex - ult - ing sings; So soft to your Al - migh - ty Friend, Be ev'ry sigh your bosom brings.

3. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid ear of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

4. True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be—
So true let all our sorrows roll,
To him who bled upon the tree.



1. Ho - ly, and true, and righteous Lord, I want to prove thy perfect will; Be mindful of thy gracious word, And stamp me with thy Spir - it's zeal.

2. O - pen my faith's in - to - rior eye; Display thy glo - ry from a - bove: And all I am shall sink and die, Lost in as - ton - ish - ment and love!

3. Con - found, o'erpower me with thy grace; I would be by my - self abhorr'd; All might, all ma - jes - ty, all praise, All glo - ry be to Christ my Lord.

4. Now let me gain perfection's height, Now let me in - to nothing fall; As less than nothing in thy sight, And feel that Christ is all in all!



1. Be - ing of beings, God of love, To thee our hearts we raise; Thy all - sustaining power we prove, And gladly sing thy praise, And gladly sing thy praise.

2. Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be, Our sacrifice receive; Made, and preserved, and saved by thee, To thee ourselves we give, To thee ourselves we give.

3. Heav'nward our ev'ry wish aspires, For all thy mercy's store; The sole return thy love requires, Is that we ask for more, Is that we ask for more.

With-in thy circling pow'r I stand, On ev'-ry side I find thy hand; Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am surrounded

With-in thy circling pow'r I stand, On ev'-ry side I find thy hand; Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, Awake, asleep, at home, a - broad, I

Awake, asleep, &c. I am surrounded still with God, Awake, asleep, at

GARDEN. L. M.

BROWN.

still with God, I am surrounded still with God, I am surrounded still with God, I am surrounded still with God.

home, a - broad, I am surrounded still with God.

God, from his cloudy cis-tern, pours On the parch'd earth refreshing showers;

God, from his cloudy cis-tern, pours On the parch'd earth refreshing showers;

The grove, the gar-den, and the field, The grove, the gar-den, and the field, A thousand joy-ful blessings yield.

The grove, the gar-den, and the field, A thousand joy-ful blessings yield.

The grove, the gar-den, and the field, A thousand joy-ful blessings yield.

The grove, the garden, and the field, The grove, the gar-den, and the field, A thousand joy-ful blessings yield.

Watts's Hymns

PROSPECT. L. M.

Graham. Bass by W. Housen.

1. Why should we start and fear to die? What tun'rous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate to end-less joy, And yet we dread to en-ter there!

2. The pains, the groans, the dy-ing strife, Fright our approaching souls a-way; And we shrink back a-gain to life, Fond of our pri-son and our clay!

3. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste. Fly fearless through death's i-ron gate, Nor feel the ter-rors as she past.

4. Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed feel soft as downy pillows are, Whilst on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.



1. E - ter - nal Pow'r, whose high a-bode Becomes the grand - eur of a God! In - fi - nite lengths, beyond the bounds Where stars re -

2. These while the first arch - an - gel sings, He hides his face be - hind his wings; And ranks of shining thrones a - round, Fall wor - ship -

3. Lord, what shall earth and ash - es do! We would adore our Ma - ker too! From sin and dust to thee we cry, The great, the

4. Earth from a - far hath heard thy fame, And worms have learn'd to lip thy name; But, Oh! the glo - ries of thy mind Leave all our

5. God is in heav'n, and men be - low—Be short our tunes; our words be few! A sol - emn rev'rence checks our songs, And praise sits

CARLISLE. L. M.

SPICE.



volve their lit - tle rounds.

ping and spread the ground.

ho - ly, and the high!

soar - ing thoughts be - hind!
si - lent on our tongues.

Deep in our hearts let us re - cord The deeper sorrows of our Lord;

Be -

Be - hold the

Be - hold the To

Be - hold the ris - ing billows roll, To o - ver - whelm his ho - ly soul, To overwhelm his ho - ly soul.

hold the ris - ing To To

ris - ing To To

ISLE OF WIGHT. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

Lord, shall we part with gold for dress, With aol - id good for show? Out - live our bliss, and mourn our loss, In ev - er - last - ing wo?

Je-sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view. I feel, I feel, I

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

feel like shouting home, I feel, I feel, I feel like shouting home.

Awake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeem-er's praise

LOVING-KINDNESS. *Concluded.*

37



He justly claims a song from me, His loving-kindness, O how free! loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, O how free!

2. He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale —
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death!

3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes —
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

5. Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not!

7. Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HIGHBRIDGE. L. M.



'Thro' ev'ry age, e - ter-nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe a - bode; High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

The spacious firmament on high, With all the blues, e - thereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns (a shining frame) Their great Original proclaim;

'Tis' unwearied sun, from day to day, Doth his Crea - tor's pow'r display,

WATCHMAN'S CALL. L. M. D.

WM. WALKER.

1. The watchmen blow the trumpet round,
Come, listen to the solemn sound;
And be assured there's danger nigh—
How many are prepared to die!

2. Come, old and young; come, rich and poor;
You'll all be call'd to stand be-fore
The God that made the earth and sea,—
And there be-hold his majes - ty.

And pub - lish - es, to ev' - ry land, The work of an Almighty hand.

Your days on earth will soon be o'er, And time, to you, re-turn no more; O, think! thou hast a soul to save! What are thy hopes be-yond the grave?

Will you re-main quite un-concern'd, While for your souls the watchmen mourn? They weep, to think how you will stand, With frightful ghosts, at God's left hand.

3. O, mortals! view the dream of life,
And see how thousands end the strife;
Who, though convinced, do still delay,
Till death ensues, and drags away.
Will you, for fancied earthly toys,
Deprive yourselves of heavenly joys?
And will the calls you have to-day,
Be slighted still, and pass away?

4. The trying scene will shortly come,
When you must hear your certain doom;
And if you then are unprepared,
You'll hear in mind the truths you've heard.
Your sparkling eyes will then roll round,
While death will bring you to the ground;—
The coffin, grave, and winding-sheet,
Will hold your lifeless frame complete;

5. Your friends will then pass by your tomb,
And view the grass around it grown,
And heave a sigh, to think you've gone,
Whence, never, never, you'll return.
O, mortals! now improve your time,
And while the gospel-war doth shine,
Fly swift to Christ—he is your friend—
And then in heaven your souls will end.

THIRD CREEK. L. M.

Arranged by Wm. Housar.

1. Lift up your heads, Emmanuel's friends, And taste the pleasure Je-sus sends; Let nothing cause you to de-lay, But hast-en on the good old way.

2. Our conflicts here, tho' great they be, Shall not prevent our vic-to-ry, If we but watch, and strive, and pray, Like soldiers in the good old way.

When we, our wea-ry limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with dole-ful thoughts oppress'd, And Zi-on was our mournful theme.

ATLANTA. L. M. D.

Arranged by W. HENNES.

1. Young people, all, at-tention give, While I address you in God's name;
You who in sin and fol-ly live, Come, hear the counsel of a friend.

2. He spake at once my sins forgiven, And wash'd my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace, and heav'n, And thus I found the heav'nly way.

3. Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone, By fleeting time or conqu'ring death;
Your morn-ing sun may set at noon, And leave you ex-er in the dark.

I've sought for bliss in glit'ring toys, And ranged the luring scenes of vice, But nev - er knew substantial joys, Un - til I heard my Saviour's voice.

And now with trembling sense I view The billows roll beneath your feet; For death, e - ter - nal waits for you, Who slight the force of gos - pel truth.

Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks Must wither like the blasted rose; The col - lin, earth, and wind-ing sheet, Will soon your ac-tive limbs en-close.

4. Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed;
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll,
In solemn darkness round your head,
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slowly on,
Still gazing on the spire of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.

5. Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
And roll amidst the awful flames,
When thousand thousand years are o'er;
Sunk in the shade of endless night,
To groan and howl in endless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

6. Ye blooming youth, this is the state,
Of all who do free grace refuse,
And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose;
Come lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heav'n shall be your great reward.

AVERET. L. M.

Arranged by W. Housa.

Children of God, renounce your fears, Lo! Jesus for your help appears, And loud - ly speaks as he draws nigh, "Be not a-fraid, for it is I."

1. Oh! for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart away; And thaw with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine. :||

2. The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountains shake; Offeeling all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine. :||

3. To hear the sorrows thou hast felt, O Lord, an adamant would melt; But I can read each moving line, And nothing moves this heart of mine. :||

4. Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear, (Amazing thought!) which devils fear: Goodness and wrath in vain combine To stir this stupid heart of mine. :||

5. But something yet can do the deed; And that blest something much I need; Thy Spirit can from dross refine, And melt and change this heart of mine. :||

SABBATH SUMMONS. L. M.

PARTS BY WM. HOWARD.

1. Not by the brazen trumpet's voice, Our schools are summon'd to rejoice
But the sweet skylark's early lay, In God their Saviour on this day.

2. Salvation's silver trumpet brings Happy, whose heart with rapture springs
Heaven's richest music to our ears; At the first welcome note his heart.

Then, in the tem - ple of the Lord, We sing, and pray, and hear the word,
 As - sem-bling round the throne of grace, And see our glo - ri - ous Maker's face.

He, where e - ter-nal Sabbathshine, Les-sons shall learn of truth divine,
 Where all by God himself are taught, Of pow'r and love surpassing thought.

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 131.

CORINTH. L. M.

JES. MASSINGALE AND W. HOUSE.

1. Say, which of you would see the Lord? You all may now ob - tain the grace: Be - hold him in the writ - ten word, Where John unveils the Saviour's face.

2. Clear as the trum-pet's voice he speaks, To ev'ry soul that turns his ear; A - mid the gold-en can - dle-sticks He walks; and, lo, he now is here.

3. Pre - sent to all be - liev-ing souls; They see him with an eagle eye; Down to his feet a gar - ment rolls, Stain'd with a glorious crimson dye.

6. He's spot-less pu - ri - ty of soul, We by a love - ly emblem know; His head and hairs are white as wool, White are they as the driven snow.

7. Gilt for his feet like burnish'd brass, That long hath in the furnace shone; Brighter than lightning is his face, Brighter than the me - ri - dian sun.

THE TURTLE DOVE. L. M. D.

1. Hark! don't you hear the turtle dove!—The to-ken of re-deem-ing love!} O Zi-on, hear the tur-tle dove. She comes, the
From hill to hill we hear the sound,—The neigh'ring valleys echo round.} The to-ken of your Saviour's love!

2. The win-ter's past, the rain is o'er, We feel the chilling winds no more; } On Zi-on's mount the watchmen cry: Behold! the
The spring is come, how sweet the view! All things appear divine-ly new.} "The re-sur-rection's drawing nigh;

3. The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh,
O sinners, turn! why will ye die?
How can you spurn the gospel charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms,
These are the days that were foretold,
In ancient times, by prophets old;
They longed to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4. The latter days on us have come,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All flocking to the mount of God!
O, yes! and I will join that band,—
Now, here's my heart, and here's my hand;
With Satan's bands no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

5. His banner soon will be unfur'd,
And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we shall stand,
In Canaan's fair, celestial land,
When sun and moon shall darken'd be,
And flames consume the land and sea;
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.

BETHEL STREET.

L. M.

Arranged by Wm. Howard.

Get - art land to cheer, And welcome in the ju - bil year.

na - tions from abroad Are flocking to the mount of God.

1. O, who will come, and go with me? O hal - le, O hal - le - lu - jah! }
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see; O hal - le, O hal - le - lu - jah! }

2. A few more roll - ing years at most, O hal - le, O hal - le - lu - jah! }
Will land my soul on Canaan's coast, O hal - le, O hal - le - lu - jah! }

3. O may my soul march bold - ly on, O hal - le, O hal - le - lu - jah! }
And no - ver end the blessed song, O hal - le, O hal - le - lu - jah! }

I'll join with saints who've gone before, O hal-le, O hal-le-lu-jah! Where sin and sorrow are no more, O hal-le, O hal-le-lu-jah!

There, on the hill of sweet re- pose, O hal-le, O hal-le-lu-jah! I'll bid a-dieu to all my woes, O hal-le, O hal-le-lu-jah!

O may I al-ways per-se-vere, O hal-le, O hal-le-lu-jah! And ne-ver stop till I get there, O hal-le, O hal-le-lu-jah!

4. O what a happy time 'twill be,
When I my friends in heav'n shall see!
There we may tell our sufferings o'er,
When we have reach'd that blessed shore.

5. O, Christians, we have heav'n to-day;
It shines around with dazzling ray;
It makes me happy while I sing,
And shout salvation to my King.

6. I hope to shout eternal rounds,
In flaming love, which has no bounds;
When rolling years shall cease to move,
Then this shall be my theme above.

7. O what a happy company!
May I be there, that night to see,
And join in praise to Jesus' name,
All glorious in Jerusalem.

8. I little thought He'd been so nigh—
His speaking made me laugh and cry!
He said, "I've come for thee, my love,
I have a place for thee above."

9. Now, here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heav'nly land;
My hand again I give to thee,
Hoping thy face in heav'n to see.

LEBANON NEW. L. M.

REV. JAS. P. CARRIE

1. Come, sinners, to the gospel feast—Let ev'ry soul be Je-sus' guest; Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath hid-den all mankind.

2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in-vi-ta-tion is to all; Come, all the world! come sinner, thou! All things, in Christ, are ready now.

3. Come, all ye souls, by sin oppress'd, Ye restless wand'ers af-ter rest;
4. My message is from God receive; Ye all may come to Christ and live;
Ye poor and maim'd, ye halt and blind, In Christ a heav'n-ly welcome find;
O, let his love your hearts constrain, Nor suf-fer him to die in vain.

DEPARTING SAINT. L. M.

Hark! hark! she bids her friends adieu, Some angel calls her, to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue, 'Till liquid tel - a - scopes of tears.

Farewell! bright soul, a short farewell, Till we shall meet again a - bove, In

PARTING HAND. L. M. W. WALKER. Alto by W. HOSSEN.

the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love.

1. My Christian friends in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand.
2. How sweet the hours have passed away, Since we have met to sing and pray!
How loth we are to leave the place, Where Jesus shows his smiling face!
3. And since it is God's holy will, We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one, We'll say, "Our Father's will be done!"

PARTING HAND. *Concluded.*

47

Four staves of music in G major (one sharp). The first staff is a treble clef, the second and third are also treble clefs, and the fourth is a bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Your com-pany's sweet, your union dear, Your words delight-ful to my ear, And when I see that we must part, You draw like cords a-round my heart.

O could I stay with friends so kind, How it would cheer my drooping mind! But du-ty makes us understand That we must take the part-ing hand.

My youth-ful friends, in Christian ties, Who seek for man-sions in the skies, Fight on, we'll gain that hap-py shore, Where parting will be known no more.

4. How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes,
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust His grace—in Canaan's land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

5. And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.
I hope you'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see;
An int'rest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

6. O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand;
But with our blessed, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord;
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell;
So, loving Christians, fare you well!

HOME. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Housen.

Three staves of music in D major (two sharps). The first staff is a treble clef, the second and third are also treble clefs. The music is in 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves. The word 'Chorus' is written above the first staff of the second section.

1. There is a land of pure do-light, Where saints immor-tal reign,
In-h-its day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. } Home, sweet home! My long sought home, My home high up in heav'n!

2. There ev-er last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er wither-ing flow'rs;
Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'nly land from ours. } Home, sweet home! My long sought home, My home high up in heav'n!

1. Once more, my soul, the ris-ing day Sa-lutes thy wak-ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib-ute pay To Him that rules the skies.

2. Night un-to night his name re-peats, The day re-news the sound; Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits, To turn the sea-sons round.

3. 'Tis he sup-ports my mor-tal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins might rouse his wrath to flame, But yet his wrath de-lays.

4. O God, let all my hours be thine, Whilst I en-joy the light, Then shall my sun in smiles de-cline, And bring a pleas-ant night

SUFFIELD. C. M.

1. Teach me the mea-sure of my days, Thou Maker of my frame; I would sur-vey life's nar-row space, And learn how frail I am.

2. A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time; Man is-but van-i-ty and dust, In all his flower and pride.

3. See the vain race of mor-tals move, Like shadows o'er the plain; They rage and strive, de-sire and love, But all their noise is vain.

1. A poor, wayfaring man of grief
Who sued so humbly for relief,
I had not power to ask his name,
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
That I could never answer, Nay,
Whether he went, or

2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
Just perishing for want of bread,
And ate, but gave me part again—
He enter'd—not a word he spake—
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake
Mine was an angel's

3. I spied him where a fountain burst,
The heedless water mock'd his thirst;
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on,
Thrice from the stream he

whence he came,
That won my love, I knew not why,
Yet there was something in his eye,
portion then;
The crust was manna to my taste,
And while I fed with eager haste,
drain'd my cup,
I drank, and never thirsted more,
Dipp'd, and return'd it running o'er;

4. 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest;
Laid him on mine own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

5. Stripp'd, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd.
I had, myself, a wound conceal'd;
But, from that hour, forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6. In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd, if I for him would die:
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

7. Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named:
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not; thou didst it unto me."

James Montgomery.

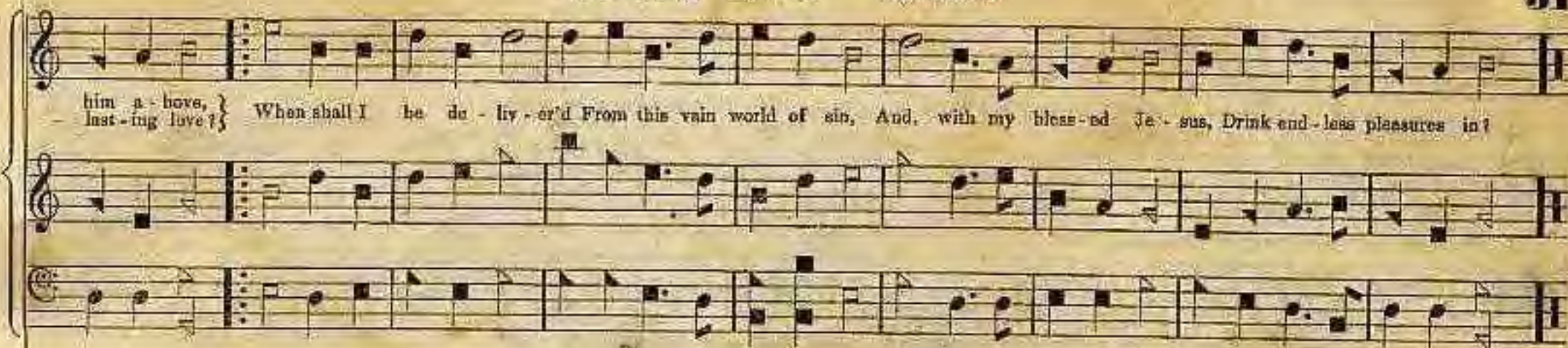
Behold! a voice an-gelic sounds, And bids the nations all attend; }
 'Tis heard to earth's remotest bounds, As far as space and time extend; }
 Witness, ye heavens, and men give ear,
 Who walk the earth from shore to shore!

Time's mighty course shall dis-appear; Its roll-ing years shall be no more.

MUTUAL LOVE. 7s & 6s.

WM. WALKER.

O, when shall I see Je-sus, And reign with
 And drink the flow-ing foun-tain Of ev-er-



him a - bove, } When shall I be de - liv - er'd From this vain world of sin, And, with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleasures in?
Inst - ing love?

DAY OF WORSHIP. L. M. D.

B. F. and E. E. Davis



1. Dear people, we have met to-day,
To sing, to hear, to preach and pray; } But O, the sad and awful state
It is our Father's great command— Of those that stand and come too late! The foolish virgins did begin
The road that leads to his right hand. To knock, but could not enter in.

2. The heedless youth, in all their prime,
Are counting up the length of time;
They often say 'tis their intent,
When they get old they will repent.
The aged sinner will not turn—
His heart's so hard, he cannot moan—
Much harder than the flinty rock—
It will not break though Jesus knock.

3. O parents, take a solemn view
Of your dear children, near to you;
How can you bear to hear them cry,
And charge you with their misery?
O, how will parents tremble here,
Who raise their children without prayer!
Methinks I hear the children say,
"We never heard our parents pray!"

4. When Christ the Lord shall come again,
In solemn pomp and burning flame—
Bid Gabriel proclaim the sound,
"Awake, ye nations under ground!"
Good Lord, what greans! what shrieks! what cries
And thunder rolling through the skies!
Poor sinners sinking in despair!
And Christians shouting through the air!

WINTER. C. M.

Rev.

1. The hoary frost, the fleecy snow, Descend and clothe the ground; The liquid streams forbear to flow, In icy fetters bound.

2. When, from his dreadful stores on high, God pours the sounding hail, The man that does his power defy, Shall find his courage fail.

3. God sends his word and melts the snow; The fields no longer mourn; He calls the warmer gales to blow, And bids the spring return.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. ARN.

1. Je - sus, with all thy saints above, My tongue would bear her part; Would sound a - loud thy sav - ing love, And sing thy bleeding heart.

2. Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord, Who bought me with his blood, And quench'd his Father's flaming sword In his own vi - tal blood.

3. The Lamb, that freed my cap - tive soul From Satan's hea - vy chain, And sent the li - on down to howl, Where hell and hor - ror reign.

4. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb, And nev - er - ceas - ing praise, While an - ge - ls live to know his name, Or saints that feel his grace.



Thine arm, &c. When

1. God, my sup- port-er and my hope, My help for ev- er near, Thine arm, &c. Thine

Thine arm of mer- cy held me up, Thine arm of mer- cy

Thine arm, &c. Thine arm of mer- cy



sink . . ing in des- pair, When, &c.

arm of mer- cy held me up, When sink - ing in des- pair.

held me up, When, &c. When, &c.

held me up, When, &c. When, &c.

2.
Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's bewilder'd race;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3.
Were I in heaven, without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4.
What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The strength of every saint.

5.
Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6.
But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad
And tell the world my joy.

OAK'S CREEK. L. M.

Let all the pow'rs with - in me join, In

Bless, O my soul, the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove a - broad;

Let all the pow'rs within me join, In

Let all the pow'rs within me join, In work and worship so di - vine, In

Let all the pow'rs within me join, In work and wor - ship so di - vine, In

SUFFERING SAVIOUR.* C. M.

work and worship so di - vine.

work and worship so di - vine.

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Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head, For such a worm as I?

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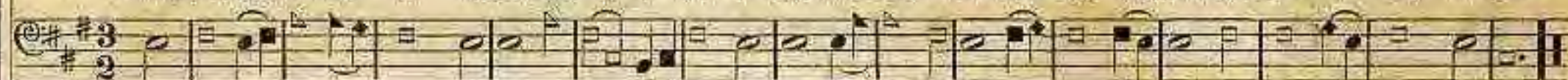
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head, For such a worm as I?

* The following chorus may be sung to this tune by omitting the first note:

"O, the Lamb! the loving Lamb! The Lamb on Calvary; The Lamb that was slain, but lives again To intercede for me!



1. Thus saith the mer-cy of the Lord—I'll be a God to thee; I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they Shall be a seed for me.



2. A-bram believed the pro-mised grace, And gave his son to God; But wa-ter seals the bless-ing now, That once was seal'd with blood.



3. Thus Ly-dia sanc-ti-fied her house, When she received the word; Thus the be-liev-ing jail-or gave His house-hold to the Lord.



4. Thus in-ter-saints, e-ter-nal King, Thine an-cient truths embrace; To thee their in-fant off-spring bring, And hum-bly claim thy grace.

TRIBULATION. C. M.

DAVISON.



1. Death! 'tis a me-lan-cho-ly day, To those who have no God; When the poor soul is forced a-way, To seek her last a-bode.



2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes; But guilt, a hea-vy chain, Still drags her downwards from the skies, To dark-ness, fire, and pain.



3. A-wake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell! Let stubborn sin-ners fear; You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell A long for-e-ver there.



With cheer - ful notes let all the earth, To heav'n their voi - ces raise, Let all in - spired with god - ly mirth Sing sol - emn hymns of praise.

LIBERTY HALL. C. M.

CHAPIN.

Death, what a sol - emn word to all! What mor - tal things are men! We just a - rise, and soon we fall, To mix with earth a - gain.



1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's alarms! 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.



2. Are we not tending up - wards, too, As fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.



3. Why should we tremble to con - vey - Their bod - ies to the tomb? There once the flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume



4. The graves of all his saints be bless'd, And soft - en'd ev - 'ry bod: Where should the dy - ing mem - bers rest, But with their dy - ing head?

UNION. C. M.

JENES.



1. Lo! what an en - ter - tain - ing sight, Are brethren that a - gree! Brethren whose cheer - ful hearts u - nite In bands of har - mo - ny!



2. When streams of love, from Christ the spring, Descend to ev - 'ry soul, And heav'n - ly peace, with balm - y wing, Shades and revives the whole:



3. 'Tis pleasant as the morn - ing dews That fall on Zi - on's hill; Where God his mild - est glo - ry shows, And makes his grace distil.



Once more, my soul, the ri-sing day Sa-lutes thy wak-ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tri-bute pay To Him that rules the skies.

GEORGIA. C. M.

1. Re-tarn, O God of love, re-tura, Earth is a tire-some place; How long shall we, thy chil-dren, mourn Our ab-sence from thy face?

2. Let heav'n re-ceed our pain-ful years, Let sin and sor-row cease; And in pro-portion to our tears, So make our joys in-crease.

1. A - las! and did my Sa - vour bleed! And did my Sov' - reign die! Would he de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I!

2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up - on the tree! Ama - zing pi - ty! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound! Mine ears at - tend the cry! Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground, Where you must short - ly lie.

2. Princes! this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers! The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours!

I'll bid farewell, &c.

When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

I'll bid farewell, I'll bid farewell, &c.

I'll bid farewell, I'll bid farewell, I'll bid farewell, &c. And wipe, &c.

Methodist Hymn-Book.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

IMPAZZO.

1. O 'tis delight without alloy, Je-sus, to hear thy name;
2. My passions hold a pleasing reign, When love inspires my breast;

My spi-rit leaps with inward joy, I feel the sa-cred flame.
Love, the di-vi-nest of the train, The sov'-reign of the rest.

3. This is the grace must live and sing, When faith and hope shall cease,
4. Let life immortal seize my clay, Let love re-fine my blood;

Must sound from ev'ry joyful string, Thro' the sweet groves of bliss.
Her flames can bear my soul a-way, Can bring me near my God.

5. Swift I ascend the heav'nly place, And hasten to my home;
6. Sink down ye sepa-rating hills, Let sin and death remove,

I leap to meet thy kind embrace, I come, O Lord, I come.
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels, And death must yield to love.

My spi-rit leaps with inward joy, My spi-rit, &c. I feel, &c.

1. O why did I my Sav-our leave? So soon un-faith-ful prove: O how could I thy Spi-rit grieve, And sin a- gainst thy love?
 2. I forced thee first to dis-ap-pear—I turn'd thy face a-side; Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here, Thy serv-ant had not died.

3. But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er, And pard'ning love takes place! As-sist me, Sav-our, to a-dore The rich-es of thy grace,
 4. O could I lose my-self in thee, Thy depth of mer-cy prove, Thou vast, un-in-thom-a-ble sea Of un-ex-humst-ed love.

5. My hum-bled soul, when thou art near, In dust and ash-es lies: How shall a sin-ful worm ap-pear, Or meet thy pu-er eyes?
 6. I loathe my-self when God I see, And in-to no-thing fall, Con-tent that thou ex-alt-ed be, And Christ be All in All.

BLADENSBURG. C. M.

And thou, my soul,

And thou, my soul,

Unite, my roving thoughts, unite, In silence soft and sweet; And thou, my soul, sit gently down, At thy great Sovereign's feet. |||

And thou, my soul. And At

FAIRFIELD. C. M.

With rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high command with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word,
His high command, &c.

FAIRFIELD. C. M. (*Altered.*)

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve;
Come, with, &c.

2. "I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sins
Have like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose,
I know his, &c.

3. "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.

4. "I'll to my gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5. "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6. "Lean but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

1. How conde-scend-ing and how kind Was God's e-ter-nal Son! Our mis'-ry reach'd his heav'n-ly mind, And pit-y brought him down.

2. When justice, by our sins provoked, Drew forth its dreadful sword, He gave his soul up to the stroke, With-out a murm'ring word.

REFLECTION. C. M.

1. No sleep nor slumber to his eyes, Good David would af-ford, Till he had found be-low the skies A dwelling for the Lord, A dwelling for the Lord.

2. The Lord in Zi-on placed his name, His ark was settled there; And there the assembled nation came, To wor-ship thrice a year, To worship thrice a year.

3. We trace no more these toilsome ways, Nor wonder far abroad; Where'er thy peo-ple meet for praise, There is a house for God, There is a house for God.

1. Awake, my heart; arise, my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice, In God, the life of all my joys, A-loud will I re-joice, A-loud will I re-joice.

2. 'Tis he adorn'd my na-ked soul, And made salvation mine; Up-on a poor pol-lu-ted worm He makes his graces shine, He makes his graces shine.

VIRGINIA. C. M.

BROWNSON.

Thy words the raging winds control, And rule the boist'rous deep, Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The roll-ing billows sleep.

1 2

1. Why do we mourn de - part-ing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms! 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends,
To call them to his arms. Are we not tend-ing upwards

2. Why should we tremble to con - vey Their bodies to the tomb? There once the flash of Je - sus lay, And left a long - per - fume: The graves of all his saints he

too, As fast as time can move! Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

bleas'd, And soft-en'd ev - ry bed; Where should the dy - ing members rest, But with their dy - ing head?

Funeral Hymn.

1. Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
2. They die in Jesus, and are bleas'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sin released,
And freed from every care.
3. Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Dear Sov'reign, whirl the seasons round, And bring, And bring the

With inward pain my heart-strings sound, My soul dissolves a-way;

Dear Sov'reign, whirl the seasons round, And bring, And bring the

Dear Sov'reign, whirl the seasons round, Dear Sov'reign, whirl, &c. And bring, And

Dear Sov'reign, whirl, &c., Dear Sov'reign, whirl, &c., And bring, And bring the

AKRON. 7s.

P. A. SARGENT.

promised day, And bring the promised day.

bring, And bring the promised day.

1. Keep me, Saviour, near thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Never let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me by thy love.

2. I shall then show forth thy praise, Serve thee all my happy days, Then the world shall always see Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

1. Father, I long, I faint to see The place of thine abode ; } Here I behold thy distant face, And 'tis a pleasing sight, But to abide in thine embrace Is infinite delight.
 I'd leave these earthly courts, and flee Up to thy courts, my God : }

2. I'd part with all the joys of sense, To gaze upon thy throne ; } There all the heavenly hosts are seen, And drink immortal vigour in.
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence, Unspeakable, unknown : } In shining ranks they move, With wonder and with love.

ABBY. C. M.

1. Je - sus, in thy transport - ing name, What blissful glories rise ! Je - sus ! the angels' sweet - est theme — The wonder of the skies.

2. Je - sus, and didst thou leave the sky, For miseries and woes ? And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die, For vile rebellious foes ?

CROSS.

1. Come, and taste along with me, Con-so-la-tion run-ning free,
From the Father's wealthy throne, Sweeter than the honey-comb.

I'll praise God, and you'll praise God,
And we'll all praise God togeth-er; We'll praise the Lord
for the work that he has

2. Why should Christians feast alone? Two are bet-ter, far, than one;
The more that come with free, good will, Make the banquet sweeter still.

I'll praise God, and you'll praise God,
And we'll all praise God togeth-er; We'll praise the Lord
for the work that he has

Methodist Hymn Book.

CALHOUN. 7s.

Wm. Housen.

done, And we'll bless his name for ever.

1. Lord, we come before thee now; O, do not our suit disdain! Shall we, &c.
At thy feet we humbly bow; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2. Lord, on thee our souls depend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune, &c.
In compassion now descend; Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

done, And we'll bless his name for ever.

Be-hold the man, threescore and ten, Upon a dying bed,
 He's run his race, and got no grace, An aw - ful sight indeed. Poor man! he lies in sore surprise,
 And thus he doth com-

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. Dutton, Jun. Treble and Alto by Wm. Howard.

1. O, for a closer walk with God, A light to shine upon the road
 A calm and heavenly frame That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the blessedness I knew, Where is the soul-refreshing view
 When first I saw the Lord? Of Je - sus and his word?

- plain: No grace I've got, and I cannot
 Recall my time again.

Save me, O God! the swelling floods
Break in up-on my soul;

I sink, &c. Like, &c. Like, &c.

I sink, and sorrows o'er my head Like mighty waters roll.

I sink, &c. Like mighty waters roll, Like mighty waters roll.

I sink, &c. Like, &c. Like, &c.

MARKHAM. C. M.

Air, by SARAH ANN MARKHAM, a Shaker girl. Arranged by Wm. Henson.

Oh! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart that always feels thy blood,
A heart from sin set free! }
So freely spilt for me! }

A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;

Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!



1. Lord, in the morn - ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high; To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints, Pre - sent - ing at the Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our com - plaints.

3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand; Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

5. O may thy Spi - rit guide my feet In ways of right - eous - ness! Make ev - 'ry path of du - ty straight, And plain be - fore my face!

SALVATION. C. M. D.




Born.

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve, } I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, } Have like a mountain rose;
And make this last resolve, } I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.



Before the ro-sy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing; Awake each soft and tuneful lyre, Awake each charming string: Awake, and let thy flowing strains, Glide



through the midnight air, While high amidst her silent orb, The sil-ver moon rolls clear,

PSALM 96. First Part.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His rich display of grace demands
A new and nobler song.
2. Say to the nations, Jesus reigns
God's own Almighty Son;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
His grace surrounds his throne.
3. Let Heav'n proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen:
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
4. Let an universal joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.
5. Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God:
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
6. But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near:
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

My days, are wasted like the smoke, Dis-

1. Hear me, O Lord! nor hide thy face,
But answer lest I die; Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry? 2. My days are wasted like the smoke,
Dissolv-ing in the air, My

My days, &c.

My days, &c. Dissolving, &c.

dissolving in the air, My strength is dried, my heart is broke,

strength is dried, my heart is broke, And sinking in des-pair.

My strength, &c. And sinking, &c.

3. My spirit flags like with'ring grass,
Burnt with excessive heat:
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.
4. As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

5. My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
Where the sad raven finds her place,
And where the screaming owl.
6. Dark, dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

My thoughts, &c. Where nature, &c. And owns,

My thoughts, that oft - en mount the skies, Go, search the world beneath, Where nature all in ru - in lies, And owns her Sovereign's death,

My thoughts, &c. Where nature, &c. Where nature, &c. And owns,

My thoughts, &c. Go search the world, Go search, &c. Where nature, &c. Where nature, &c. And death

SHERBURNE. C. M.

Raro.

And owns, And owns her Sovereign's death.

And owns, And owns &c.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground,

The

The angel of the

The angel, &c. And glo - ry, &c. And glo - ry, &c. The angel, &c. And glo - ry, &c.

The angel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a - round. The angel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around.

angel, &c. And glo - ry, &c. And glo - ry, &c. The angel, &c. And glo - ry, &c. And glo - ry, &c.

And glo - ry, And glo - ry, &c. The angel, &c. And glo - ry, &c.

PATMOS. C. M.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tate lands, Sing loud with sol - emn voice; Let ev - ry tongue ex - alt his praise, And ev - ry heart re - joice.

2. To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Que' God whom we a - dore, Be glo - ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more!

1. Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, (That rul' at the boist'rous sea,) The sons of courage shall record, Who 'tempt the dang'rous way. At thy command the winds arise, And

At thy command, &c.

At thy command, &c.

swell the tow'ring waves; The men, astonish'd, mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

2. Again they climb the war'ry hills
And plunge in deeps again;
Each, like a tot'ring drunkard, reels,
And finds his courage vain.
Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath;
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.

3. Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He hears their loud request;
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
Sailors rejoice to lose their fears
And see the storm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears:
There let their vows be paid.

4. 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
The waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.
O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways
Thy wondrous love record,

Over the heav'n, &c. And He sends, &c.

With songs and honours sounding loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; Over the heav'n he spreads his cloud, And wa - - ters veil the sky. He

Over the heav'n, &c.

He sends, &c. To cheer, &c. To cheer, &c.

To cheer, &c. He sends, &c. To cheer, &c.

sends his show'ra of blessings down, To cheer the plains be - low; He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val-leys grow, He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow.

He makes, &c. And grow

1. He comes! he comes! to judge the world; Aloud the archangel cries;
While thunders roll from pole to pole And lightnings cleave the skies; } Th' affrighted na-tions hear the sound, And up-ward lift their eyes;
D. C. The clum'ring tenants of the ground In living armies rise!

2. Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light;
His head and hairs are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.

3. Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his vict'ries tell;
Lo! in his hand the conq'r'or bears
The keys of death and hell:
So he ascends the judgment-seat,
And at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In solemn silence stand.

4. Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dared his grace reject,
And they who dared presume.
"Depart, ye sons of vice and sin!"
The injured Jesus cries,
While the long-kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.

5. And now, in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace:
"Well done, my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love!
Receive the sceptres, crowns, and thrones,
Prepared for you above."

HANOVER. C. M.

Vain man! thy fond pursuits forbear, Repeat! thy end is nigh; Death, at the farthest, can't be far, Death at the farthest can't be far, Oh! think before thou die.



Behold, &c. Behold, &c. Which

No more beneath th' oppressive hand Of tyrann-y we mourn;

Behold the smiling, happy land, Which, &c.

Behold the smiling, happy land, Behold, &c. Which Freedom calls her own!

Behold, &c. Behold, &c. Which Free - dom calls her own,



Freedom, &c. Which, &c.

own, Which, &c.

Which Freedom calls her own!

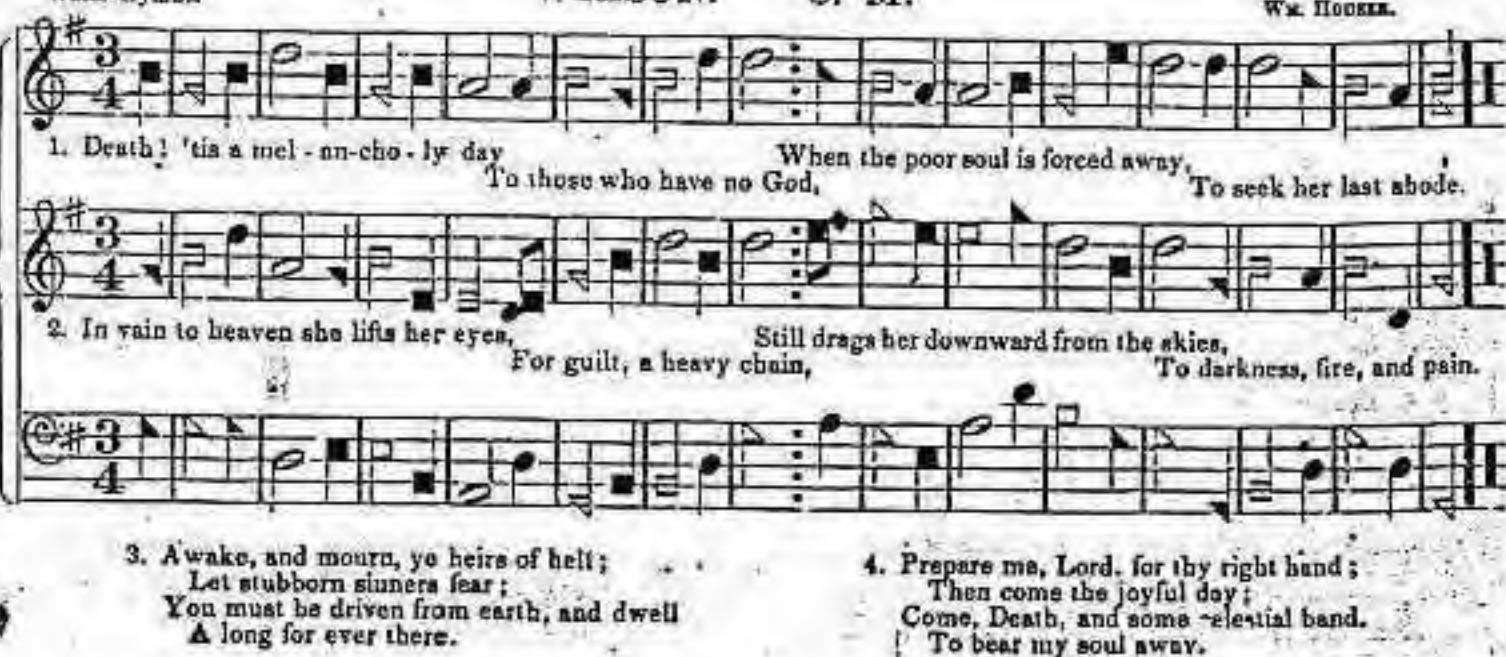
Which, &c.

Watts' Hymns.

7

WILSON. C. M.

Wm. Hooker.



1. Death! 'tis a mel - an - cho - ly day When the poor soul is forced away, To those who have no God, To seek her last abode.

2. In vain to heaven she lifts her eye, Still drags her downward from the skies, For guilt, a heavy chain, To darkness, fire, and pain.

3. Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell; Let stubborn sinners fear; You must be driven from earth, and dwell A long for ever there.

4. Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand; Then come the joyful day; Come, Death, and some celestial band, To bear my soul away.

CHORUS.

1. { Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, O, how I long for thee! } We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground; O, there we shall with Jesus dwell, And { When will my sorrows have an end! Thy joys when shall I see! } We soon shall hear the welcome trumpet sound. —

2. { Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone; Him will I go and see; } We're marching, &c. { And all my brethren, here below, Will soon come after me. }

3. { Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace, And cause me to ascend, } We're marching, &c. { Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths never end, }

nev - er part again. What, never part again! No, never part again, No, never part again: O, there we shall with Jesus dwell, And nev - er part again.

1st TREBLE.

2d TREBLE, by W. H.

A blooming par-a-dise of joy In this wild desert springs,
 And ev'ry sense finds straight employ, On sweet, celestial things.
 White lilies all around appear, And each his glory shows; The

The

The Rose, &c.

The Rose, &c.

The fairest, &c.

The Rose, &c.

The fairest, &c.

Rose of Sha-ron blossoms here, The Rose, &c.

The Rose, &c.

The fairest flower that blows, The Rose, &c.

The fairest flower that blows.

The Rose, &c.

The Rose, &c.

The fairest, &c.

The Rose, &c.

The fairest, &c.

Rose of Sharon, &c.

I

The Rose, &c.

The Rose, &c.

The fairest, &c.

The Rose, &c.

The fairest, &c.

1. Let ev - 'ry tongue thy good - ness speak, Thou sov'-reign Lord of all, Thy strength'ning hands up - hold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.

2. When sor - rows bow the spir - it down, When vir - tue lies dis - tress'd, Beneath the proud op - pres - sor's frown, Thou giv'st the mourn - er rest.

4. Thy mer - cy nev - er shall re - move From men of heart sin - cere; Thou sav'st the souls whose hum - ble love Is join'd with ho - ly fear.

HOUSTON. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Houston.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, } O the transporting, rapt'rous scene, That ri - sea to my sight! D. C.

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

D. C. Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light. D. C.

2. There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3. No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4. Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
There, on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.



1. Let ev'ry mortal ear attend, And ev'ry heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an inviting voice, The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an in - vit - ing voice.



2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls, And vainly strive with earthly toys And vainly strive with earthly toys
That feed upon the wind, To fill an empty mind, To fill an empty mind;



3. Eternal wisdom hath prepared A soul-reviving feast, And bids your longing appetites The rich provision taste, And bids your longing appetites The rich pro- vi - sion taste.



4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams, And pine away and die; Here you may quench your raging thirst, With springs that never dry.
5. The happy gates of gospel grace Stand open night and day; Lord! we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants away.

LIVERPOOL. C. M.



My Sav - iour, my Al - migh - ty Friend, When I be - gin thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end? The numbers of thy grace!



So pilgrims on the

Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints a way, Without thy cheering grace. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, So

So pilgrims, &c., So pilgrims, &c.

1 2

pilgrims, &c., Beneath, &c., Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

1 2

scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream, Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

1 2

pilgrims, &c., Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

1 2

scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.



Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, Fly like, &c.

To dis - tant mountains fly.



My refuge is the God of love, My foes insult and cry,

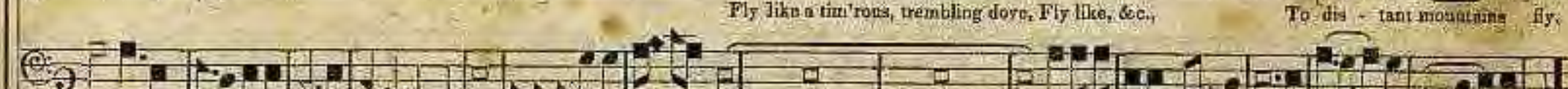
Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, Fly like, &c.,

To dis - tant mountains fly.



Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, Fly like, &c.,

To dis - tant mountains fly.



Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,

Fly like, &c.,

To dis - tant mountains fly.



Since I have placed my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,

To distant mountains fly?

To distant mountains fly?

Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,

Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,



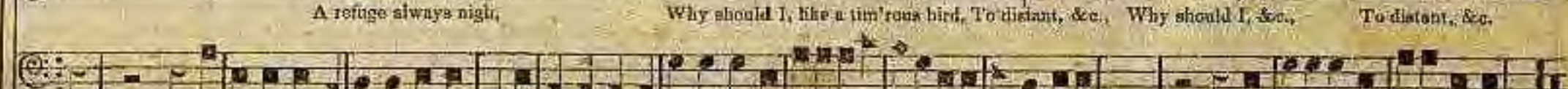
my trust in God, A refuge always nigh,

Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly? a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly?



A refuge always nigh,

Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant, &c., Why should I, &c., To distant, &c.



my trust in God, &c.

Why should I, &c.,

Why should I, &c.,

To distant mountains fly?

a tim'rous bird, To distant, &c.



1. Young people, all, at - tention give, I want your souls in Christ to live, Remember, you are hast'ning on
And hear what I do say; In a - ver - last - ing day. To death's dark, gloomy



Remember, &c.

To death's, &c.

shade;

Your joys, on earth, will soon be gone,

Your joys, on earth, will soon be gone,

Your flesh in dust be laid,

Your flesh in dust be laid.



Remember, &c.

To death's, &c.

shade;

Your joys, &c.

Your flesh, &c.

Your joys, &c.

Your flesh, &c.

2. Death's iron gate you must pass through,
Ere long, my dear young friends;

Where, then, do you expect to go?
With saints, or fiery fiends?

Pray meditate, before too late,
While in a gospel land;

Behold! King Jesus at the gate
Most lovingly doth stand.

1. Our sins, a-las! how strong they be, And like a vi-lent sea; They break our du-ty, Lord, to thee, And hur-ry us a-way.

2. There to ful-fill his sweet com-mands, Our speed-y feet shall move; No sin shall clog our wing-ed soul, Or cool our burn-ing love.

3. For ev-er his dear, sa-cred name, Shall dwell up-on our tongue, And Je-sus and Sal-va-tion be The close of ev-'ry song.

The waves of trou-ble, how they rise! How loud the tem-pests roar! But death shall land our wes-ry souls Safe on the heav'n-ly shore.

There shall we sit, and sing, and tell The wonders of his grace, Till heav'n-ly rap-tures free our hearts, And smile in ev-'ry face.

A thou-sand years may roll a-round, Our song shall still go on, To bless the Fa-ther and the Son, And Spi-rit, three in one.

Then great and sovereign Lord of all, Whom heav'nly hosts o-boy ;

Around, &c. And

Around whose throne dread thunders roll, And livid lightnings

Around, &c. And liv - id, &c. A - round, &c.

Around, &c. And liv - id, &c. Around, &c.

liv - id, &c. play, play, And liv - id, &c.

play, And liv - id lightnings play, And livid lightnings play, Around whose throne dread thunders roll, And livid lightnings play.

And liv - id, &c. play, play,

liv - id, &c. And liv - id, &c. And liv - id, &c.

The Lord de-scend-ed from a-bove, And bow'd the heav'n's most high; And un-der-neath his feet he cast The dark-ness of the sky,

his feet, &c.

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The music is in common time (C.M.). The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

On cherub and on cherubim, Full roy-al-ly he rode; And, on the wings of mighty winds, Came fly-ing all a-broad, And, on the wings of mighty winds, Came fly-ing all a-broad.

On cherub and on cherubim, Full, &c.

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The music is in common time (C.M.). The lyrics are written below the first two staves.



1. Be-hold the love, the generous love, That ho - ly David shows! Be-hold his kind compas-sion more, For his af - fect-ed foes! When they are

2. How did his flow - ing tears con-dole, As for a brother dead; And fasting mor-ti - fied his soul, While for their lives he pray'd. They groan'd, and

3. O glorious type; . . . of heav'nly grace! While sinners curse, the Saviour prays, And pit - ies them with tears. He, the true



sick his soul com-plains, And seems to feel . . . the smart; . . . The spir-it of the gos-pel reigns, And melts his pi - ous heart,

cursed him on their beds, Yet still he pleads and mourns; . . . And dou-ble bless-ings on his head, The righteous Lord re - turns.

Da - vid, Is - rael's king, Bless'd and be - loved of God; . . . To save us re - bels, dead in sin, Paid his own dear-est blood.

1. To see a pil - grim as he dies, With glo - ry in his view; While friends are weeping all a - round, And loath to let him go;
To heav'n he lifts his long-ing eyes, And bids the world a - dia:

He shouts with his ex - pi - ring breath, And leaves them all be - low.

2.
O Christians, are you ready now,
To cross the rolling flood;
On Canaan's happy shore to stand,
And see your smiling God?
The dazzling charms of that bright world,
Attract my soul above;—
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.

3.
Come on, my brethren in the Lord,
Whose hearts are join'd in one;
Hold up your heads with courage bold,
Your race is almost run:
Above the clouds, behold! He stands,
And, smiling, bids you come;
And angels whisper you away,
To your eternal home.

4.
Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there;
Although you tread enchanted ground,
Be bold, and never fear:
Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
The land appears in view;
I hope to gain fair Canaan's land,
And there to meet with you.

5.
All glory to our conq'ring King!
Now let the echo rise;
While the repeat is sung above,
By armies in the skies.
O, Christians! help me praise the Lamb,
Who died for you and me;
We'll sing his praises as we go
And shout eternally.

The sea grows calm at thy command, And tempests cease to roar.

1. 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e-ter-nal power! The sea, &c. And tempests cease to roar.

The sea, &c. And tempests cease to roar.

The sea, &c. at And tempests

And tempests, &c. And tempests, &c.

And tempests, &c. And tempests, &c.

And tempests, &c. And tempests, &c.

cease to roar. . . . And tempests, &c. And tempests, &c.

2.
Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring:
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad;
Thy flowers adorn the Spring.

3.
Seasons, and times, and months, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
Clouds that distil in fruitful showers
Proclaim thy hand Divine.

4.
Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5.
The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tumult far; From scenes where Sa-tan wages still His most suc-cess-ful war.

2. The calm re-treat, the si-lent shade, With prayer and praise a-gree; And soon, by thy sweet boun-ty, made For those who fol-low thee.

3. There, if thy Spi-rit touch the soul, And grace her mean-a-bode, O with what peace, and joy, and love, She com-munes with her God!

4. There, like the night-in-gale, she pours Her sal-i-ta-ry lays; Nor asks a wit-ness of her song, Nor thirsts for hu-man praise.

CHRISTIAN VOLUNTEERS. C. M.

Arranged by E. K. DAVIS.

Chorus.

A-las! and did my Saviour bleed?
Would he de-vote that sa-cred head
For such a one as I?

And did my Sovereign die?
O Christians, praise him!

Methinks I hear the trumpet sounding
For more volunteers.

1. I love to steal awhile a-way From ev'ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer; And spend, &c.

2. I love in solitude to shed This pen-i-ten-tial tear, And all his prom-ises to plead When none but God can hear, And all his, &c.

3. I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I adore; And all my, &c.

BALERMA. C. M.

Altered by Wm. HUGHES.

4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright-er scenes in heav'n; The prospect doth my strength re-new, While here by tem-pests driv'n.

5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May his do-part-ing ray Be calm as this im-pres-sive hour, And lead to end-less day.

1. Shepherds, re-joice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears a-way; News from the re-gions of the skies—Sal-va-tion's born to-day! Je-

2. No gold, nor purple swaddling bands, Nor roy-al shin-ing things; A man-ger for his ern-die stands, And holds the King of kings; Go,

3. Thus Gabriel sang, and straight a-round, The heav'nly ar-mies throng; They tune their harps to lof-ty sound, And thus conclude the song: "Glo-

us, the God whom an-gels fear, Comes down to dwell with you; To-day he makes his en-trance here, But not as monarchs do.

shepherds, where the in-fant lies, And see his hum-ble throne; With tears of joy in all your eyes, Go, shep-herds, kiss the Son."

ry to God that reigns above! Let peace sur-round the earth! Mor-tals shall know their Ma-ker's love At their Redeemer's birth."

SOLEMN WARNING. C. M.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Housh.

97

Young people, all, at - ten - tion give, And hear what I do say; }
 I want your souls with Christ to live, In ev - er - last - ing day. }
 D. C. I want your souls with Christ to live, In ev - er - last - ing day.

In ev - er - last - ing day, In ev - er - last - ing day,

EMORY. C. M. D.

Arranged by Wm. Housh.

1. Through all the down - ward tracts of time, God's watchful eye surveys; }
 Oh! who so wise to choose our lot, Or reg - u - late our ways? }
 To his un - err - ing, gra - cious will, Be ev - 'ry wish resigned! }
 D. C. I cannot doubt his bounteous love, Im - mea - sur - a - bly kind;

2. Good, when he gives, su - preme - ly good, Nor less when he de - nies; }
 E'en crosses, from his sov' - reign hand, Are blessings in dis - guise. }
 There let me fill some hum - ble place Be - neath the slaughter'd Lamb. }
 D. C. In thy fair book of life di - vine, My God, in - scribe my name!

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-ni-nite day ex-cludes the night, And plea-sures ban-ish pain.

There, e-ver-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.

2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;

So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,

Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

99

Je-sus, I love thy glorious name, 'Tis mu-sic to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud That all, &c. That all, &c. That all, &c. That all the earth might hear, That all the earth might hear.

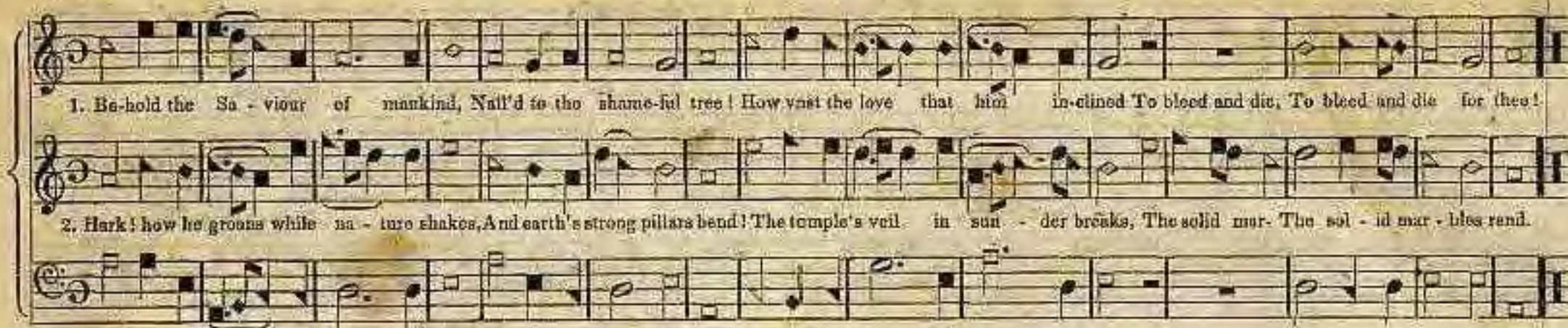
BUENA VISTA. C. M.

Arranged by W. Housen.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Must I be carried to the skies, On flow'ry beds of ease, D. C. While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?

2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my cour-age, Lord! D. C. I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-ported by thy word.

3. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall con-quer tho' they die; They see the triumph from a-far, By faith they bring it nigh; When that il-lustrious day shall rise, And all thy ar-mies shine, D. C. In robes of vic't'ry thro' the skies, The glo-ry shall be thine.



1. Be-hold the Sa - vour of mankind, Nail'd to the shame-ful tree! How vast the love that him in-clined To bleed and die, To bleed and die for thee!

2. Hark! how he groans while na - ture shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend! The temple's veil in sun - der breaks, The solid mur - The sol - id mur - blea rend.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

F. Lewis

WATER.



1. Sing to the Lord, ye heav'n-ly hosts, And thou, O earth, a - dore: Let death and hell thro' all their coasts, Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2. His sound-ing char - iot shakes the sky, He makes the clouds his throne; There all his stores of light-n'g lie, Till vengeance darts them down.

3. His nos-trils breathe out fi - rey streams, And from his aw - ful tongue A sov-erign voice di - vides the flames, And thunder rolls a - long.

4. Think, O my soul! the dread-ful day When this in - cens - ed God Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea, And fling his wrath a - broad.

5. What shall the wretch, the sin-ner do? He once de - fid the Lord! But he shall dread the Thund'rer now, And sink be-neath his word.

6. Tem - pests of an - gry fire shall roll, To blast the re - bel worm, And beat up - on his un - ked soul, In one e - ter - nal storm.

1. Hap - py the souls to Je - sus join'd, And saved by grace a - lone! Walk - ing in all his ways they find Their heaven on earth be - gun.

2. The church tri - umphant, in thy love, Their mighty joys we know: They sing the Lamb in hymns a - bove, And we in hymns be - low.

3. Thee in thy glorious realm they praise, And bow be - fore thy throne; We, in the king - dom of thy grace: The king - doms are but one.

4. The ho - ly to the ho - liest leads; From thence our spi - rits rise; And he who in thy foot-steps treads, Shall meet thee in the skies.

PERKINS. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. HOWARD.

1. Fath - er, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know; If thou with - draw thy - self from me, Ah! whither shall I go! Ah! whither shall I go!

2. What did thine on - ly Son en - dure, Before I drew my breath! What pain, what labour, to se - cure My soul from endless death! My soul, &c.

3. O Jesus! could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4. Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes,
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

5. Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6. The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face;
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

1. Amazing grace, (how sweet the sound!)
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.

And I'll sing, Hallelujah! And you'll sing, Hallelujah! And we'll all sing, Hallelujah! When we arrive at home.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed!
3. Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come; 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures; He will my shield and portion be, As long as life endures.
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease, I shall possess within the veil A life of joy and peace.
6. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow; The sun forbear to shine; But God, who call'd me here below, Shall be for ever mine.

MISSOURI MISSION. C. M. D.

E. K. Davis.

1. My span of life will soon be done,
 As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
 The passing moments say,
 Proclaim the close of day.

O that my heart might dwell aloof
 From all created things,
 And learn that wisdom from above,
 Whence true contentment springs.

2. Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
 In every trial here,
 Will bear thee to thy heaven above,
 But shall not enter there.

The sighing ones that humbly seek
 In sorrowing paths below,
 Shall in eternity rejoice,
 Where endless comforts flow.

3. Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
 Of sublunary care,
 And life's dull vanities no more
 This anxious breast ensnare.

Courage, my soul! on God rely;
 Deliv'rance soon will come;
 A thousand ways has Providence
 To bring believers home.

1. How hap-py ev-ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for-giv'n! }
 "This earth," he cries, "is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n: } A country far from mortal sight, Yet O! by faith I see The land of rest, the saints' de-

2. O what a bless-ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay, }
 We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs, And an-to-date that day; } We feel the res-ar-rection near, Our life in Christ conceal'd, And with his glorious pres-ence

3. O would he more of heav'n be-stow, And let the vessels break; }
 And let our ran-som'd spi-rits go, To grasp the God we seek; } In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me; And shout and wonder at his

WATSON. C. M.

Arranged by W. Henson.

light, The heav'n prepared for me!"

here, Our earthen vessels fill'd.

grace, To all e-ter-ni-ty.

Father, I stretch my hands to thee, No other help I know; If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah! whither shall I go?

D. C. Ah! whither shall I go? Ah! whither shall I go? If thou, &c.

* Omit the flurs in this measure, except in repeating "Ah! whither." &c.

O happy is the man who hears In-struction's warning voice; } For she has treasures greater far, And her re-ward is more se-cure,
And who ce-les-tial wisdom makes His ear-ly, on-ly choice; } Than east or west unfold; Than

NEW BRITAIN. C. M.

is the gain of gold.

1. When languor and disease invade This trembling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look beyond my cage, And long to fly a-way.

2. Sweet to look inward, and attend The whispers of his love; Sweet to look upward to the place Where Jesus pleads above.

3. Sweet to look up, and see my name In life's fair book set down; Sweet to look forward, and be-hold E-ter-nal joys my own.

4. If such the sweetness of the streams, What must the fountain be? Where saints and angels draw the bliss Imme-di-ately from thee.

1. While thou I seek, pro-tect-ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish-es still'd; And may this consecrated hour, With bet-ter hopes be fill'd. Thy love the pow'r of thought be-

stow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar, Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer-cy I a-dore.

2.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

MINISTER'S FAREWELL. C. M. D.

Arranged by Wm. Hosmer.

Our cheerful voices let us raise,
 Although I'm with you now, my friends,
 And sing a parting song;
 I can't be with you long;

For I must go and leave you all:
 It fills my heart with pain;

Although we part, perhaps in tears,
 I trust we'll meet again.

MINISTER'S FAREWELL. C. M.

Dear friends, farewell, I do you tell,
 I go away, and here you stay,
 Since you and I must part;
 But still we're join'd in heart.

Your love to me has been most free,
 Your conversation sweet;

How can I bear to journey where
 With you I cannot meet?

TRANQUILLITY. C. M.

MELODY.

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1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights, And com- fort of my nights!

2. In dark-est shades if thou ap-pear, My dawning is be-gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my rising sun, And thou, &c.

3. The opo-ning heavens around me shine With beams of va-cued bliss, If Jesus show his mercy mine, And whisper I am his, And winn-per, &c.

CHATTANOOGA. C. M.

MELODY.

How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.

Think how, &c. And pants, &c. And pants, &c.

Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise, Converse awhile with death; Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath; Think how a

Think how, &c. And pants, &c. And pants, &c. Think

Think how, &c. And pants, &c. And pants, &c.

ALSTEAD. C. M.

Hornet.

Think how, &c.

gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath.

how, &c. And pants, &c. And pants, &c.

Think how, &c. And pants, &c.

Shepherds, rejoice! lift up your eyes, And send your fears away;

News from the region

News from the regions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day, News from the regions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day.

News from the regions of the skies, News from the re - gions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day.

of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day; News from the re - gions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day.

from the regions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day; News from the regions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to - day.

HUNTSVILLE. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Howze.

Oh! for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb. } That leads me to the Lamb, A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.

RED HILL. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Housen.

1. Behold the Saviour of man-kind, Nail'd to the shameful tree! How vast the love that him in-clined, To bleed and die for thee!

2. Hark! how he groans, while na-ture shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend! The temple's veil in sun-der breaks, The solid marbles rend.

BETHELSDORF. C. M.

3. 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid, "Receive my soul," he cries! See where he bows his sacred head; He bows his head and dies!

4. But soon he'll break death's envious chain, And in full glory shine: O Lamb of God! was ev-er pain, Was ev-er love like thine?

TEMPEST. C. M.

DR. CALVERT.

III

Let earth stand trembling on her base,
And clouds the heav'n deform;
Blow, all ye winds, from ev'ry place,
And rush the final storm, And
Blow, all ye winds, from ev'ry place,

CAROLINE. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Housen.

rush the fi-nal storm,
O for a clo-ser walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame, A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb! D.C.
That leads, &c. That, &c. A light, &c. D.C.

* Omit the stars marked thus *, except in repeating the words, "That leads," &c.

1. And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high, And soar to worlds on

2. Shall join the dis - em-bodied saints, And find its long-sought rest, That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In the Redeemer's breast, In the Re-deem-er's

3. In hope of that im - mortal crown, I now the cross sus - tain; And glad - ly wander up and down, And smile at toil and pain, And smile at toil and

4. I suf - fer out my threescore years, Till my De - liv - 'rer come, And wipe away his servant's tears, And take his ex - ile home, And take his ex - ile

high, And soar to worlds on high, My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.

breast, In the Redeemer's breast, That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In the Redeemer's breast.

pain, And smile at toil and pain, And glad - ly wan - der up and down, And smile at toil and pain.

home, And take his ex - ile home, And wipe a - way his servant's tears, And take his ex - ile home.

5. Surely he will not long delay;
I hear his Spirit cry,
"Arise, my love, make haste away!
Go, get thee up and die."
6. "O'er death, who now has lost his sting,
I give thee victory;
And with me my reward I bring,
I bring my heav'n for thee."
7. Lord, I the welcome word receive,
Thee on the mount adore;
For thy dear sake content to live
Some painful moments more.
8. I live in holy grief and joy;
On Pisgah's top I stand;
And life's important point employ,
To view the promised land.

1. O what hath Je-sus bought for me? Be-fore my ravish'd eyes Riv-ers of life di-vine I see, And trees of par-a-dise, And trees of par-a-

2. They flourish in perpetual bloom; Fruit ev'-ry month they give; And to the healing leaves who come, E-ter-nal-ly shall live, E-ter-nal-ly shall

3. I see a world of spirits bright, Who reap the pleasures there! They all are robed in spotless white, And conqu'ring palms they bear, And conqu'ring palms they

4. A-dorn'd by their Redeemer's grace, They close pursue the Lamb; And ev'-ry shining front displays Th' unutter-a-ble name, Th' un-ut-ter-a-ble

5. They drink the vivifying stream,
They pluck th' ambrosial fruit;
And each records the praise of Him
Who tuned his golden lute.

6. At once they strike th' harmonious wire,
And hymn the great Three-One;
He hears, he smiles, and all the choir
Fall down before his throne.

7. O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!

8. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
I come to find them all again,
In that eternal day.

name, Th' un-utter-a-ble name, And ev'-ry shining front displays Th' un-ut-ter-a-ble name.

1. With songs and hon - ors sound-ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; O - ver the heav'n's he spreads his cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.

2. He sends his show'rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be - low; He makes the grass the moun-tains crown, And corn in val - leys grow.

NORTH CAROLINA. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. H. H. H.

1. O that I were as here - to - fore! When warm in my first love, I on - ly lived my God's a - doze, And seek the things a - bove!

2. Up - on my head his can - dle shone, And, lav - ish of his grace, With cords of love he drew me on, And half un - veil'd his face.

3. Far, far a - bove all earth - ly things Tri - umph - ant - ly I rode; I soar'd to heav'n on ea - gle's wings, And found and talk'd with God.

4. Where am I now? from what a height Of hap - pi - ness cast down! The glo - ry swal - low'd up in night, And fa - ded is the crown.

5. Through the wide world of sin and wo, A ban - ish'd man I roam; But can - not find my rest be - low, But cannot wan - der home.

6. O God, thou art my home, my rest, For which I sigh in pain! How shall I 'scape in - to thy breast, My E - den how re - gain!

1. As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died, He pour'd salvation on a wretch That languish'd at his side, That languish'd at his side,

2. His crimes with inward grief and shame The pen-i-tent confess'd; Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ, And thus his pray'r address'd, And thus his pray'r ad-dress'd,

3. "Je-sus, thou Son and heir of heav'n! Thou spotless Lamb of God! I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And weltring in thy blood, And weltring in thy blood,

That languish'd at his side, He pour'd sal-va-tion on a wretch That languish'd at his side.

And thus his pray'r address'd, Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ, And thus his pray'r ad-dress'd:

And weltring in thy blood, I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And weltring in thy blood.

4. Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.
5. Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death,
Let me a sharer be!"
6. His pray'r the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy parting soul shall be,
With me in Paradise."



1. Talk with us, Lord, thy-self re-veal, While here o'er earth we rove; Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kindlings of thy love; The kindlings of thy love, The
 2. With thee conver-sing, we for-get All time, and toil, and care; La-bor is rest, and pain is sweet, If thou, my God, art here, If thou, my God, art here, If

3. Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay, And bid my heart re-joice; My bounding heart shall own thy sway, And echo to thy voice, And echo to thy voice, And

4. Thou callest me to seek thy face, 'Tis all I wish to seek; T'attend the whispers of thy grace, And hear thee in-ly speak, And hear thee in-ly speak, And



kindlings of thy love, Speak to our hearts and let us feel The kindlings of thy love, then my God art here, La-bor is rest, and pain is sweet, If thou, my God, art here.

echo to thy voice, My bounding heart shall own thy sway, And echo to thy voice.

hear thee in-ly speak, T'attend the whispers of thy grace, And hear thee in-ly speak.

MEDITATION. C. M.

LITTLE



1. My soul, come med-i-tate the day, And think how near it stands,
 2. And you, mine eyes, look down and view The hol-low, gap-ing tomb;

3. O! could we die with those that die, And place us in their stead,

4. Then should we see the saints a-bove, In their own glorious forms,

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands, And fly to the un-known lands,
This gloomy prison waits for you When e'er the summons come, When e'er the sum-mons come.

Then would our spirits learn to fly, And con-verse with the dead, And con- verse with the dead.

And wonder why our souls should love To dwell with mortal worms, To dwell with mor-tal worms.

5. How should we scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load;
And long for evening, to undress,
That we might rest with God!

6. We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons came,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

FINDLEY. C. M.

1. Je-sus, I throw my arms a-round, And hang up-on thy breast: With-out a gracious smile from thee, My spir-it can-not rest.

2. O tell me that my worth-less name Is gra-ven on thy hands, Show me some pro-mise in thy book, Where my sal-va-tion stands.

3. Give me some kind as-su-ring word, To sink my fears a-gain: And cheer-ful-ly my soul shall wait, For three-score years and ten.

1. Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers prayer; There humbly fall before his feet, For none can per - ish there, For none can per - ish there, For

2. Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven - ture nigh; Thou callest burden'd souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I, And such, O Lord, am I, And

none can per - ish there, There humbly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.

such, O Lord, am I, Thou callest burden'd souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

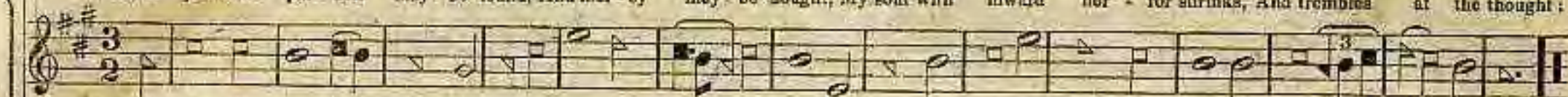
3. Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
4. Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.
5. O wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!
6. "Poor tempest-torssed soul, be still!
My promised grace receive!"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.



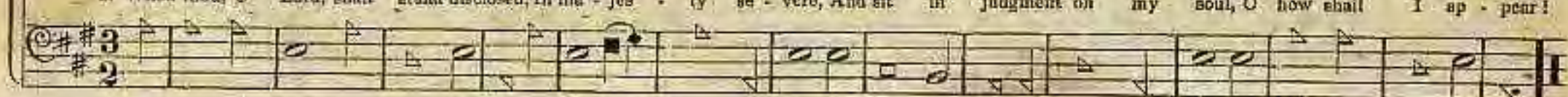
1. When, ri - sing from the bed of death, O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear, I see my Ma - ker face to face, O how shall I ap - pear!



2. If yet while par - don may be found, And mer - cy may be sought, My soul with inward her - ror shrinks, And trembles at the thought:



3. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed, In ma - jes - ty se - vere, And sit in judgment on my soul, O how shall I ap - pear!



4. O may my bro - ken, con - trite heart, Timely my sins la - ment, And ear - ly with re - pent - ant tears, E - ter - nal wo pre - vent.

5. Be - hold the sor - rows of my heart, Ere yet it be too late, And hear my Saviour's dy - ing groans, To give those sor - rows weight.

JERUSALEM NEW. C. M.



1. Jerusalem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee! } But O, the happy, happy place, The place where Christians all shall meet,
When will my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see! } The place where Jesus reigns! And never part again.



The former seas, &c. And the . . . old

1. Lo! what a glo-rious sight ap-pears To our be-liev-ing eyes: The former seas, &c. And

The former seas have pass'd away, And the . . . old rolling skies.

The former seas, &c. And the . . . old rolling skies. The

rolling skies, The former seas, &c. And the, &c. And the, &c.

the . . . old rolling skies, And the, &c. And the . . . old roll-ing skies.

The former seas, &c. And the, &c. And the, &c.

former seas, &c. And the, &c. And the, &c. And the, &c.

2. From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.
3. Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing—
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King."
4. "The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode;
Men the dear objects of his love,
And He their gracious God."
5. "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die."
6. How long, dear Saviour, O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay!
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

Now let our lips, with holy fear,
The sufferings of our great High Priest,
And mournful pleasure, sing
The sorrows of our King:

He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!

While to his heav'nly Father's ears
He sends perpetual cries.

CANAAN. C. M. D.

Words by Wm. Houson, 1840. Tune by Wm. Houson, 1840.

Treble by Wm. Houson.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
And cast a wish-ful eye
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That ri-ses to my sight!

Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of-de-light.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye } Oh! the transporting rapt'rous scene
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. } That rises to my sight, Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

GAINES. C. M.

Wm. Hayes.

1. Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.

2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim; To spread through all the earth abroad The honors of thy name, The honors of thy name.

3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

4. He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me.

5. He speaks—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6. Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb!
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind! behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

THORN. C. M.

For. Horn.

123

Save me, O God! the swelling flood Breaks in upon my soul; I sink, and sorrows o'er my head Like mighty waters roll, . . . Like mighty waters roll.

Hymn by Bishop HANNA.

GLENROY. C. M.

Air newly arranged, and Parts composed by Wm. HOUSE.

1. Beneath our feet, and o'er our head Is equal warn-ing giv'n: Beneath us lie the count-less dead, A-bove us is the heav'n.

2. Their names are graven on the stone, Their bones are in the clay: And ere an-other day is gone, Our-selves may be as they.

3. Death rides on ev'ry pass-ing breeze, And lurks in ev'ry flower; Each season has its own dis-ease, Its peril ev'-ry hour.

4. Our eyes have seen the ro-ay light Of youth's soft cheek de-cay, And fate de-ascend in sud-den night On man-hood's mid-dle day.
 5. Our eyes have seen the steps of age Halt feebly to the tomb; And yet shall earth our hearts en-gage, And dreams of days to come!
 6. Turn! mortal, turn! thy dan-ger know; Where'er thy feet can tread The earth rings hol-low from be-low, And warns thee of the dead!
 7. Turn! Christian, turn! thy soul ap-ply To truths di-vine-ly giv'n: The forms which under-neath thee lie Shall live for hell or heav'n.

1. Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims, For all the pi-ous dead; Sweet is the sa-vor of their names, And soft their sleep-ing bed; Sweet

is the sa-vor of their names, And soft their sleep-ing bed, And soft their sleep-ing bed.

2. They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
3. Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.
4. The glory of their heav'nly crown,
Unfading still remains;
And life eternal, now their own,
Their Saviour still maintains.

My feet shall vis-it thine a-bode, My feet, &c. My

1. What shall I ren - der to my God, For all his kindness shown? My feet shall vis-it thine a-bode, My

My feet shall vis-it thine a-bode, My feet, &c. My

songs ad - dress thy throne, My feet shall vis-it thine a-bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne, My songs ad - dress thy throne.

songs ad - dress thy throne, My feet shall vis-it thine a-bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne, My songs ad - dress thy throne.

2. Among the saints that fill thine house,
My off'ings shall be paid:
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3. How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4. How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made my care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

Our life contains a thousand springs, And dies . . . if one be gone; Strange that a harp of thousand strings Should keep in tune so long.

Strange, &c. Strange, &c. Should

Strange, &c. Strange, &c.

Strange, &c. Should, &c.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Scotch Air.

Strange, &c.

In tune so long.

Should, &c.

Should, &c.

The holy triumphs of my soul Shall hell itself outbrave; Leave dull mor-tal-i-ty be-hind, And fly be-yond the grave.



1. Lord, what is man, poor, fee-ble man? Born of the earth at first; His life a sha-dow, light and vain, Still hast' - ning to the dust.

2. Oh what is fee-ble, dy-ing man, Or all his sin - ful race, That God should make it his con - cern, To vi - sit him with grace?

3. That God who darts his light'nings down, Who shakes the worlds a - bove, What ter-rors wait his aw - ful frown! How won - d'rous is his love!

Somewhat altered by W. H.

PRESTON. C. M.

J. H. BAKER



1. When lan-guor and dis-ease in-vade This trem-bling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look be-yond my pains, And long to fly a-way, And long to fly a-way.

2. Sweet to look in-ward, and at-tend The whis-pers of his love; Sweet to look up-ward, to the place Where Je-sus pleads a-bove, Where Je-sus pleads a-bove.

3. Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down; Sweet to look for-ward, and be-hold E - ter - nal joys my own, E - ter-nal joys my own.

1. Oh! once I had a glo-rious view Of my re-deem-ing Lord; } But now I have a deep-er stroke Than all my groan-ings
He said, I'll be a God to you, And I be-lieved his word. }

2. Oh! what im-mor-tal joys I felt, On that ce-lestial day, } But my complaint is bit-ter now, For all my joys are
When my hard heart be-gan to melt, By love dis-solved a-way! }

3. Once I could joy the saints to meet, To me they were most dear; } But now I meet them as the rest, And with them joy-less
I then could stop to wash their feet, And shed a joy-ful tear. }
4. I once could mourn o'er dying men,
And long'd their souls to win,
I sorrow'd o'er their children then,
And warn'd them of their sin:
But now my heart's so careless grown,
Although they're drown'd in vice,
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn,
And tears have left mine eyes.
5. I forward go in duty's way,
But can't perceive Him there;
Then backwards on the road I stray,
But cannot find Him there:
On the left hand, where He doth work,
Among the wicked crew,
And on the right I find Him not,
Among the favor'd few.
6. What shall I do?—shall I lie down,
And sink in deep despair?
Will he for ever wear a frown,
Nor hear my feeble pray'r?
No: he will put his strength in me;
He knows the way I've stroll'd;
And when I'm tried sufficiently,
I shall come forth as gold.

are; My God has me of late for-sok, — He's gone, I know not where.

gone; I've stray'd! — I'm left! — I know not how: The light's from me withdrawn.

stay; My con-ver-sation's spir-it-less, Or else I've naught to say.

IMMORTALITY: C. M. D. Bass and Treble by Wm. HOSCH.

1. Young people, all, at-ten-tion give, And hear what I do say; }
I want your souls in Christ to live, In ev-er-lasting day. }

2. Death's iron-gate you must pass thro', Ere long, my dear young friends; }
Where then do you ex-pect to go? Where will your souls then land? }

3. Young men, how can you turn your face From such a glorious friend? }
Will you pur-sue your dang'rous ways? O don't you fear the end? }

Re - mem - ber you are hast'ning on, To death's dark gloomy shade, Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be - laid.

Pray, med - i - tate be - fore too late, While in a gos - pel land; Be - hold King Je - sus at the gate, Most lov - ing - ly doth stand!

Will you pur - sue that dang'rous road, Which leads to death and hell? Will you re - fuse all peace with God, — With fiends for ev - er dwell?

CORONATION.* C. M.

Hosann.

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus name! Let angels prostrate fall, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem.

2. Let high - born seraphs tune the lyre, And as they tune it, fall Be - fore his face who tunes their choir, And crown him Lord of all.
3. Crown him, ye morn - ing stars of light, He fix'd this float - ing ball; Now hail the Strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all.
4. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar call; Extol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
5. Ye seed of Israel's chosen race, Ye ran - som'd of the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
6. Hail him, ye heirs of Da - vid's line, Whom Da - vid Lord doth call — The God in - car - nate; man - divine, And crown him Lord of all.
7. Sin - ners! whose love can ne - er forget The worm, the wood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
8. Let ev - ry tribe, and ev - ry tongue That hear the Sa - viour's call, Now shout a uni - ver - sal song, And crown him Lord of all.

* A favorite tune with the Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D., a man whose name will ever be dear to all good Americans.

DEVIZES. C. M.

1. Hap-py the souls to Je-sus join'd, And saved by grace a-lone; Walking in all his ways, they find ... Their heav'n on earth be-gun. Their heav'n on earth begun, Their, &c.

2. The church triumphant in thy love, Their mighty joys we know; They sing the Lamb in hymns above, And we in hymns below.
 3. Thee in thy glorious realm they praise, And bow before thy throne; We, in the kingdom of thy grace— The kingdoms are but one.
 4. The holy to the holiest leads; From thence our spirits rise; And he who in thy footsteps treads, Shall meet thee in the skies.

CLEMMONS. C. M.

1. Je-ho-vah, God the Father, bless, And thy own work de-fend! With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace, And keep us to the end, And keep us to the end.

2. Preserve the creatures of thy love; By prov-i-den-tial care, Di-rect-ed to the realms a-bove, To sing thy goodness there, To sing thy goodness there.

3. Je-ho-vah, God the Son, re-veal The brightness of thy face; And all thy pardon'd peo-ple fill With plen-i-tude of grace, With plen-i-tude of grace.

4. Shine forth with all the De-i-ty Which dwells in thee a-lone And lifts us up, thy face to see, On thy e-ter-nal throne, On thy e-ter-nal throne.

If an-gels sung, &c. If an-gels, &c. On that, &c.
 If an-gels sung a Sa-viour's, Sa-viour's birth, On that aus-pi-cious morn,
 If an-gels sung a Sa-viour's birth, If an-gels sung a Sa-viour's, Sa-viour's birth, On that aus-pi-cious morn. We
 If an-gels, &c. If an-gels, &c. On that, &c. We well may im-i-
 We well, &c. Now, &c. Now, &c. Now, &c.
 We well may im-i-tate . . . their mirth, Now he a-gain is born, . . . Now he a-gain, Now he a-gain is born.
 well may im-i-tate, &c. We well, &c. Now he, &c. Now he, &c.
 tate their mirth, We well may im-i-tate . . . their mirth, Now he, &c. Now he, &c.

Je-sus! the vis-ion of thy face Hath o-ver-pow'ring charms;
 Scarce shall I, &c. If Christ, &c. Scarce shall I, &c. If Christ, &c.

Scarce shall I feel Death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms. Scarce
 Scarce shall I, &c. If Christ, &c. Scarce shall I, &c.

Scarce shall I, &c. If Christ, be in my arms. Then, while, &c. How
 arms. Scarce shall I, &c. If Christ, &c. Then, while you hear my heartstrings break, How sweet the minutes roll.

shall I, &c. If Christ, &c. If Christ, &c. Then, while you, &c. How sweet the minutes
 If Christ, &c. If Christ be in my arms. Then, while, &c. How sweet, &c.

sweet the minutes roll; A mortal paleness, &c. And glo-ry, &c. And glo-ry, &c.

How sweet the minutes roll; A mor-tal paleness on my cheek. And glory in my soul, And glo-ry, &c.

roll; A mor-tal paleness on my cheek, And glo-ry in my soul, A mortal paleness, &c. And glory, &c.

A mor-tal paleness, &c. And glo-ry, &c. A mortal paleness, &c. And glory, &c.

SILVER SPRING. C. M.

Morgan.

Were I in heaven without my God, 'Twould be no joy to me; And while this earth is my a-bode, I long for none but thee,

O God, our help in a - - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our e - ter - nal home.

Our shelter, &c. And our, &c. Our shelter, &c. And our, &c. Our shelter, &c. And our, &c. And our, &c.

TRUE RICHES. 7s.

home, And our, &c. And our, &c. And our, &c. And our, &c.

I am not concern'd to know What to-morrow's fate will do; 'Tis enough that I can say, I've possess'd myself to-day.

And our, &c. And our, &c. And our, &c. And our, &c.



From vain de-sires and ev'-ry lust, Turn off these

My soul lies cleav-ing to the dust, Lord, give me strength to rise;

From vain desires and ev'-ry lust, Turn

From vain de-sires and ev'-ry lust, Turn off these eyes of mine, Turn

From vain de-sires and ev'-ry lust. Turn off these eyes of mine, Turn, &c.



eyes of mine, Turn, &c.

From vain desires and ev'-ry lust, Turn, &c.

off . . . these eyes of mine, Turn, &c.

From, &c.

Turn, &c.

off these eyes of mine.

From vain desires and ev'-ry lust, Turn, &c.

Turn, &c.

eyes of mine.

From vain de-sires and ev'-ry lust, Turn, &c.

Turn, &c.

Ye, &c. Where, &c. lie.

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound! Mine ears attend the cry: Ye living men, come, view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

2. Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head Must lie as low as ours.

Ye, &c. Where, &c. lie.

TRUMBULL. C. M.

BENHAM.

Ye, &c. Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie. Ye, &c. Ye, &c.

The promise of my Fa - - - ther's love Shall stand for ev - - - er good;

He said, and gave his soul to death, And, &c. And, &c.

He said, and gave his soul to death, And, &c. And, &c.

He said, and gave his soul to death, And, &c. And, &c.

said, and gave his soul to death, And sent'd the grace with blood. blood. And, &c.

NAMUR. C. M.

Come, hap - py souls, ap - preach your God, With new me - lo - dious songs, Come, tender to Al - might - y grace The trib - ute of your tongues.

Oh! if my soul were form'd for wo,
How would I vent my sighs!

Repentance should, like rivers, flow
From both my streaming eyes.

'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung

'Twas for my sins my

'Twas for my sins my dy-ing Lord . .

for my sins my dearest Lord Hung on the cur-sed tree,
And groan'd, &c. For thee, &c. For thee, &c.

on the cursed tree, Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away his dying life For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, my soul, for thee.

dearest Lord Hung on the cur-sed tree, And groan'd away his dy-ing life For thee, &c. For thee, &c.

Hung on the cur-sed tree, And groan'd away his dy-ing life For thee, &c. For thee, &c.

Let ev' - ry, &c. And hymns, &c.

O for a shout of sa - cred joy, To God the sov' - reign king! Let ev'ry land their tongues em - ploy, Let ev' - ry land their tongues em -

Let ev' - ry, &c. And hymns, &c. And

Let ev'ry, &c. And hymns, &c.

WINCHESTER. 7s.

Parts altered by Wm. Housen.

And hymns, &c.

play, And hymns of glory sing.

hymns of glo - ry sing.

Who is this that comes from far, Clad in garments dipp'd in blood! Strong triumphant travel - ler; Is he man or is he God?

COMMUNION. C. M.

Andante.

How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ within the doors, } Here ev - ry bow - el of our God In soft com - pas - sion rolls; Here
While ev - er - last - ing love dis - plays The choicest of her stores; }

peace and pur - don, bought with blood, Is food for dy - ing souls.

TENNESSEE. C. M.

CHAPIN.

1. Af - flic - tions, tho' they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent; }
They stopp'd the prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And caused him to re - pent. }

2. "What have I gain'd by sin," he said, "But hun - ger, shame, and fear? }
My in - ther's house abounds with bread, While I am starv - ing here: }

3. His fa - ther saw him com - ing back; He saw, and ran, and smiled; }
Then threw his arms a - round the neck Of his re - bel - lious child: }



Al-though he no re-lent-ings felt, Till he had spent his store, His stubborn heart be-gan to melt, When sin-ners pinch'd him sore.

I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be-fore his face; Un-wor-thy to be call'd his son, I'll seek a ser-vant's place."

"Fa-ther, I've sinn'd, but oh, forgive!" "Enough," the fa-ther said; "Re-joice, my house! my son's a - live, For whom I mourn'd as dead!"

CONVERSION. C. M.



My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream; My rapture, &c. The grace appear'd so great, The grace, &c.

When God reveal'd his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state, My rapture seem'd a pleas-ing dream, The grace appear'd so great.

My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream, My rapture, &c. The grace, &c.

My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream, The grace appear'd so great, The grace, &c.

In vain we layish out our lives To gather empty wind; The choicest blessings earth can yield, Will starve a hun - gry mind.

Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls With more sub - stan - tial meat; With such as saints in glo - ry love, With such as an - gels eat.



1. That glo - rious day is draw - ing nigh When Zi - on's light shall come ; } The north shall then her sons re - sign, And south - ern isles at - tend,
She shall a - rise and shine on high, Bright as the ri - sing sun. }
D. C. In tri - dal robes Je - ru - sa - lem, All glo - rious shall de - scend.



2. The King who wears the gold - en crown, The a - zure fla - ming bow, } When Zi - on's bleed - ing, conqu'ring King Shall sin and death de - stroy,
The ho - ly ci - ty shall bring down, To bless the church be - low. }
D. C. The morn - ing stars a - gain shall sing, And Zi - on shout for joy.



4. Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long :—
Tho' saints are feeble, weak, and poor,
Yet their Redeemer's strong :
In storms he is our hiding-place—
A covert from the wind—
A river in the wilderness,
To bless the pilgrim band.

5. This crystal stream runs down from heaven,
It issues from the throne :—
The floods of strife away are driven,
The church becomes but one :
That peaceful union she shall know,
And live upon his love,
And shout and sing his name below,
As angels do above.

6. A thousand years shall roll around—
The church shall be complete :—
Called by the glorious trump's sound,
Their Saviour they shall meet :
They rise with joy, and mount on high,
They fly to Jesus' arms ;
And gaze with wonder and delight
On their Beloved's charms.

On Spirit.

IRWIN. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Hoxey.



O for a thou - sand tongues ! to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise ; The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace.

D. C. Chorus I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too I want to go where Je - sus is, I want to go there too.

Soft and Slow.

1. Joy is a fruit that will not grow In nature's barren soil; All we can boast, till Christ we know, Is vanity and toil. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

2. But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found—and there alone.

3. A bleeding Saviour seen by faith—
A sense of pard'ning love—
A hope that triumphs over death—
Give joys like those above.

4. To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine—
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine!

5. These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

ALTON. C. M. D.

Wm. Horner.

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, }
Without one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day. } 2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace Beheld our helpless grief; He saw, and (O amazing love!) He ran to our relief.

3. Down from the shining seats above, With joyful haste he fled; }
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh, And dwelt among the dead. } 4. O for this love let rocks and hills }
And all harmonious human tongues }
Their lasting silence break, } The Saviour's praises speak.

5. Angels, assist our mighty joys; Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes His love can ne'er be told. } :||

6. My earth thou water'st from on high, But make it all a pool! Spring up, O Well! (I ev - er cry) Spring up with - in my

soul! 7. Come, O my God! thy-self re - veal, Fill all this might-y void: Thou on - ly canst my spir - it fill: Come, O my God, my God!

When thou, &c. And fly, &c. And fly, &c. When

My soul, come meditate the day, And think how near it stands, And fly to unknown lands, And fly to unknown lands, When

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly, &c. And fly, &c. When

When thou, &c. And fly, &c. And fly, &c. When

SUNDAY. C. M.

thou must, &c.

thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.

Who joy - ful in har - monious lays, Em-

1. The Lord of Sabbath let us praise, In concert with the blest.

Who

Who joy - ful in

ploy, &c. Em - ploy, &c. Em - ploy, &c.

Who joy - ful in har - mon - ious lays, Em - ploy an end - less rest, Em - ploy an end - less rest,

joy - ful, &c. Em - ploy, &c.

mon - ious lays, Em - ploy an end - less rest . . . rest

2. Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3. On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4. He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

ASHVILLE. 7s.

Treble by Wm. Houser.

1. Lov - ing Je - sus, gen - tle Lamb, In thy gra - cious hands I am; Make me, Sa - viour, what thou art, Live thy - self with - in my heart.

2. I shall then show forth thy praise, Serve thee all my hap - py days; Then the world shall always see Christ, the ho - ly child, in me.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

D. C. And drives, &c. And drives, &c. It soothes, &c. And drives, &c.

2. It - makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, It calms the troub-led breast; 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest.

3. By him my pray'rs ac - cept - ance gain, Al-though with sin da - filed; Sa - tan ac - cu - ses me in vain, And I am own'd a child.

4. Dear name! the rock on which I build My shield and hid-ing-place, My ne - ver fail - ing re-a-sure, fill'd With bound-less store of grace.

5. Je - sus! thy Shep-herd, Hus-band, Friend, My Pro-phet, Priest, and King; My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

6. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est thought; But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.

7. Till then I would thy love pro - claim, With ev'-ry fleet-ing breath; And may the mu - sic of thy name, Re - fresh my soul in death.

* The upper stave in this measure are used only in repeating, "And drives," &c.

WARREN. 7s.

Now be - gin the hea - v'nly theme, Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name; - Ye who Je - sus' kind - ness prove, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing love.

DOVE OF PEACE. C. M.

Treble and Alto by W. HOWARD.

149

1. O tell me where the Dove has flown To build her dow-ny nest, And I will rove this world all o'er, To win her to my breast, To win her to my breast.

2. I sought her in the groves of love, I knew her ten-der heart; But she had flown—the Dove of Peace Had felt a trai-tor's dart, Had felt a trai-tor's dart.

3. I sought her on the flow'-ry lawn, Where plea-sure holds her train; But Fan-cy flies from flower to flower, So there I sought in vain, So there I sought in vain.
 4. 'Twas on Am-bi-tion's crog-gy bill, The Bird of Peace might stray; I sought her there, tho' vain-ly still, She nev-er flew that way, She nev-er flew that way.
 5. Faith smiled, and shed a si-lent tear, To see my search a-round, Then whis-per'd, "I will tell you where The Dove may yet be found, The Dove may yet be found."
 6. "By meek Re-li-gion's hum-ble cot, She builds her dow-ny nest; Go, seek that sweet se-clud-ed spot, And win her to your breast, And win her to your breast."

Moderato.

SWEET HOPE. C. M.

W. HOWARD.

1. O joy-ful sound of gos-pel grace! Christ shall in me ap-pear; I, e-ven I, shall see his face; I shall be ho-ly here, I shall be ho-ly here.

2. The glo-rious crown of right-eous-ness, To me reach'd down I view; Conq'ror thro' him I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due, - And wear it - as my due.

3. The pro-mised land from Pis-gah's top, I now ex-ult to see; My hope is full, (O glo-rious hope!) Of im-mor-tal-i-ty, Of im-mor-tal-i-ty.
 4. Ho-vis-its now the house of clay, He shakes his fu-ture home; O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day, In-to thy tem-ple come, In-to thy tem-ple come.

Afflictions, though they seem se-vere, In mer-cy oft are sent; They stopp'd the pro-di-gal's ca-reer, And caus'd him to re-pent. Al-

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are treble clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century hymnals, with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The lyrics are written below the third staff.

though he no re-lent-ings felt, Till he had spent his store; His stub-born heart be-gan to melt, When fam-ine pinch'd him sore.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, with the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The lyrics are written below the third staff. The music continues with similar notation, including many beamed notes and rests.

THE PENITENT PRODIGAL. C. M.

Arranged by Wm. Hooker.

151

CHORUS

1. Af-flic-tions, though they seem se-vere, Are oft in mer-cy sent; They stopp'd the prodigal's ca-reer, And caus'd him to re-pent. "Oh! I die with hunger

here," he cries, "Oh! I die with hun-ger here," he cries, "I starve in a for-eign land; My father's house hath large supplies, And bounteous are his hands."

2.
"What have I gained by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here!"

3.
"I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

1. As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died;
He pour'd sal-va-tion on a wretch, That languish'd at his side.
His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
Then The pen-i-tent confess'd;

2. "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n,
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.

Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise;
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

3. Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death
Let me a sharer be."

His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy parting-soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

RETURNING PRODIGAL. C. M. D.

turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:

1. Behold the wretch whose lust and wine
Hath wasted his estate! He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.

2. "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace;"
He said, then hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;

Words to Returning Prodigal.

D. C. My father's house hath large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

2. "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace;"
He said, then hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;

The father sees the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.
3. He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrace'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

"Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
The father gives command;
"Dress him in garments white and clean.
With rings adorn his hand.
4. A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound;

My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.
Thus, when repenting sinners come
To seek the Saviour's face;
He joyfully received them home,
To enjoy his largest grace.

LAND OF PLEASURE. 8s & 7s.

Arr'd by Wm. Housa.

153

Chords.

Come, thou fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace, } O glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, We're going where pleasure nev - er dies.
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }

VICKSBURG. 8s & 7s.

Arr'd by Wm. Housa.

1. Far a - bove yon glorious ceil - ing Of the a - zure vault - ed sky, Je - sus sits, his love re - veal - ing To his splen - did troops on high.

2. Hosts se - raph - ic hum - bly bow - ing, At his feet they pros - trate fall; Saints and an - gels all a - vow - ing, God in Christ is all in all.

3. Could we leave our fool - ish dream - ing Of a fan - cied heav'n be - low, And see Je - sus' glo - ry beam - ing, How our souls would long to go.

1. Come, let us join our friends above, That have obtain'd the prize; And on the an-gle wings of love, To joys ce - les-tial rise. I'm bound for the promised land, I'm

2. Let all the saints terrestrial sing, With those to glo - ry gone; For all the servants of our King, In earth and heav'n, are one. I'm bound for the promised land, I'm

3. One fam - i - ly we dwell in Him, One church above, beneath; Tho' now di-vided by the stream—The narrow stream of death. I'm bound for the promised land, I'm

4. One ar - my of the liv - ing God, To his command we bow; Part of his host have cross'd the flood, And part are crossing now. I'm bound for the promised land, I'm, &c.

bound for the promised land, O who will come, and go with me? I am bound for the promised land!

bound for the promised land, O who will come, and go with me? I am bound for the promised land!

bound for the promised land, O who will come, and go with me? I am bound for the promised land!

5. Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come—
And we expect to die.
6. His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.
7. Our old companions in distress,
We haste again to see;
And eager, long for our release
And full felicity.
8. E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

* I have given Miss DURHAM's arrangement of this tune, and that on the opposite page, by an unknown author—Jno. A. COOPER, of Guilford Co., N. C., I guess—that the admirer of each arrangement may be gratified. W. H.

9. Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs, with glory crown'd;
And shout to see our Captain's sign—
To hear his trumpet sound.
I'm bound for the promised land;
O I'm bound for the promised land,

10. O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the wayes divide,
And land us all in heav'n!
I'm bound for the promised land,
O I'm bound for the promised land,

CHORUS.

MASONIC DIRGE. 7s.

W. A. HOSKIN.

who will come, and go with me? land!
I'm bound for the promised

who will come, and go with me? land!
I'm bound for the promised

1. Solemn strikes the fun'ral chime—
Notes of our departing time,
As we journey here below,
Thro' a pilgrimage of wo.

2. Mortals, now indulge a tear,
For mor-tal-i-ty is here;
See, how wide her trophies wave
O'er the slumbers of the grave!

3. Here, another guest we bring—
Seraphs of celestial wing,
To our funeral altar come,
Waft a friend and brother home!

4. Calm, the good man meets his fate;
Guards celestial round him wait:
See! he bursts these mortal chains,
And o'er death the victory gains.

5. Lord of all below, above,
Fill our souls with truth and love
As dissolves our earthly tie,
Take us to thy Lodge on high.

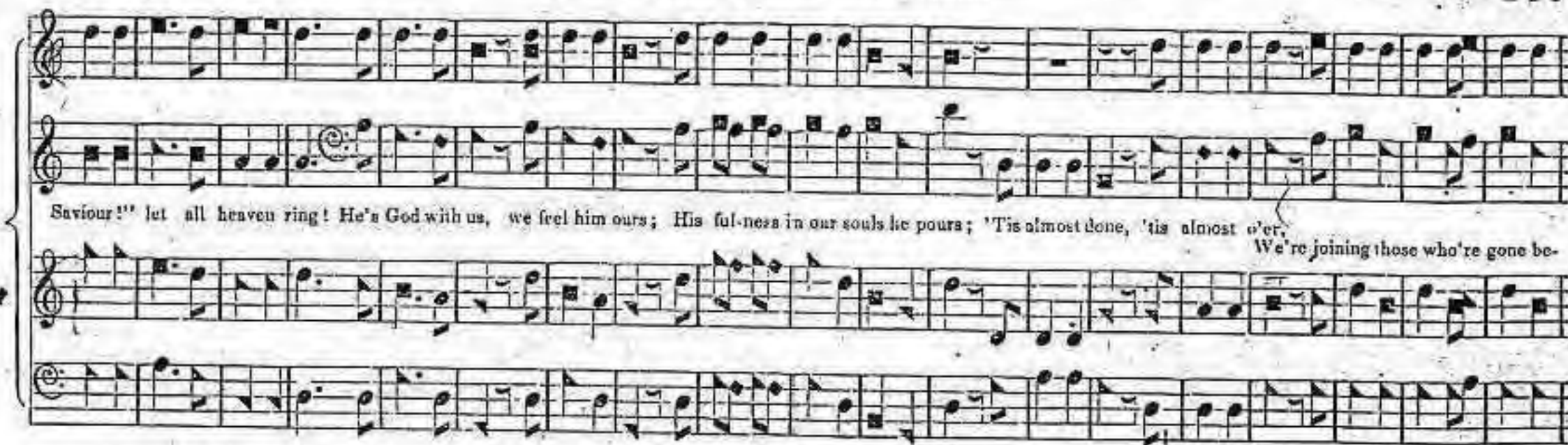
WASHINGTON. C. M. D.

1. Our souls by love to-gether knit, Ce-ment-ed, mix'd in one— One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, Our hearts have burn'd while 'Tis heaven on earth begun.

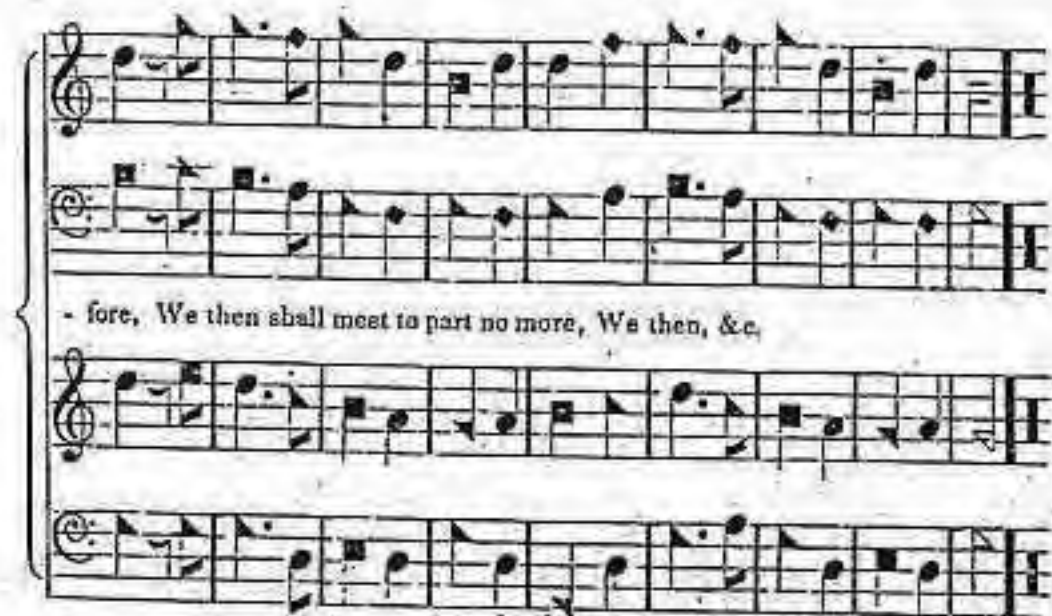
The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/4. The music is in common time with a 6/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Jesus spoke, And glow'd with sacred fire, He stopp'd and talk'd, and fed and bless'd, And fill'd th'enlarged do-sire. "A Saviour!" let cre-ation sing; A

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It also consists of four staves. The key signature remains one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The system concludes with a double bar line.



Saviour!" let all heaven ring! He's God with us, we feel him ours; His ful-ness in our souls he pours; 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining those who're gone be-



- fore, We then shall meet to part no more, We then, &c.

2.
We're soldiers fighting for our God;
Let trembling cowards fly;
We stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd,
With Christ to live or die.
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll cut our passage through;
Though foes unite, and friends all fail,
We'll seize the crown we view.
A Saviour, &c.

3.
The little cloud increases fast;
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain:
A *rill*, a *stream*, a *TORRENT* flows,
YET POUR A MIGHTY FLOOD!
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God!
A Saviour, &c.

4.
From east to west, from north to south,
O be thy name adored!
Let Europe, with her millions, shout
Hosannas to thee, Lord;
Let Asia, Africa, resound
From shore to shore thy fame;
And all America in songs
Redeeming love proclaim.
A Saviour, &c.

5.
And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine
Proclaim'd by thee thine own,
May we, a little band of love,
Be sinners saved by grace;
From glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.
A Saviour, &c.

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord! Be-hold my heart and see; And turn each cur-sed i-dol out, That dares to ri-val thee.

2. Do not I love thee from my soul! Then let me no-thing love; Dead be my heart to ev-'ry joy, When Je-sus can-not move.

3. Is not thy name me-lo-dious still, To my at-ten-tive ear! Doth not each pulse with plea-sure thrill, My Saviour's voice to hear!

4. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5. Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6. Would not my heart pour forth its blood,
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame!

7. Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

LATROBE. 7s & 6s.

German tune. Treble by Wm. House.

Hail to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed.
His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression, And rule in e-qui-ty.

Alto mainly by Dr. BENNET HARRIS.

1. Hark! listen to the trumpet - ers, They sound for volun - teers! } Their horses white, their garments bright, With courage bold they stand, En - listing
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount Be - hold the officers!

2. It sets my heart all in a flame, A sol - dier I will be; } They want no cowards in their band, (They will their colours fly,) But call for
I will en - list, gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.

sol - diers for their King, To march for Canaan's land.

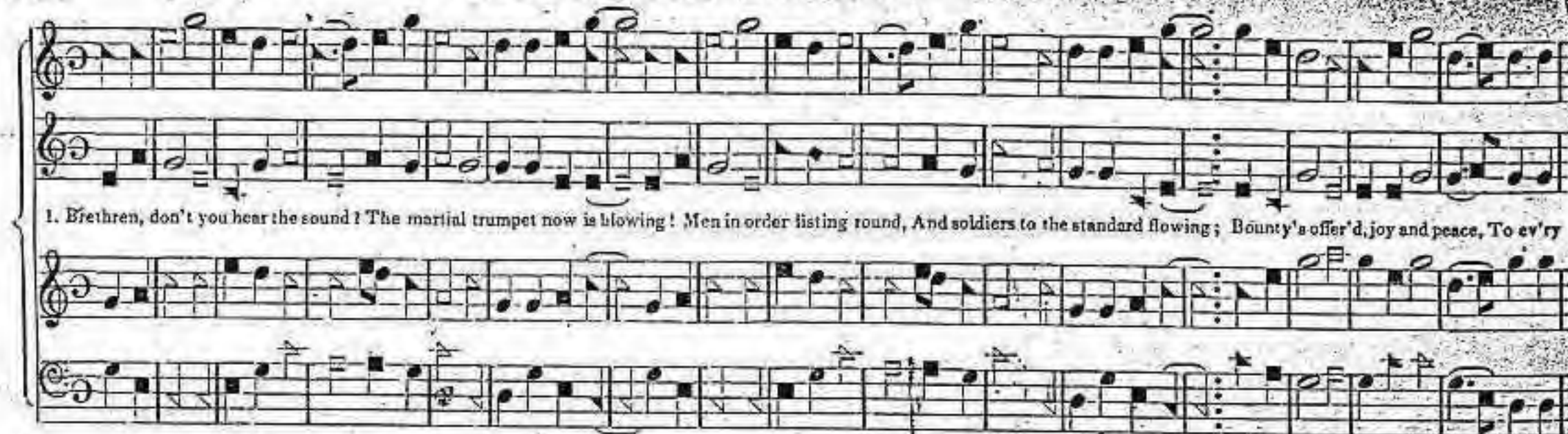
valiant - hearted men Who're not a - fraid to die.

3. The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear!
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war:
They follow their brave General,
The great eternal Lamb—
His garments stain'd in his own blood—
King Jesus is his name.

4. The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
And drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God in arms!
The great Emmanuel!
Sinners! enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

5. There is a green and flow'ry field,
Where fruits immortal grow;
There, clothed in white, the angels bright,
Our great Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing for evermore,
In that eternal world:
But Satan, and his armies too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

6. Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
'Twill shake both earth and sky:
In fiery chariots then we'll fly,
And leave the world on fire,
And meet around the starry throne,
To tune th' immortal lyre.



1. Brethren, don't you hear the sound? The martial trumpet now is blowing! Men in order listing round, And soldiers to the standard flowing; Bounty's offer'd, joy and peace, To ev'ry



soldier this is given, When from toils and war they cease, A mansion bright prepared in heav'n.

2. They who long in sin have lain,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
Are released from Satan's chain,
And all endow'd with long possession.
The sick, the sore, the blind and lame,
The maladies of all are healed;
Outlaw'd rebels, too, may claim,
And find a pardon freely seal'd.

3. The battle is not to the strong, (der,
The burden's on our Captain's shoul-
None so aged nor so young.
But may enlist and be a soldier:
Those who cannot fight nor fly,
Beneath his banner find protection;
None who on his arm rely,
Shall be reduced to base subjection.

4. You need not fear—the cause is good;
Come! who will to the crown aspire?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
And shouted vict'ry in the fire:
In this cause let's follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we gain'd the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.

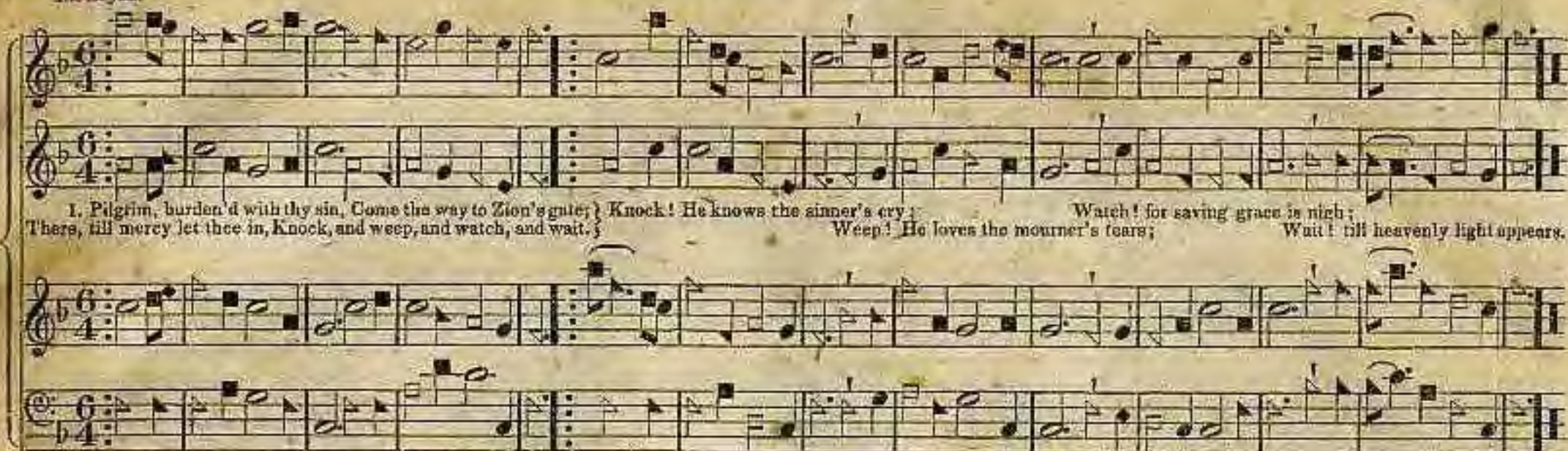
5. The battle, brethren, is begun,
Behold the armies now in motion!
Some, by faith, behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark! the vict'ry's sounding loud, (ling!
Emmanuel's chariot wheels are rumb-
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

6. Hark! ye rebels, come enlist!
The officers are now recruiting;
Why will you in sin persist,
Or spend your time in vain disputing?
All your carnal shows are vain,
For if you do not sue for favor,
Down you'll sink to endless pain,
To bear the wrath of God for ever.

Why should the children of a King Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend, and bring The tokens of thy grace. Thou art the earnest of his love, The

Fin.

pledge of joys to come:
May thy bless'd wings, celestial Dove, Safely convey me home, May thy bless'd wings, co - lea - tial Dove, Safe - ly con - vey me home.

Not too fast.

1. Pilgrim, burden'd with thy sin, Come this way to Zion's gate; } Knock! He knows the sinner's cry; Watch! for saving grace is nigh;
 There, till mercy let thee in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait. } Weep! He loves the mourner's tears; Wait! till heavenly light appears.

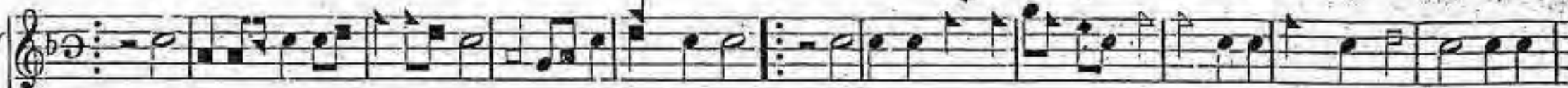
2. Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice!
 "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;"
 Now within the gate rejoice.
 Safe, and seal'd, and bought, and blest.
 Safe from all the lures of vice;
 Seal'd by signs the chosen know;
 Bought by love, and life the price;
 Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

3. Holy pilgrim, what for thee
 In a world like this remains?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain.
 Fear, the hope of heav'n shall fly;
 Shame, from glory's view retire;
 Doubt, in certain raptures die;
 Pain, in endless bliss expire.

VERSAILLES. 118.



Thy mer-cy, my God, is the theme of my song, } Thy free grace a-lone, from the first to the last, Hath won my affections and bound my heart fast.
 The joy of my heart and the boast of my tongue; }



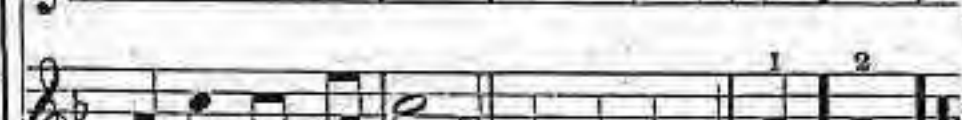
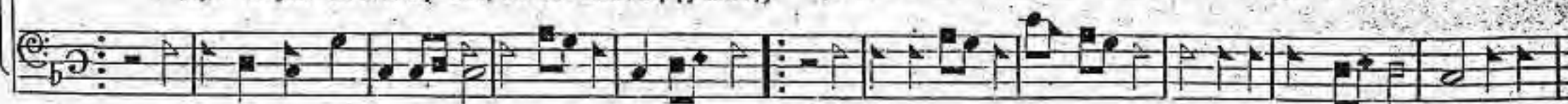
Alto, by W. H.



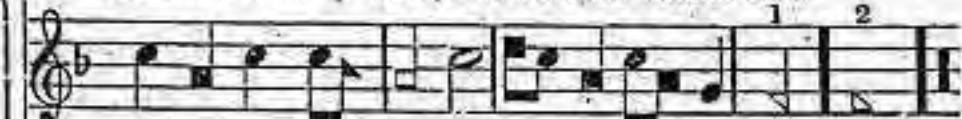
1. Sweet rivers of re-deeming love, Lie just be-fore mine eye; } I'd rise su-pe-rior to my-pain, With joy outstrip the wind; I'd cross bold
Had I the pin-jons of a dove, I'd to those riv-ers fly;



2. A few more days, or years at most, My troubles will be o'er; } My rap-tured soul shall drink and feast, In love's un-bound-ed sea: The glo-rious
I hope to join the heav'nly host, On Ca-naan's hap-py shore;



Jor-dan's storm-y main, And leave this world be-hind.



hope of end-less rest Is rav-ish-ing to me.



3. O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me to the sky!
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay—
Make haste and bring it nigh:
I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thy image shine,
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be for ever thine.

4. Then will I tune my harp of gold,
To my eternal King;
Thro' ages that can ne'er be told,
I'll make Thy praises ring.
All hail! eternal Son of God,
Who died on Calvary!
Who bought me with his precious blood,
From endless misery.

5. Ten thousand thousand join in one
To praise the eternal Three—
Prostrate before the blazing throne,
In deep humility;
They rise and tune their harps of gold,
And join th' immortal choir:
Thro' ages that can ne'er be told
They'll raise his praises higher.

6. Salvation, in sweet purling streams,
Thro' Canaan's land doth roll;
Proceeding from the throne of God
To bathe the pilgrim's soul:
Ten thousand thousand glitt'ring crowns,
All set in diamonds bright—
And there my Saviour Jesus reigns,
Who is my heart's delight.

1. How sad our state by na - ture is! Our sin—how deep its stains! And Sa - tan binds our cap - tive souls Fast in

2. But there's a voice of sove - reign grace Sounds from the as - sured word; Ho! ye de - spair - ing sin - ners, come, And trust

GOLGOTHA. 7s.

Wm. H. H. H.

his sla - vish chains.

1. Let me dwell in Gol - go - tha, Weep and love my life a - way, While I see him on the tree, Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

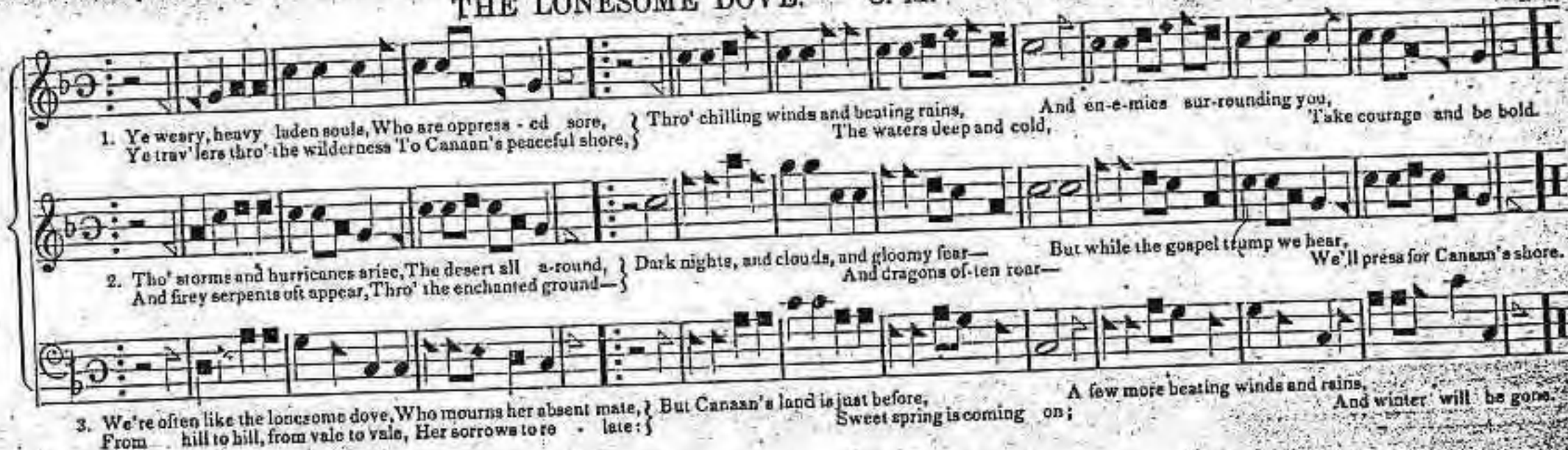
2. That dear blood for sin - ners spilt, Shows my sin in all its guilt; Ah! my soul, he bore the load: Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3. Hark! his dying words, "Forgive! Father, let the sin - ner live: Sinner, wipe thy tears away; I, thy ran - som, free - ly pay.

4. While I hear this grace re - veal'd, And ob - tain a par - don seal'd, All my soft af - fec - tions move, Waken'd by the force of love.

THE LONESOME DOVE. C. M.

165



1. Ye weary, heavy laden souls, Who are oppress - ed sore, } Thro' chilling winds and beating rains, And en-e-mies sur-rounding you, Take courage and be bold.
Ye trav'lers thro' the wilderness To Canaan's peaceful shore, } The waters deep and cold,

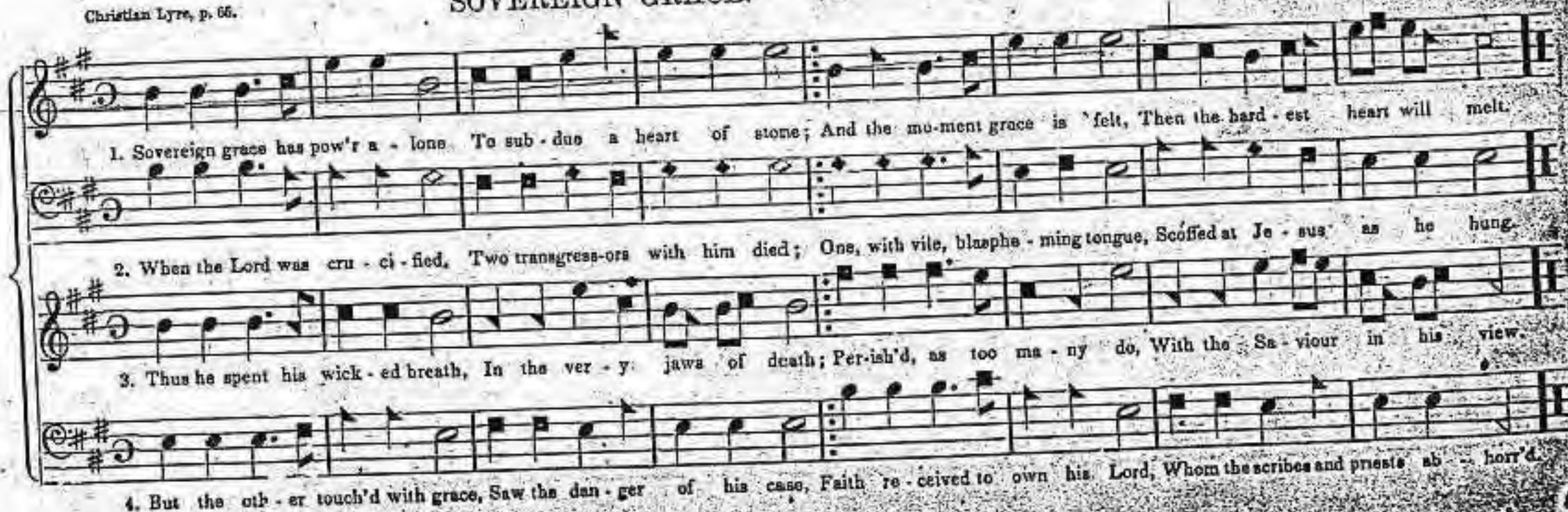
2. Tho' storms and hurricanes arise, The desert all a-round, } Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fear— But while the gospel trump we hear, We'll press for Canaan's shore.
And fiery serpents oft appear, Thro' the enchanted ground— } And dragons of-ten rear—

3. We're often like the lonesome dove, Who mourns her absent mate, } But Canaan's land is just before, A few more beating winds and rains, And winter will be gone.
From hill to hill, from vale to vale, Her sorrows to re-late: } Sweet spring is coming on;

Christian Lyre, p. 66.

SOVEREIGN GRACE. 7s.

Treble and Alto, by Wm. Horner.



1. Sovereign grace has pow'r a-lone To sub-due a heart of stone; And the mo-ment grace is 'felt, Then the hard-est heart will melt.

2. When the Lord was cru-ci-fied, Two transgress-ors with him died; One, with vile, blaspheming tongue, Scoffed at Je-sus as he hung.

3. Thus he spent his wick-ed breath, In the ver-y jaws of death; Per-ish'd, as too ma-n-y do, With the Sa-viour in his view.

4. But the oth-er touch'd with grace, Saw the dan-ger of his case, Faith re-ceived to own his Lord, Whom the scribes and priests ab-horr'd.

1. O God, my re-fuge, hear my cries, Be-hold my flow-ing tears; For earth and hell my hurt de-vise, And tri-umph in my fears. 2. Their rage is le-vell'd at my life; My

soul with guilt they load. And fill my thoughts with in-ward strife To shake my hope in God.

3. What inward pain my heart-strings sound!
I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beset me round,
Amongst the shades of death.
4. O, were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove,
From all these restless things.
5. Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home:
Where storms of malice never blow,
And troubles never come.
6. Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, Jerusalem, &c. Jerusalem, &c. Oh! how I long for thee, When will my sorrows have an end! Thy

Chorus.* I want my friends to go with me, I want; &c. I want, &c. To the new Jerusalem: I wonder, Lord, shall I ever get to heaven, To

2. Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views, by human sight,
Have never yet been seen.

4. If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die, and go from hence!
5. Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6. Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.
7. My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8. When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first began.

* To sing the chorus, some of the ties of notes must be broken, and a few of the notes repeated.

Meth. Hymn Book, p. 95.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

joys when shall I see!
range Je - ru - sa - lem.

1. Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me! Can my God his wrath, for - bear! Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare!

2. I have long withstood his grace; Long provoked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls; Grieved him by a thou - sand falls.

3. Kindled his re - lent - ings are; Me, he now delights to spare; Cries, "how can I give thee 'up!'" Let the lift - ed thun - der drop.

CONWAY. C. M.

1. O 'tis de-light, without al-loy, Je-sus, to hear thy name! My spir-it leaps with in-ward joy, My spirit leaps with inward joy, I feel the sacred flame.

2. My passions hold a pleasing reign, When love inspires my breast; Love, the di-vi-nest of the train, Love, the di-vi-nest of the train, The sov'reign of the rest.

3. This is the grace must live and sing;
When faith and hope shall cease; Must sound from ev-'ry joy-ful string,
Must sound from ev-'ry joy-ful string, Thro' the sweet groves of bliss.

4. Let life im-mor-tal seize my clay, Let love re-fine my blood; Her flames can bear my soul away, Her flames can bear my soul away, Can bring me near my God.

TABOR. 7s.

Paris by Wm. Howard

1. Come and taste, a-long with me, Con-so-la-tion "run-ning free, From the Fa-ther's wealthy throne—Sweeter than the ho-ney-comb.

2. Why should Christians feast a-lone? Two are bet-ter, far, than one; All who come with free, good will, Make the ban-quet sweet-er still.

3. Now I go to heav-en's door, Ask-ing for a lit-tle more; Je-sus gives a doub-le share, Call-ing me his cho-sen heir.

1. Thy gracious presence, O my God! My ev'-ry wish contains; With this, beneath affliction's load My heart no more complains. This can my ev'ry care control, Gild

each dark scene with light: This is the sun-shine of the soul; With-out it all is night.

2. Oh happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams impart
Uncclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart!
Her part in those fair realms of bliss
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

3. Lord, shall these breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee!
Confirm my hope that where thou art
I shall for ever be;
Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on Faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day.



1. Hark! the glad sound, the Sa-viour comes, The Saviour prom-ised long! Let ev'-ry heart prepare a throne, And ev'-ry voice a song. On him the Spir-it large-ly pour'd Ex-erts his sa-cred fire; Wis-dom and might, and

2. He comes, the prisoners to re-lease, In Sa-tan's bondage held; The gates of brass be-fore him burst, The i-ron fet-ters yield. He comes, from thickest films of vice, To clear the men-tal ray; And on the eyes op-

3. He comes, the bro-ken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure, And with the treasures of his grace T' enrich the hum-ble poor. Our glad hosan-nas, Prince of peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim; And heav'n's eter-nal

SEPARATION.

C. M. D.



real and love, His ho-ly breast in-spi-re.

press'd with night To pour ce-les-tial day.

arch-ea-ring, With thy, be-lov-ed name.

Why do we mourn for dy-ing friends, Or shake at death's a-larms! 'Tis but the voice that Jesus

Three staves of music in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the first staff, the accompaniment in the second and third staves. The music concludes with a final cadence.

sends, To call them to his arms. Are we not tend - ing up - ward too, As fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

LOVEST THOU ME. 7s.

Four staves of music in G major. The melody is in the first staff, with three-part harmony in the second, third, and fourth staves. The music is divided into six numbered sections with lyrics.

1. Hark! my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word; Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, " Say, poor sinner, Say, poor sinner, Say, poor sinner, lov'at thou me!

2. " I de - liv - er'd thee when bound, Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy darkness, Turn'd thy darkness in - to light.
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound; Turn'd thy darkness, Turn'd thy darkness in - to light.

3. " Can a mother's ten - der care Cease towards the child she bear! Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I re- Yet will I re- Yet will I re - mem - ber thee.

4. " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'at thou me!"

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

Known thro' the earth by thousand signs, By thousands, &c.

Faith - er, how wide thy glories shine! How high thy wonders rise! Known thro' the earth, Known thro' the earth by thousand signs, By thousands thro' the skies.

Known thro', &c. Known thro', &c.

PILGRIM BAND. C. M.

Treble by Wm. Hester.

FINE. CHORDS.

End with the middle strain.

1. We're marching to the promised land,
A land all fair and bright;
Come, join our happy, pilgrim band,
And seek the plains of light.
FINE. { We soon shall reach the promised land,
And rest for ever there.

2. The deep Red Sea already cross'd, Safe on its banks we stood; And saw our foes—old Pharaoh's host, Plunged in the angry flood. O come, &c.

3. The Saviour feeds his little flock;
His grace is richly given:
The living water from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.

4. To Canaan's bounds he points the way,
And guides our feet aright;
A cloudy pillar leads by day,
A fiery one by night.

5. "Come with us, we will do thee good,"
Here is our heart and hand,
To meet you over Jordan's flood,
And share the promised land.

6. There in that land no tears are shed,
No sigh escapes the heart;
To joy's full fountain all are led,
And there they never part.

By Babel's streams we sat and wept, While Zion we thought on, Amidst thereof we hang'd our harps The willow trees upon. With all the power and skill I have, If I can reach the I'll gently touch each string;

BARBAULD. 7s.

German Air.

charming sound.
I'll tune my harp again.

1. Sweeter sounds than music knows Charm me in Emmanuel's name; All her hopes my spirit owes To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2. When he came, the angels sung "Glo-ry be to God on high!" Who should louder sing than I? Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue;

3. Did the Lord a man become, That he might the law fulfil? Bleed and suffer in my room, And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4. No, I must my praises bring, Tho' they worthless are and weak, For, should I refuse to sing, Sure the very stones would speak.

5. O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun, Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend, Ev'ry precious name in one, I will love thee without end.

1. With glorious clouds encompass'd round, Will the Unsearcha-ble be found, Will He forsake his throne above,
Whom angels dim-ly see; Or God appear to me! Himself to worms impart!

2. In man-i-fest-ed love explain What meant the suf-fering Son of Man, Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
Thy wonder-ful design; The streaming blood divine? And live and die be-low,

3. Come, then, and to my soul reveal, Before my eyes of faith confess'd, Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
The heights and depths of grace; And wrap me in thy crimson vest, And tell me all thy name.

4. JEHOVIAH in thy person show, JEHOVIAH crucified! I view the Lamb in his own light,
And then the pard'ning God I know, And feel the blood applied. Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight, To all eternity.

HOLLY SPRINGS. C. M.

Wm. HODGINS.

Answer, thou Man of grief and love, And speak it to my heart.

That I might now per-ceive thee near, And my Re-deem-er know!

1. Why should the chil-dren of a King Go mourning all their days?
Great Com-fort-er, descend, and bring The to-kens of thy grace.

2. As-sure my conscience of her part In the Re-deem-er's blood;
And bear thy wit-ness with my heart, That I am born of God.

Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints, And seal the heirs of heav'n! When wilt thou ban-ish my complaints, And show my sins for-giv'n!

Thou art the earn-est of His love, The pledge of joys to come; And may thy wings, ce-les-tial Dove, Safe-ly con-vey me home!

MAYSVILLE. 7s.

E. HERITAGE.

1. When, my Saviour, shall I be Per-fect-ly resign'd to thee? Poor and vile in my own eyes, On-ly in thy wisdom wise, On-ly in thy wisdom wise!

2. On-ly thee con-stant to know, Ig-no-rant of all be-low! On-ly gui-ded by thy light, On-ly mighty in thy might, On-ly mighty in thy might!

3. So I may thy Spir-it know, Let him as he list-eth blow; Let the man-ner be unknown, So I may, with thee, be one, So I may, with thee, be one.

4. Ful-ly in my life express All the heights of ho-li-ness; Sweet-ly, let my spir-it prove All the depths of humble love, All the depths of hum-ble love.

THE CAPTIVE'S SONG. C. M. D.

Words by Rev. D. H. THOMAS, of England,
written for the Christian Lyre.*Rather Slow and Plaintive.*

1. Oh! no, we can - not sing the song,
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings
Made for Jehovah's praise;
To Zion's gladsome lays;
They bid us be in mirthful mood,
And dry these tears so sad;
But Judah's hearths are desolate;
And how can we be glad?

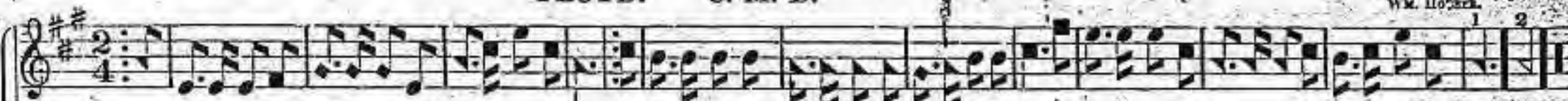


2. Silent our harps o'er Babel's stream
And Zion we no more shall see;
Are hung on willows wet;
But we can ne'er forget.
Jerusalem, thy banish'd ones
Prove anguish and regret;
But Heav'n's own curse shall rest on them,
If thee they e'er forget.



FLOYD. C. M. D.

Wm. Hooper.



2. O thou who driest the mourner's tear!
If, pierc'd by sins and sorrows here,
How dark this world would be,
We could not fly to thee.
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.



2. Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Did not thy wing of love
Our peace-branch from above!
Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray,
And darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.



Je-sus, all-re-deeming Lord, Mag-ni-fy thy dy-ing word; In thine or-di-nance ap-pears, Come and meet thy foll'wers here, Come, &c.

This musical score is for the hymn 'SARK'. It consists of four staves. The first three staves are for vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass), and the fourth staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

HAVEN. 7s. D.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Horan.

Jesus, lover of my soul! Let me to thy bosom fly, Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Safe in - to thy ha-ven guide,
While the billows near me roll, Till the storm of life is past; Oh! receive my soul at last;
While the tempest still is high;

This musical score is for the hymn 'HAVEN'. It consists of four staves. The first three staves are for vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass), and the fourth staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Alto, W. H.



1. My soul forsakes her vain delights, And bids the world farewell, Base as the dirt beneath my feet/And mischievous as hell—No longer will I ask your love Nor seek your friendship

2. There's nothing round the spacious earth, To boundless joy and solid mirth, Where pleasure rolls its living flood, That soits my large desire; My nobler thoughts aspire, From sin and dross re-

3. Th' Almighty ruler of the sphere, The Glorious and the Great, Brings his own all-sufficiency there, To make our bliss complete. Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd climb the heav'nly

EASTER HYMN. 7s.

Psalmist, Hymn 235.



more, The happiness that I approve Is not within your power.

1. Christ our Lord has ris'n to-day, Hal - le - lu - jah! Sons of men and angels say,

2. Love's redeeming work is done, Hal - le - lu - jah! Fought the fight, the battle won;

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ hath burst the gates of hell,

Hal - le - lu - jah! Raise your joys and triumphs high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! he sets in blood no more, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Death in vain for - bids his rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ hath open'd Par - a - dise, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Methodist Hymn Book.

SUNBURY. S. M.

1. O that I could re - verse My much of - fend - ed God! O that I could but stand in fear Of thy af - flict - ing rod.

2. If mer - cy can - not draw, Thou by thy threat - ning move, And keep an un - sub - ject soul in awe, That will not yield to love.

3. Show me the na - ked sword, Im - pend - ing o'er my head: O let me trem - ble at thy word, And to my ways take heed.

4. With sa - cred hor - ror fly, From ev - ry sin - ful snare; Nor ev - er in my Judge's eye My Judge's an - ger dare.

1. Hail, the day that saw him rise, Ray-ish'd from our wish-ful eyes; Christ, a-while to mor-tals given, There the Re-ns-cends his na-tive heav'n;

pom-pous tri-umph waits; "Lift your heads, e-ter-nal gates! Wide un-fold the ra-diant scene, Take the King of glo-ry in!"

2. Him though highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his home,
Still he calls mankind his own:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

3. Master, (may we ever say)
Taken from the world away,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our sight,
Heav'n above yon azure height,
Grant our souls may thither rise—
Following thee beyond the skies.

4. Ever upward let us move,
Waited on the wings of love
Looking when our Lord shall come,—
Looking for a happier home:
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see—
Find a heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

1. Lift up your hearts to things above, Ye followers of the Lamb; } To Jesus' name give thanks and sing, Rejoice! re-joice! the Lord is King;
And join with us to praise his love, And glo-ri-fy his name. } Whose mercies nev-er end; The

2. We for his sake count all things loss, On earthly good look down; } O let us stir each oth-er up, By ho-ly pu-ri-fy-ing hope, And
And joy-ful-ly sustain the cross, Till we receive the crown. } Our faith by works t'ap-prove,

3. Let all who for the promise wait, The Ho-ly Ghost receive; } Live, till the Lord in glo-ry come, He now is fit-ting up your home;
And, raised to our up-sin-ning state, With God in E-den live. } And wait his heav'n to share; Go

Southern Methodist Hymn Book p. 330.

ALABAMA. 7s.

Wm. Houser.

King is now our friend.

the sweet task of love,

on, we'll meet you there!

1. Depth of mercy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?

2. I have long withstood his grace, Long provoked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls, Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3. Je-sus, an-swer from a-love, Is not 'all thy na-ture love? Wilt thou not the wrong forget? Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

Now shall my in-ward joys . . . a-rise, And burst in . . . to a song: Al-migh-ty love inspires my heart, And plea-sure tunes my tongue,
And pleasure tunes my tongue, . . . And pleasure, &c. Al-migh-ty love in-spires my heart, And plea-sure tunes my tongue.

HYMN. 1. O land of rest! for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come, When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?
And dwell with Christ at home, And dwell, &c. When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know;
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo;
This world is not my home.

3. To Jesus-Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam—
To fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4. When, by afflictions sharply tried,
I view'd the gaping tomb,
Although I fear'd death's chilling flood,
Yet still I sigh'd for home.

5. Weary of ward'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

* This tune may be sung with, or without repeating the last two lines of each stanza. Omit the stars, except in repeating.

FANCY'S VISION.

H. K. Davis, of Cedar Bluff, Ala.

The faithless world promiscuous flows, Allured by fancy's vision; The smiles of joy, the tears of wo, De-ceit-ful shine, deceitful flow; There's nothing true but heaven.

The faithless world promiscuous flows, Enwrap'd in fancy's vi-sion; Allured by sounds, beguiled by show And empty dreams; they scarcely know There is a brighter heaven.

*These two notes must not be sung at the same time, for they will not harmonize; but either will harmonize with the treble and tenor. The lower note, with a few other alterations in this Bass, has been inserted by W. H.

WINBURNE. 8s & 7s.

1. Great Re-deem-er, friend of sinners, Thou hast wond'rous power to save; } May my soul, with sacred trans-port, View the dawn while yet a-far;
Grant me grace, and still protect me, Over life's tem-pes-tuous wave; }

D. C. And until the sun arises, Lend me by the morn-ing star.

2. O what madness! O what folly!
That my heart should go astray;
After vain and foolish trilles,
Trilles only of a day!
This vain world with all its pleasures,
Soon, alas! will be no more;
There's no object worth admiring,
But the God whom we adore.

3. See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
"Jesus! Jesus!" is their theme;
Hark! they whisper, lo! they call me,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
Lo! I come, earth can't contain me!
Hail! ye realms of endless day.

4. Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours!
Seraphs, lend your glit'ring wings!
Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
Heavenly music round me rings.
Worlds of light, and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Though by faith I now behold you,
I'll enjoy you soon on high!

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Wm. W.



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er you lan - guish, Come, at the mer - cy - seat ser - vent - ly kneel;



Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can - not heal.

Two Chorus.



Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can - not heal.

2. Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure."
3. Here see the Bread of Life—see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast; prepared—come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure.

4. Oh, to the Saviour come! He will receive you,
For He hath felt more than sinners can feel;
List how He intercedes—He will relieve you—
Earth has no sorrow His blood cannot heal.
5. Angels, with sympathy, look down from heaven—
They would entreat you his love to secure;
None ever sought in vain—all are forgiven—
Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure.

6. Come, ere the lamp of life ceases its burning,
Ere death's cold waters shall over you steal;
Come, while poor penitents gladly are turning—
Earth has no sorrow his blood cannot heal.
7. List to the gospel trumpet, yield to its warning—
Hear what poor sinners in hell must endure—
Oh! if you wait until Judgment's dread morning,
Hell has a sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure.



1. What poor, de-spi-sed com-pa-ny Of travellers are these, } Ah! they are of a roy-al line, All children of a King, Heirs of immortal crowns divine, And loud for joy they sing.
Who walk in yonder narrow way, Along the rugged maze!

2. Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprized.

Why do they shun that pleasing path,
Which worldlings love so well
Because it is the road to death,
The certain way to hell.

3. Why do they walk the narrow road,
Along that rugged maze?
Because this way their Leader trod—
They love and keep his ways.

What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God—
No other can be found.

LA GRANGE. 8s & 7s.

Arr'd by Wm. House.



Saviour, vi-sit thy plan-ta-tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain; } Keep no long-er at a dis-tance; Shine up-on us from on high,
All will come to des-a-la-tion, Un-less thou re-turn a-gain.

D. C. Lest, for want of thine as-sist-ance, Ev-'ry plant should droop and die,

How hap-py ev'-ry child of grace, Who knows his sin for-giv'n! This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n, I seek my place in heav'n, I

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 335.

BROWNSON.

7s. D.

Arr'd by Wm. Hosmer.

seek my place in heav'n, This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n.

1. Blessing, honor, thanks and praise, Pay we, gracious God, to thee ; }
Thou art thine a-bundant grace, Giv-est us the vic-to-ry ; }

2. Lo! the prisoner is releas'd, Lighten'd of his fleshly load ; }
Where the weary are at rest, He is gather'd in-to God ! }

True and faith - ful to thy word, Thou hast glo - ri - fied thy Son,—Je - sus Christ our dy - ing Lord, He for us the fight hath won.

Lo! the pain of life is past, All his war-fare now is o'er; Death and hell be - hind are cast, Grief and suff' - ring are no more.

3. Yea, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight,—the work is done,—
Death is swallow'd up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies:
Finds his God, and sits and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

4. Join we then with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,—
We a better lot shall share;
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

5. Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain:
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain:
Thou art entered into joy:
Let thee unbelievers mourn:
We in songs our lives employ
Till we all to God return.

NEW HOPE. 11s.

A. T. W.

O how have I long'd for the com - ing of God;
And sought him by praying, and searching his word!
With watching and fasting my soul was oppress'd, Nor would I give o - ver till Je - sus had bless'd.

Treble Voice. *Tenor Voice.*



1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are: Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star!
 2. Watchman! tell us of the night, High-er yet that star as-cends: Trav'ler! ble-sed-ness and light, Peace and truth its course por-tends!
 3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to-dawn: Trav'ler! dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn!

Bass.

Treble Voice. *Tenor Voice.*



Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.
 Watchman! will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav'ler! a-ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
 Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui-et home: Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

Chorus to 1st and 3d Stanzas. *Chorus to 3d Stanza.*



Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el!
 Trav'ler! a-ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
 Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!

* This tune is performed thus:—the part marked "Treble voice" is to be sung by one treble voice only; so, likewise, the part marked "Tenor voice" must be sung by one tenor voice only. In the chorus, all the voices must join.

Come, thou fount of ev' - ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace: Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.

The musical score for 'CUMBERLAND NEW' consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a hymn tune with a melody in the first staff and accompaniment in the other three.

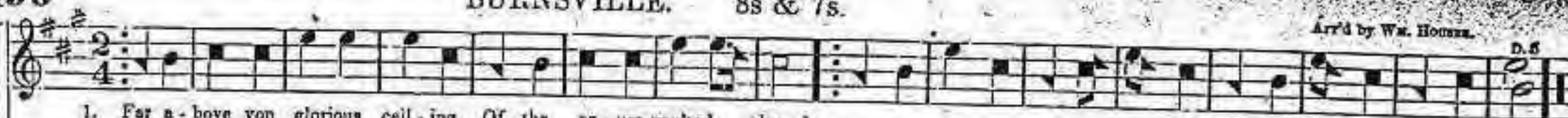
KINGSTON. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Ag - o - ni - zing in the gar - den, Lo! your Ma - ker pros - trate lies: } "It is fin - ish'd! It is fin - ish'd!" Sinners! will not this suffice. }
 On the blood - y tree be - hold him, Hear him cry be - fore he dies, }

The musical score for 'KINGSTON' consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a hymn tune with a melody in the first staff and accompaniment in the other three. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

Arr'd by Wm. House.

D. S.



1. Far a - bove yon glorious cell - ing Of the ex - ure-vaulted sky, } Hosi - a - raphic, hum - bly bow - ing, At his feet they prostrate fell,
 Jesus sits, his love re - veal - ing To his splendid troops on high;
 D. C. Saints and an - gels all a - vow - ing, God in Christ is all in all.

D. C.



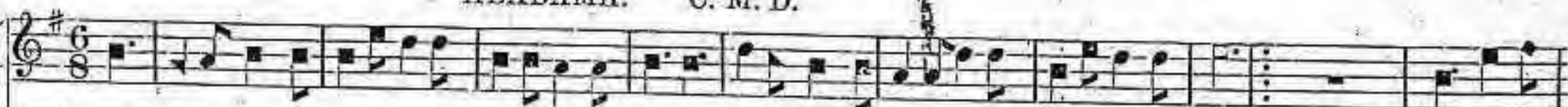
2. Would we leave our fool - ish dream - ing, Of a fancied heav'n be - low; } Earth by us would then be spurn - ed, All its van - i - ties sub - side.
 See the Saviour's glo - ry beam - ing, How our souls would long to go!
 D. C. Fuel on - ly to be burn - ed, All its hon - ors, pleasures, pride.

D. C.



3. From the gen' - ral con - fla - gra - tion, We should to God's ref - uge fly; } We in him our rest re - gain - ing, All its bless - ed - ness should prove,
 Clasp the hope of our sal - va - tion, Live in Christ no more to die;
 D. C. O'er our foes vic - to - rious reign - ing, Perfect - ed in spot - less love.

ALABAMA. C. M. D.



Those hap - py



An - gels in shining order stand Around the Saviour's throne, They bow with reverence at his feet, And make his glories known.



Those hap - py spirits sing his





spirits sing his praise, To all e-ter-ni-ty, But I can sing, &c.

Those happy, &c. But I can sing, &c.

Those happy spirits sing his praise, To all e-ter-ni-ty, But I can sing redeeming grace, For Jesus died for me

praise, To all, &c. But I can sing, &c.

1. The cross of Christ inspires my heart
To sing redeeming grace;
Awake, my soul, and bear a part
In my Redeemer's praise.
Oh! what can be compared to him
Who died upon the tree!
This is my dear delightful theme,
That Jesus died for me.

2. When at the table of the Lord
We humbly take our place,
The death of Jesus we record,
With love and thankfulness.
These emblems bring my Lord to view,
Upon the bloody tree,
My soul believes and feels it true,
That Jesus died for me.

3. His body broken, nailed, and torn,
And stain'd with streams of blood;
His spotless soul was left forlorn,
Forsaken of his God.
'Twas then his father gave the stroke,
That justice did decree;
All nature felt the dreadful shock;
When Jesus died for me.

4. "Eli, lama sabachthani,"
"My God! my God!" he cried;
"Why hast thou thus forsaken me?"
And thus my Saviour died.
But why did God forsake his Son,
When bleeding on the tree?
He died for sins, but not his own,
For Jesus died for me.

5. My guilt was on my surety laid,
And therefore he must die;
His soul a sacrifice was made
For such a worm as I.
Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy, and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.

6. He took his meritorious blood,
And rose above the skies,
And in the presence of his God
Presents his sacrifice.
His intercession must prevail
With such a glorious plea;
My cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus died for me.

7. Angels in shining order stand
Around the Saviour's throne;
They bow with reverence at his feet,
And make his glories known.
Those happy spirits sing his praise
To all eternity;
But I can sing redeeming grace,
For Jesus died for me.

8. Oh! had I but an angel's voice,
To bear my heart along;
My flowing numbers soon would rise
To an immortal song.
I'd charm their harps and golden lyres
To sweetest harmony,
And tell to all the heav'nly choirs,
That Jesus died for me.

ANIMATION. C. M.

1. What is there here to court my stay, While angels beckon me a-way, And Je-sus bids me come, While
To hold me back from home; And Je-sus bids me come, And Jesus bids me come?

Shall I re-gret my parted friends, Nay; but where'er my soul ascends, They will not stay be-hind, Nay;
Still in the vale confined? They will not stay behind, They will not stay behind.

2. The race we all are running now; And if I first attain, They, too, their willing heads shall bow, They, too, the prize shall gain.
Now on the brink of death we stand; And if I pass before, They all shall soon escape to land, And hail me on that shore.

3. Then let me suddenly remove, That hidden life to share; I shall not lose my friends above, But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesus' praise shall join, His boundless love proclaim; And solemnize, in songs divine, The marriage of the Lamb.

HEAVENLY MARCH. C. M.

WM. WALKER.

an-gels beck-on me a-way, And Je-sus bids me come?

but where'er my soul ascends, They will not stay be-hind.

On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Canaan's fair and

Cresc.

hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie. To see the righteous marching home, And the an-gels bid them come; And Je-sus stands a-wait-ing, To welcome trav'lers home.

* By slurring the notes in the 3d measure from the repeat, this Chorus is generally sung over again, thus: "To welcome trav'lers home, &c. And Jesus stands awaiting," &c.

EDNEYVILLE.* S. M.

1. All hail! ye heirs of grace, Who feel your Fa-ther's love; Who long to see him face to face, And dwell with him boys.

2. Come forth in Je-sus' right, And forth to conqu'ring go; Put on your ar-mor for the fight, And all your gra-cies show.

3. Though storms of sorrow rise,
And Satan's host unite,
We fight for mansions in the skies,—
In Jesus' name we fight.

4. Let ev'ry heart and hand
Unite with one consent,
To spread the truth in ev'ry land,
Till ev'ry land repent.

5. "Go into all the world
And preach the word," said God;
"For I the banner have unfurl'd,
And I the wine press tread."

6. For this we watch and pray;
For this we'll suffer—die;
For this we give ourselves away
To God, who reigns on high.

* Words and music by JAMES M. EDNEY, Esq., of North Carolina, son of the late Rev. SAMUEL EDNEY.

He comes, he comes, the Judge severe,
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
How welcome to the faithful soul!
From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crown'd, Girt with omnip-

JUDGMENT. C. M. D.

a-tence and grace, And glo-ry decks the Saviour's face.
The Lord the Judge, before his throne, Bids all the earth draw nigh, The na-tions near the ris-ing

Thunder and darkness, &c.

sun, And near the western sky. Throned on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames prepare his way, Thunder, &c.

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm, Lead on the

Thunder and darkness, &c. Lead on the dread-ful day.

Lead on, &c. Thunder, &c. fire and storm, fire and storm, Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c.

Lead on the dread-ful day, Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c. Thunder, &c. Lead on the dread-ful day.

dread-ful day, Thunder, &c. Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c. Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c.

Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c. Lead on, &c. Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c.

1. The men of grace have found Glory begun below ; Ce - les - tial fruits on earth - ly ground, Celestial fruits on earthly ground, From faith and hope may grow.

2. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

3. Then let our songs abound, And ev'ry tear be dry ; We're marching through Emmanuel's ground, We're marching, &c., To fairer worlds on high.

BRENTWOOD. S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash a - way its stain.

Could give, &c. Or wash, &c. Or wash, &c.

Could give the guilty conscience peace, Could give, &c. Or wash, Or wash, &c.



1. And let our bo-dies part, To diff'rent climes re-pair, In-sep-a-ra-bly join'd in heart, The friends of Je-sus are.

CHORUS* O let us meet in heav'n! O let us meet in heav'n! In heav'n a-bove no sor-row's known, And there's no part-ing there.

[This chorus is generally sung at the end of each stanza.]

2. Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one
Who walk with him in white.

3. O let us still proceed,
In Jesus' work below;
And following our triumphant head,
To farther conquests go.

4. The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And, lo! we see the vast reward
That waits us in the skies.

5. O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end:

6. Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

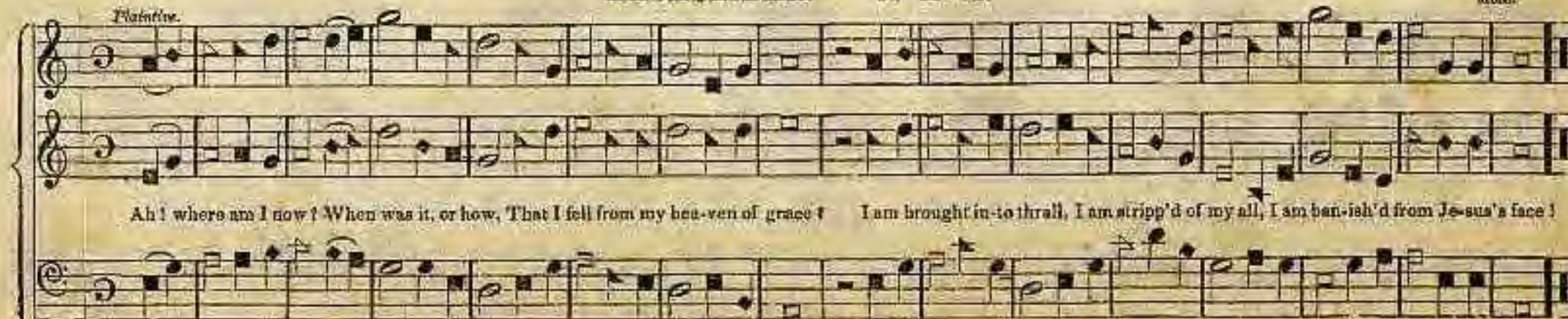
7. O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8. The church of the first born—
We shall with them be blest,
And crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

* Sing, or omit the chorus at will.

BACKSLIDER. 5s & 9s.

Moss.



Plaintive.

Moss.

Ah! where am I now? When was it, or how, That I fell from my hea-ven of grace? I am brought in-to thrall, I am stripp'd of my all, I am ban-ish'd from Je-sus's face!

1. Come, thou ev - er - last - ing Spirit! Bring to ev - 'ry thank - ful mind All the Saviour's dy - ing merit, All his salt' rings for man - kind.

Alto by Wm. Henson.

2. Come, thou witness of his dy - ing; Come, Re - mem - bran - cer di - vine; Let us feel thy pow'r ap - ply - ing Christ to ev - 'ry soul, and mine.

True Re - cord - er of his pas - sion, Now the liv - ing fire im - part; Now re - veal his great sal - va - tion, Preach his gos - pel to our heart.

Let us groan thy in - ward groan - ing, Look on him we pierc'd, and grieve; All re - ceive the precious a - to - ning, All the sprinkled blood re - ceive.

Oh! may we all remember well, Oh! may we all, &c. The night of death is near.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear;

Oh! may we all re-mem-ber well, The night of death is near.

Oh! may we all re-mem-ber well,

Oh! may, &c.

The night, &c.

Oh! may we all remember well,

Oh! may, &c.

The night, &c.

2. We lay our garments by,
Our bodies down to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from ev'ry fear,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appear.

4. And when we early rise,
And view th' unclouded sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5. And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh! may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

NEW DOVER. S. M.

WILLIAMS

Grace, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear; Heav'n with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.



1. The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthron'd above; Ancient of ev-er-last-ing days, And God of love; JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heav'n con-



fess'd; I bow and bless the sa-cred Name, For ev-er blest.

2. The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

3. The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways:

He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4. He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For ever more.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song of sweet ac - cord, While ye sur-round his throne, While ye surround his throne.

2. Let those re-fuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God, But servants of our heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a-broad.

NORWICH. S. M.

In - to thy, &c. Pour out, &c.

My sor - rows, like a flood, Im - pa - tient of restraint, Into thy bosom, O my God, Pour out a long com - plaint.

In - to thy bosom, O - In - to thy bosom, O my God, Pour out, &c.

In - to thy, &c. In - to thy, &c. Pour out, &c.

1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God: } On the rock of a - ges founded, Who can shake thy sure repose? With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded,
He, whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own abode. }

2. See! the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love, } Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t' assuage? Grace which, like the Lord the giver,
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove; }

NEW MONMOUTH.

8s & 7s.

BELLING.

Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Ne - ver fails from age to age.

Come, thou Fount of ev' - ry blessing.

Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing.

Call for songs of loudest praise.

1. Soldiers of Christ! arise, And put your armor on, Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son; Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his mighty power;

Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, Is more than conqueror.

2. Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
Take you, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may overcome through Christ alone
And stand entire at last.

3. Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day;
But meet the sons of right,
And mock their vain design
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

4. Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

5. From strength to strength go on,
Wreath, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come!"
Till Christ, the Lord, descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.



Hark! it is wis-dom's voice, That spreads it - self a - round; Come hith - er, all ye sons of death, And list - en to the sound.

BRIMNER. S. M.

Air by J., and parts by E. HEARNS.



1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un-dis-may'd; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head,

2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms, He gent - ly clears thy way; Wait thou his time, so shall this night Soon end in joy - ons day.

3. What tho' thou rul - est not? Yet heaven, and earth, and hell Pro - claim, "God sit - teth on the throne, And ru - leth all things well!"



Come, ye that love the Lord; And let your joys be known, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye surround his throne. The sorrows of the mind . . . Be



banish'd from this place; Re-li-gion never was design'd To make our plea-sures less. Religion, &c.

1. Hark! a voice divides the sky—Happy are the faithful dead! } Them the Spirit hath declar'd,
In the Lord, who sweetly die, They from all their toils are freed! } Blest, unutterably blest; Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

2. Follow'd by their works, they go
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconcil'd by grace below—
Grace hath open'd mercy's door;
Justified by faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiv'n,
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd and made meet for heav'n.

3. Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceas'd?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unbless'd:
When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

4. Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet:
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,
Good and faithful servant thou!
Enter and receive thy crown,
Reign with me triumphant now."

5. Angels catch th' approving sound,
Bow and bless the just a-ward,
Hail! the heir of glory crown'd,
Now rejoicing with his Lord;
Fuller joys ordain'd to know,
Waiting for the general doom,
When th' archangel's trump shall blow,
"Rise, ye dead! to judgment come!"

Treble by Wm. Housen.

RELIGIOUS CONTENTMENT. 7s. D.

1. Give me but some humble spot, Bless'd with liberty and love; } Here our days at best are few,
Hap-py will I deem my lot, Till I meet with that above; } Mortal life is quickly past;

2. Let me number thus my days,
Seeking wisdom from on high;
Prosecute my heavenly race,
Pressing onward to the sky.
Be my life a lengthen'd span,
Or my sun at noon go down,
I am still a happy man;
Heir to an immortal crown.

D.C. Let me live as Christians do, Share the Christian's home at last.

* So called, or rather so restored—Dr. I found the name in another book—in memory of that dear man of God, the Rev. Henry Martyn, who fell a victim to the rage of Christ in India. Yet he did not die in India, but at Trebizond, a city in the northern part of Asiatic Turkey, while journeying to Constantinople. In the Armenian burying-ground at Trebizond, his sacred ashes repose.



1. Let thy king-dom, blessed Saviour, Come, and bid our jarrings cease ; }
Come, O come ! and reign for ev - er, God of love, and Prince of peace ; } Vis - it, now, poor bleeding Zi - on—Hear the peo-ple mourn and weep ! Day and



2. Some for Paul, some for A - pol - los, Some for Ce - phas—none a - gree ; }
Je - sus, let us hear thee call us, Help us, Lord, to fol - low thee ; } Then we'll rash thro' what en - cumbers, O - ver ev' - ry hindrance leap, Un - dis-




night thy lambs are cry - ing, Come, good Shep-herd, feed thy sheep !



may'd by force or num-bers : Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep !



3. Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth ;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep ;
Love our God, and Christ our Saviour :
O, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep !

4. Come, good Lord, with courage arm us !
Persecution rages here ;
Nothing, Lord, we know, can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory ! glory be to Jesus !
At his name our heart doth leap ;
He both comforts us and frees us,—
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5. Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, " Fear not, little flock ;
I myself am your foundation,
Ye are built upon this Rock :
Shun the path of vice and folly ;
Scale the mount, although it's steep !
Look to me, and be ye holy :
I delight to feed my sheep."

6. Taught by Christ, whose merit saves us,
We will praise his holy name ;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus !
How it doth our souls inflame !
Glory ! glory be to Jesus !
Give him glory, he will keep ;
He will clear our way before us :
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

Je - hovah, &c. The, &c. Je - ho - vah, &c. The, &c.

Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Jehovah is the sovereign Lord, The universal King, The u - ni -

Je - hovah, &c. The, &c. Je - ho - vah, &c. The, &c.

Jehovah is the sovereign Lord, The univer - sal King, Je - hovah, &c. The, &c.

MOCKSVILLE. S. M.

Wm. Houser.

u - ni - ver - sal King. ver - sal King.

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Our peace is made with heav'n; The Son of God came down to die, That we might be forgiv'n.

2. His precious blood was shed, His bo - dy bruised for sin: Remember this in eat - ing bread, And this in drinking wine.

3. Ap - proach his royal board, In his rich gar - ments clad; Join ev' - ry tongue to praise the Lord, And ev'ry heart be glad.

4. The Fa - ther gives his Son, The Son his flesh and blood; The Spirit ap - plies, and faith puts on The righteousness of God.

Very plaintive.

1. Ah! where am I now? When was it, or how, That I fell from my heav-en of grace? I am brought into thrall, I am stripp'd of my all, I am banish'd from Je-sus's face!

2. Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside;
When the tempter came in
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

3. But I felt it too soon,
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;
My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day, it was turn'd into night.

4. Only pride could destroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart;
But whate'er was the cause,
I lament the sad loss,
For the veil is come over my heart,

5. Ah! wretch that I am!
I can only exclaim,
Like a devil tormented within;
My Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone,
To the fury of Satan and sin.

6. Nothing now can relieve;
Without comfort I grieve;
I have lost all my peace and my pow'r;
No access do I find
To the Friend of mankind;
I can ask for his mercy no more.

7. Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
(While no end to my troubles, I see:)
Only Adam could tell,
On the day that he fell,
And was turn'd out of Eden, like me.

8. Driven out from my God,
I wander abroad:
Through a desert of sorrows I rove -
How great is my pain,
That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jesus's love!

9. I never shall rise
To my first paradise,
Or come my Redeemer to see;
But I feel a faint hope,
That at last he will stoop,
And his pity shall bring him to me.

MALETTE. 7s.

[French Air.] Parts by WM. HOSAIN.



'Tis re-li-gion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live; }
'Tis re-li-gion must sup- ply Sol-id com-forts when we die; } Af-ter death its joys shall be Last-ing as a-ter-ni-ty;

D. C. Let me then make God my friend, And on all his ways at-tend.

1. My soul, re-pent his praise, Whose mer-cies are so great; Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So rea-dy to a-bate.

2. God will not al-ways chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are few-er than our crimes, His strokes are few-er than our crimes, And light-er than our guilt.

Methodist Hymn Book.

WHEELING. S. M.

Wm. Hays.

1. And wilt thou yet be found, And may I still draw near? Then lis-ten to the plain-tive sound Of a poor sin-ner's prayer.

2. Je-sus, thine aid af-ford, If still the same thou art; To thee I look, to thee, my Lord, Lift up a help-less heart.

3. Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4. The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known;
'Tis worse than death my God to love
And not my God alone.

5. O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace!
I know thou canst pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

6. I long to see thy face;
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

With joy the peo - ple stand On Zi - on's cho - sen hill, Pro - claim the won - ders of thy hand, And coun - sole of thy will.

Methodist Hymn Book.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Arr'd by Wm. Hocutt.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis - may'd! God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.

2. Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gent - ly clears thy way; Wait thou his time, so shall this night Soon end in joy - ous day.

3. Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone.

4. What though thou rulest not,
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well.

5. Leave to his sovereign away
To choose and to command,
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

6. Far, far above thy thought,
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.



Wand'ring pil-grims, mourn-ing Chris-tians, Weak and tempt-ed lambs of Christ, Who en-dure great trib - u - la - tion, And with sins are much dis-tress'd;



Christ has sent me to in - vite you To a rich and cost-ly feast; Let not shame nor pride pre - vent you; Come, the sweet pro - vi - sion taste.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

8s & 7s.

Scottish Air.

213



1. Oh! that I had some secret place, Where I might hide from sorrow; }
Where I might see my Saviour's face, And thus be saved from terror. } O had I wings like Noah's dove, I'd leave this world and Sa - tan, And fly away to

2. My heart is often made to mourn, Because I'm faint and fee - ble; }
And when my Saviour seems to frown, My soul is fill'd with trou - ble. } But when he doth again return, And I re - pent my fol - ly, 'Tis then I af - ter

LOUISIANA.

8s & 7s.

Arr'd by Wm. Housar.



realms a - bove, Where an - gels stand in - vit - ing.

3. I have my bit - ters and my sweets }
While thro' this world I travel; } But let them think, and think again,
Sometime I shout, and often weep, } I feel I'm bound for heaven,
Which makes my foes to marvel. }

D. C. I hope I shall with Jesus reign, I therefore still will praise him.

glory run, And still my Je - sus fol - - - low.

4. I want to live a Christian here, I want to die while shouting; } I want to see bright angels stand,
I want to feel my Saviour near, While soul and body's parting. } And waiting to receive me;

D. C. 'To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
Where Christ has gone before me.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

2. Thy shi - ning grace can cheer This dun - geon where I dwell; 'Tis par - a - dise when thou art here— If thou de - part 'tis hell.

BRIDGETOWN. S. M.

Dane.

Heav'n with thee, &c. And all, &c. And all, &c.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear: And all the earth shall hear, And all, &c.

Heav'n with the echo shall re - sound, And all, &c. And all, &c.

Heav'n with the echo shall re - sound, And all, &c. And all, &c.

2. Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace led my roving feet,
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4. Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Ye heav'nly, &c. And sound, &c.

1. Let ev'ry creature join To praise th'e-ter-nal God; Ye heav'nly hosts, the song be-gin, And sound his name a-broad.

Ye heav'nly, &c. Ye heav'nly, &c. And sound, &c.

Ye heav'nly hosts, the song be-gin, Ye heav'nly, &c. And sound, &c.

And moon, &c. Ye starry lights, &c. Shine to, &c. Ye starry, &c. Shine to, &c.

And moon with pal-er rays, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flame, Ye starry, &c. Shine to, &c.
Shine to your Maker's praise,

Thou sun, with golden beams, And moon, &c.

2 He built those worlds above, By his command they stand or move, Ye vapors, when ye rise, Ye thunders, marm'ring round the skies,
And fix'd their wondrous frame; And ever speak his name, Or fall in show'rs or snow; His power and glory show.

1. Firm and unmoved are they 'That rest their souls on God; Firm as the mount where David dwelt, Firm as the mount, &c. Or where the ark a - bode.

2. As mountains stood to guard The cit-y's sacred ground, So God, and his al - mighty love, So God, and his, &c. Embrace his saints a - round.

3. What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4. Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5. Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

6. But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

AUSTIN. 6s & 9s.

Arr'd by Wm. Howard.

How hap-py are they, Who their Saviour o - bey,
And have laid up their treasures above !
Tongue cannot express,
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.



1. Don't you see my Je - sus coming? Don't you see him in you - der cloud, With ten thousand an - gels round him? How they do my Je - sus crowd.

2. I'll a - rise, and go and meet him, He'll em - brace me in his arms: In the arms of my dear Je - sus, Oh, there are ten thou - sand charms!

3. Death shall not de - stroy my comfort, Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom; Down he'll send some heav'n - ly con - voy, To con - voy my spir - it home.

RESTORATION.

8s & 7s.



4. Jor - dan's stream shall ne'er o'er - flow me, While my Sa - viour's by my side; Ca - naan, Ca - naan lies be - fore me, I will cross the swell - ing tide!

5. See the hap - py spir - its wait - ing, On the banks be - yond the stream, Sweet re - spon - ses still re - peat - ing, "Je - sus! Je - sus!" is their theme!

6. Hark! they whis - per! lo! they call me, "Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way!" Lo! I come, earth can't con - tain me! Hail! ye realms of end - less day!

Intros. 1 2

No joy can be compar'd to this, To serve and please the Lord, To serve, &c.

For life with-out thy love, No rel-ish can af-ford: No joy can be compar'd to this, To serve and please the Lord.

No joy can be compar'd to this, No joy, &c. To serve and please the Lord.

No joy can be compar'd to this, No joy, &c. To serve and please the Lord, To serve, &c.

DOOMSDAY. S. M.

Th'archangel sounds the dreadful trump, And wakes the gen'ral doom.

1. Behold! with aw-ful pomp, The Judge prepares to come; Th'archangel sounds the dread-ful trump, And wakes the gen'-ral doom.

Th'archangel sounds the dreadful trump, And wakes the gen'ral doom, And wakes, &c.

2. Nature, in wild amaze,
3. The living look with dread,
Her dissolution mourns;
The frighted dead arise;
Blushes of blood the moon deface;
Start from the mural tomb,
The sun to darkness turns
And lift their ghastly eyes.

SAINTS BOUND FOR HEAVEN. 12, 6, 7, 5.

Arr'd by J. KING and Wm. WALKER.

219



1. Our bond - age it shall end, by and by, by and by, Our bondage, &c. From Egypt's yoke set free; Hail the glorious ju - bi -

2. Our De - liv - er - er will come, by and by, by and by, Our De - liv - er - er, &c. And our sor - rows have an end, With our threescore years and

3. Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on, Though our, &c. Though our hearts dissolve with fear, Lo! Si - nai's, God is



lee, And to Ca - naan we'll re - turn, by and by, by and by, And to Ca - naan we'll re - turn, by and by.

4. Though bitter Marah's streams we'll go on, we'll go on, Though Baca's vale be dry, And the land yield no supply, To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

5. And when to Jordan's flood we are come, we are come, Jehovah rules the tide, And the waters he'll divide, And the ransom'd host shall shout, "We are come."

6. Then friends shall meet again who have loved; who have loved, Our embraces will be sweet, At the dear Redeemer's feet, When we meet in part no more, who have loved.

7. Then with all the happy throng we'll rejoice, Shouting glory to our King, Till the vaults of heaven ring; And through all eternity we'll rejoice.

1. Brother, thou art gone be - fore us, And thy es - sential soul is flown, Where tears are wiped from ev' - ry eye, And sor - row is unknown: From the burden of the flesh,

2. The toilsome way thou' st travel'd o'er, But Christ hath taught thy lan - guid feet, Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus, And hast borne the hea - vy load; To reach his blest a - bode.

3. Sin can nev - er taint thee now, Nor can doubt thy faith as - sail; Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ And the Holy Spirit, fail; And thou'rt sure to meet the good,

Slower.

And from ev' - ry care releas'd; Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

On his Fa - ther's faith - ful breast; Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

Whom on earth thou lov'd'st best; Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

4. "Earth to earth, and dust to dust:"
Thus the solemn priest hath said;
We lay the turf above thee now,
And seal thy narrow bed,
But thy spirit soars away,—
Soars among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
5. And when the Lord shall summon us—
Us, whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious, happy guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

1. Hail! ye sigh-ing sons of sor-row; Learn with me your cer-tain doom; } See all na-ture fa-ding, dy-ing! Si-lent, all things seem to pine;
 Learn with me your fate to-mor-row, Dead,—per-haps laid in the tomb! }

Life from reg-e-ta-tion fly-ing, Brings to 'pind the moul'dring vine.

2. Lo! in yonder forest standing,
 Lofly cedars; how they nod!
 Scenes of nature, how surprising!
 Read, in nature, nature's God.
 While the annual frosts are cropping
 Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
 So our friends are yearly dropping—
 We are like to one of these.
3. Hollow winds about me roaring,
 Noisy waters round me rise,
 While I sit my fate deploring,
 Tears fast streaming from mine eyes.
 What to me is Autumn's treasure,
 Since I know no earthly joy?
 Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
 Time will health and youth destroy.

4. Former friends, how oft I've sought them,
 Just to cheer a troubled mind!
 Now they're gone, like leaves of Autumn,
 Driv'n before the dreary wind.
 When a few more days are wasted,
 And a few more scenes are o'er;
 When a few more griefs I've tasted,
 I shall rise to fall no more.
5. Fast my sun of life's declining,
 Soon 'twill set in endless night;
 But my hopes, pure and reviving,
 Rise to fairer worlds of light!
 Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing!
 Death shall burst this sullen gloom;
 Then my spirit, flut'ring, flying,
 Shall be borne beyond the tomb!

MATHIAS SLOW



* 1. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol-low thee: Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be: Perish ev'ry fond am-bi-tion,



2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour too; Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not like them, untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,



All I've sought, or hoped, or known, God and heav'n are still my own!
Yet how rich is my condition,



God of wisdom, love, and might; Foes may hate, Show thy face and all is bright,
and friends disown me;



3. Go, then, earthly love and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4. Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

5. Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in ev'ry station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine!

6. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

* This glorious hymn is said to have been composed by a young English lady, a Methodist, who had suffered much affliction.

1. Hark! the ju-bi-lee is sound-ing, O the joy-ful news is come! } Now we have an in-vi-ta-tion To the meek and lowly Lamb:
Free sal-va-tion is pro-claim-ed, In and through God's only Son.

Glory, honor, and sal-va-tion! Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

2. Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time;
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again;
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Christ, the Lord is come to reign.

3. Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ the way;
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray;
Golden moments we've neglected,
Yet the Lord invites again!
Glory, honor, &c.

4. Let us run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his Father, and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted King,
Glory, honor, &c.

5. Come, dear children, praise your Jesus
Praise him, praise him evermore;
May his glorious love constrain us,
Him for ever to adore;
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain!
Glory, honor, &c.

Let ev'ry crea-ture join, 'To praise the e-ter-nal God; Ye heav'n-ly hosts the song be-gin, And sound his name a-broad; Ye heav'n-ly hosts the song be-gin,

IDUMEA. S. M.

1. O come, and dwell in me, Spirit of pow'r with-in, And bring the glorious li-ber-ty From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2. This inward, dire disease, Spir-it of health, re-move! Spir-it of finish'd ho-li-ness, Spirit of per-fect love!

3. Hasten the joy-ful day, Which shall my sins consume, When old things shall be done away, And all things new become.

4. I want the witness, Lord, That all I do is right, Accord-ing to thy will and word, Well-pleasing in thy sight.

1. Re-mem-ber, sin-ful youth, you must die, you must die, Re-mem-ber, sin-ful youth, you must die; Re-mem-ber, sin-ful youth, who hate the way of truth, And

in your pleasures boast, you must die, you must die, And in your pleasures boast, you must die.

2. Uncertain are your days here below, here below,
Uncertain are your days here below,
Uncertain are your days, for God hath many ways
To bring you to your graves here below, here below,
To bring you to your graves here below.
3. The God that built the sky, great I AM, great I AM,
The God that built the sky, great I AM,
The God that built the sky, hath said, (and cannot lie,)
Impenitents shall die, and be damn'd, and be damn'd,
Impenitents shall die, and be damn'd.
4. And, O my friends, don't you, I entreat, I entreat,
And, O my friends, don't you, I entreat,
And, O my friends, don't you, your carnal mirth pursue,
Your guilty souls undo, I entreat, I entreat,
Your guilty souls undo, I entreat.
5. Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life! 'scape for life!
Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life!
Unto the Saviour flee, lest death eternal be—
Your final destiny, 'scape for life! 'scape for life!
Your final destiny—'scape for life!

1. Come, my friends, and taste with me, Full sal - va - tion run - ning free, Je - sus now in - vites us: He presents his charm - ing grace; See his love - ly,

smiling face! Heav'n and all its hap - pi - ness, Heav'n and all its hap - pi - ness, Which to him u - nites us.

2. Earthly comfort soon will fly;
All its joys will shortly die;
Fading fast they leave us;
Beauteous grace your Lord will grant;
He'll supply your ev'ry want;
All that for his mercy pain,
He will give without restraint;
Jesus will receive us.

3. Heav'n is a delightful place;
There are streams of perfect peace,
Which my spirits capture;
All the happy tenants there,
His own glorious image bear,
All his love and bounty share;
And their Jesus ever near
Heightens still their rapture.

1. How happy are they Who their Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasures above! Tongue cannot express: The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its car - li - est love.

2. That comfort was mine, When the favor divine, I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it believ'd, What a joy I receiv'd, What a heaven, in Jesus's name!

3. 'Twas a heav-en below, My Redeemer to know: The angels could do nothing more Than fall at his feet, And the sto-ry re-peat, And the Loy-er of sin-ners a-dore.

LANTHA. 7s.

WM. CALDWELL.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! . . . Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - cil'd."

2. Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri - umphs of the skies: While th' an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."

3. Christ, by highest heav'n a - dor'd, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord: Late in time be-hold him come, Off-spring of the vir - gin's womb!

4. Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead seen, Hail in - car - nate Do Pless'd as men with men t' ap - pear, Je - sus our Em - man - uel here.



1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill; That bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!

2. How charming is their voice! So sweet the tid - ings are; "Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour, King! His reigns and tri-umphs here."

3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear the joy - ful sound Which kings and prophets wait - ed for, And sought, but now - er found!

MOUNT HELICON. S. M.

Arr'd by Wm. Housar.



4. How blessed are our eyes, That see the heav'nly light! Prophets and kings de - sir'd it long, Prophets and kings de-sir'd it long, But died with-out the sight.

5. The watchmen join their voice, And tune - ful notes employ; Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, Je - ru - salem breaks forth in songs, And des - erts learn the joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm Thro' all the earth abroad; Let ev - ry na - tion now be-hold, Let ev - ry na - tion now be-hold Their Sa - viour and their God.

INGRATITUDE. S. M.

Lower

229

Musical score for 'INGRATITUDE' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of four staves. The first staff is the vocal melody, the second is the alto part, the third is the tenor part, and the fourth is the bass part. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second line of music corresponds to the second line of lyrics. The score ends with a double bar line.

1. Is this the kind re-turn, And these the thanks we owe,

Thus to abuse e - ter - nal love, Whence all our bless-ings flow.

2. To what a stubborn frame
6. Let past ingratitude

Thus to abuse e - ter - nal love, Whence, &c.
Hath sin reduced the mind!
Provoke our weeping eyes,

What strange rebellious wretches we!
And hourly, as new merces fall,

Whence, &c.
And God so strangely kind.
Let hourly thanks arise.

SWEDESBORO'. S. M.

E. HERVAGE.

Musical score for 'SWEDESBORO'' in D major, 3/4 time. The score consists of four staves. The first staff is the vocal melody, the second is the alto part, the third is the tenor part, and the fourth is the bass part. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second line of music corresponds to the second line of lyrics. The score ends with a double bar line.

1. Wel-come sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes; Welcome, &c.

And, &c.

2. The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

1. The Sa-viour's glo-rious name For e-ver shall en-dure, Long as the sun, His match-less fame Shall e-ver stand se-cure.

Long, &c. Shall, &c.

2. Wonders of grace and power
To Thee alone belong;
Thy church those wonders shall adore
In everlasting song.

Long as the sun, his matchless fame Shall, &c.
3. O Israel! bless him still,
His name to honor raise;
Let all the earth his glory fill,
Midst songs of grateful praise.

Shall, &c.
4. Jehovah, God most high,
We spread thy praise abroad;
Through all the world thy fame shall fly,
O God, thine Israel's God!

MOUNT CUMBERLAND. 6s & 9s.

Come, all ye hap-py race, By the grace that is free for us all; Come and hear, come and feel, What my Sa-viour hath done for my soul.
Who are ran-som'd by grace, While with rap-ture I tell.

Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' eternal God; Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin, And sound his name, And sound his name abroad. Thou

Thou sun with golden

Thou sun, with golden beams, And moon with

Thou sun, &c. And moon, &c. And moon, &c. Ye starry, &c. Shine to, &c.

sun with golden beams, And moon with paler rays, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to, Shins to your Maker's praise.

And moon with paler rays,

beams, And moon, &c. And moon, &c. Ye starry, &c. Shins to, &c. Shine to, &c.



1. Re-joice, my friends, the Lord is King,
Let all prepare to take him in;

Let Ja-cob rise, and Zi-on sing, And all the world with praises ring, And give to Je-sus glo-ry.



2. Oh! may the saints of ev'ry name
U-nite to serve the bleeding Lamb;

May jars and discords cease to flame, And all the Saviour's love pro-claim, And give to Je-sus glo-ry.



3. I long to see all Christians join
In u-nion sweet and peace divine,

When ev'ry church with grace shall shine And grow in Christ, the living vine, And give to Je-sus glo-ry.



4. Oh! may the desert lands rejoice,
And mourners hear the Bridegroom's voice;
While songs of praise each tongue employ,
And all obtain immortal joy,
And give to Jesus glory.

5. Come! who will run to win the prize,
And take the kingdom in the skies,
Where joy celestial never dies,
But always flows through Paradise!
Oh! there we'll give Him glory.

6. Those beautiful fields of living green,
Through faith, the telescope, are seen
Though Jordan's billows roll between,
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And then we'll give Him glory.

7. Come! parents, children, bond and free,
Come! will you go to heav'n with me!
That glorious land of rest to see,
And shout with me eternally,
And give to Jesus glory!

8. My soul grows happy while I sing;
I feel that I am on the wing;
I'll shout salvation to my King,
Till I to heav'n my trophies bring,
And there I'll give Him glory.

9. A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more suff'ring scenes below;
And then to Jesus we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And there we'll give Him glory.



1. Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell, The wonders of Emmanuel, Who saved me from a burning hell, And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2. When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
"With God you have no union."

3. Then I began to weep and cry,
I look'd this way and that to fly;
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation then to buy,
But still I had no union.

4. But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And Oh! what seasons I have seen,
Since first I felt this union.

5. I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray;
And if I met one on the way,
I something always found to say
About this heavenly union.

6. I wonder why the saints don't sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heav'nly arches ring
With loud hosannas to their King,
Who brought their souls to union.

7. Oh! come, backsliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as say,
And learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this union.

8. We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit these climes of pain and woe;
And then we'll all to glory go,
Where we shall see, and hear, and know,
And feel a perfect union.

9. Come, heav'n and earth, unite your lays,
And give to Jesus endless praise;
And Oh! my soul, with wonder gaze!
He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,
To give you heav'nly union.

10. Oh! could I, like an angel, sound
Salvation through the earth around,
The Devil's kingdom to confound!
I'd triumph on Emmanuel's ground,
And spread this glorious union.

1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul! O my soul!
 What wondrous, &c. O my soul! What wondrous love is this That caused the Lord of bliss
 To bear the dreadful curse, For my soul, for my

soul, To bear the dreadful curse, for my soul.

2. When I was sinking down,
 Sinking down, sinking down,
 When I was sinking down, sinking down;
 When I was sinking down,
 Beneath God's righteous frown,
 Christ laid aside his crown,
 For my soul, for my soul,
 Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul.

3. Ye winged seraphs, fly!
 Bear the news! bear the news!
 Ye winged seraphs fly! bear the
 news!
 Ye winged seraphs, fly,
 Like comets through the sky,
 Fill vast eternity
 With the news, with the news,
 Fill vast eternity with the news!

4. To God, and to the Lamb,
 I will sing, I will sing.
 To God, and to the Lamb, I will sing;
 To God, and to the Lamb,
 Unto the great I AM,
 While millions join the theme,
 I will sing, I will sing,
 While millions join the theme, I will
 sing.

5. Come, friends of Zion's King,
 Join the praise, join the praise,
 Come, friends of Zion's King, join the
 praise!
 Come, friends of Zion's King,
 With hearts and voices sing,
 And strike each tuneful string,
 In his praise, in his praise,
 And strike each tuneful string in his
 praise.

6. And when from death we're free,
 We'll sing on, we'll sing on,
 And when from death we're free, we'll
 sing on;
 And when from death we're free,
 We'll sing, and joyful be,
 And through eternity
 We'll sing on, we'll sing on,
 And through eternity we'll sing on.

7. Yes, when to that bright world
 We arise, we arise,
 Yes, when to that bright world we
 arise—
 When to that world we go,
 Free from all pain and wo,
 We'll join the happy throng,
 And sing on, and sing on,
 We'll join the happy throng, and sing
 on.



2. O young soldiers, are you weary
Of the troubles of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay?
Jesus, *Jesus*, will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3. He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre aways the whole.
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command;
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

4. There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
In the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint those scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
Where the golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky?

5. Millions there of flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory! glory! is their strain:
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing.

6. See the heav'nly host, in rapture,
Gazing on this shining band;
Wond'ring at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands!
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransom'd march along!
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo to their song.

7. Oh their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
Such as monarchs never wore;
They are gone to heavenly pastures,
Jesus is their shepherd there.
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain!
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign!

1. Come sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sov' - reign Lord, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

2. He form'd the deeps unknown, He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

3. Come, wor - ship at his throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his works, and not our own, He form'd us by his word.

4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod, Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.

Cons. to be sung or omitted at will.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord,

Some sweet savor of Thy fa- vor Shed abroad in ev- ry heart; Heav'nward as to thee we go, Leaving all our guilt be- low; "Blessing, praising without ceasing," Bid us, Lord, depart!

PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

8s, 4s & 7s.

Treble and Alto by Wm. Housen.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land; } Bread of heav - en! Feed me till I want no more.
I am weak, but thou art might-y, Hold me in thy pow'r - ful hand.

2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing streams do flow; } Strong De - ly - rer! Be thou still my strength and shield.
Let the ri - rey, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour - ney through.

1. If life's pleasures charm thee, Give them not thy heart, Lest the gift en - snare thee, From thy God to part; His fa - vor seek, his praises speak, Fix

2. If dis - tress be - fall thee, Pain - ful though it be, Let not grief up - pul thee— To thy Sa - vour flee: He, ev - er near, thy prayer will hear, And

3. When earth's prospects fail thee, Let it not dis - tress; Bet - ter comforts wait thee— Christ will free - ly bless; To Je - sus flee—thy prop he'll be, Thy

here thy hope's foun - dation; Serve him, and he will ev - er be The Rock of thy sal - va - tion!

calm thy per - tur - ba - tion; The waves of wo shall ne'er o'erflow The Rock of thy sal - va - tion!

heav'nly con - so - la - tion; For griefs be - low can - not o'erthrow The Rock of thy sal - va - tion!

4. Dangers may approach thee—
Let them not alarm;
Christ will ever watch thee,
And protect from harm;
He near thee stands, with mighty hands,
To ward off each temptation;
To Jesus fly,—he's ever nigh,
The Rock of thy Salvation!
5. Let not death alarm thee,
Shrink not from his blow;
For thy God shall arm thee,
And victory bestow;
For death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation;
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation!

1. Praise to God the great Cre-a-tor, Praise to God from ev'-ry tongue! Join my soul with ev'-ry creature. Join the u-ni-ver-sal song, Join the u-ni-ver-sal song.

2. Fa-ther! source of all com-pas-sion, Pure unbounded grace is thine:—Hail the God of our sal-va-tion, Praise him for his love di-vine, Praise him for his love di-vine.

3. Joy-ful-ly on earth a-dore him, 'Till in heav'n our song we raise; Then en-rap-tur'd fall be-fore him, Lost in won-der love and praise, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

4. Praise to God, the great Cre-a-tor, Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost! Praise him ev'ry liv-ing creature, Earth and heav'n's united host, Earth and heav'n's u-ni-tes host.

CHEERFUL HOPE. 7s & 6s.

1. Tho' hard the winds are blow-ing, And loud the bil-lows roar; Fall swift-ly we are go-ing To our dear na-tive shore.

2. The bil-lows breaking o'er us, The storms that round us swell, Are aid-ing to re-store us To all we lov'd so well.

3. So sor-row oft-en press-es Life's mar-i-ner a-long; Af-flic-tions and dis-tress-es Are gales and bil-lows strong.

4. The sharp-er and se-ver-er The storms of life we meet, Tho' soon-er and the near-er Is heav'n's e-ter-nal seat.

5. Come then, af-flic-tions drea-ry; Sharp sick-ness pierce my breast; You on-ly bear the wea-ry More quick-ly home to rest.

1. Mix-tures of joy and sor-row I dai-ly do pass thro',
 Sometimes I'm in the val-ley,
 And sinking down with wo! } Some-times I am ex-alt-ed, On eagles' wings I fly, I rise a-bove my troubles, And hope to reach the sky.

2.
 Sometimes I'm full of doubting,
 And fear I have no grace;
 Sometimes I'm full of praising,
 When Christ reveals his face;
 Sometimes my hope's so little,
 I think I'll throw it by;
 Sometimes it seems sufficient,
 If I were call'd to die.

3.
 Sometimes I shun the Christian,
 Lest he should talk to me;
 Sometimes he is the neighbor
 I long the most to see;
 Sometimes we meet together,
 The season's dry and dull;
 Sometimes we find a blessing—
 With joy it fills my soul.

4.
 Sometimes I am oppressed
 By Pharaoh's cruel hand;
 Sometimes I look o'er Jordan,
 And view the promis'd land;
 Sometimes I am in darkness;
 Sometimes I'm in the light,
 And then my soul is winged,
 And upward speeds its flight.

5.
 Sometimes I travel mourning
 Down Babel's ancient stream;
 Sometimes my Lord's religion
 Appears my only theme;
 Sometimes, when I am praying,
 It seems almost a task;
 Sometimes I find a blessing,
 The greatest I can ask.

6.
 Sometimes I read my Bible,
 And 'tis a sealed book;
 Sometimes I find a blessing
 Where'er therein I look;
 Sometimes I go to meeting,
 And wish myself at home;
 Sometimes I find my Saviour,
 And then I'm glad I'm come.

7.
 Lord, why am I thus tossed,
 Thus tossed to and fro?
 Why are my hopes thus crossed,
 Where'er I'm call'd to go?
 O Lord, thou never changest—
 And 'tis because I stray;
 O grant me thine assistance,
 And keep me in the way!

8.
 O may thy counsels guide me,
 And keep me while I live;
 In death be thou my portion,
 And then my soul receive,
 To praise my blessed Saviour,
 And magnify his grace,
 Bestow'd on such a sinner,
 The chief of all the race.

9.
 There, with the holy angels,
 That stand around the throne,
 And saints of ev'ry nation,
 Our voices join'd in one,
 We'll sound aloud the praises
 Of our Redeemer God,
 Who saved us by his sorrows,
 And wash'd us in his blood.

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass. It features a treble clef for the Soprano and Alto parts, and a bass clef for the Tenor/Bass part. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is divided into two systems, each with a repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some parts in brackets indicating alternative phrasings.

1. My soul's full of glo-ry.

Which inspires my tongue; } I'd sing of my Je-sus, And tell of his charms, And beg them to bear me To his lov-ing arms.
Could I meet with an-gels, I'd sing them a song.

1.
My soul's full of glory,
Which inspires my tongue;
Could I meet with angels,
I'd sing them a song:
I'd sing of my Jesus,
And tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me
To his loving arms.

2.
Methinks they're descending
To hear while I sing—
Well pleased to hear mortals
Sing praise to their King.
O angels! O angels!
My soul's in a flame!
I sink in sweet raptures
At Jesus's name.

3.
O Jesus! O Jesus!
Thou balm of my soul!
'Twas thee, my dear Saviour,
That made my heart whole:
O, bring me to view thee,
Thou precious, sweet King,
In oceans of glory
Thy praises to sing!

4.
O heaven! sweet heaven!
I long to be there,
To meet all my brethren,
And Jesus, my dear!
Come, angels! come, angels!
I'm ready to fly!
Come, quickly convey me
To God in the sky!

5.
Sweet spirits, attend me,
Till Jesus shall come;
Protect and defend me
Till I am call'd home!
Though worms my poor body
May claim as their prey,
I'll outshine, when rising,
The sun at mid-day.

6.
The sun may be darken'd,
The moon turn'd to blood,
The mountains may melt at
The presence of God—
Red lightnings may blaze, and
Loud thunders may roar—
All this cannot daunt me
On Canaan's bright shore.

7.
A glimpse of bright glory
O'erpowers my soul;
I sink in sweet vision
To view the bright goal;
My soul, while I'm singing,
Is leaping to go;
This moment, for heaven,
I'd leave all below.

8.
Farewell, my dear brethren,
My Lord bids me come;
Farewell, my dear children,
I'm now going home:
Bright angels are whispering
So sweet in my ear,
"Away to the Saviour
Thy spirit we'll bear!"

1. Farewell, my Christian brethren, Farewell, my, &c.
To see my blessed Je-sus, To see, &c.

Farewell, &c.
To see, &c.

I'm going home to God; }
Who bought me with his blood. } I'm on my way to Zi-on, I'm on my, &c. I'm

2. There I will sit and praise him, There I, &c.
And sing the song of Mo-ses, And sing, &c.

There I, &c.
And sing, &c.

A crown he's bought for me; }
To all e - ter - ni - ty. } I'm on my way, &c.

The musical notation for 'Way to Zion' consists of four staves. The first two staves are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. There are repeat signs and a 'Chorus' marking at the beginning of the second staff.

NEW HOPE. S. M.

on my way to Zi-on, To the New Je-ru-sa-lem.

To the, &c.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But servants of the heav'nly King May speak their joys abroad.

The musical notation for 'New Hope' consists of four staves. The first two staves are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. There are repeat signs and a 'Chorus' marking at the beginning of the second staff.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I cannot live if thou remove, For thou art all in all. I can - not live if thou remove, For thou art all in all.

2. Thy shining grace can cheer 'Tis Paradise when thou art here. 'Tis Par-a-dise if thou art here, If thou de-part 'tis hell.
This dungeon where I dwell; If thou depart 'tis hell.

3. The smileings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4. To thee, and thee alone
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

Meyer's Cluster.

BLAIRSVILLE. S. M.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen-i-ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev-'ry eye.

2. The Son of God in tears An-gels with won-der see! Be thou as-ton-ish'd, O my soul, Ho shed those tears for thee!

3. He wept that we might weep: Each sin de-mands a tear; In heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.

1. Brethren, we have met to worship,
And adore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word?

All is vain, unless the Spirit Of the Holy One come down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

HOLY MANNA. 8s & 7s. D.

Arr'd by Wm. Horan.

2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you,
Stumb'ring on the brink of woe!
Death is coming, hell is moving, Can you bear to let them go?

See our fathers, see our mothers, And our children sinking down;

D. C. Brethren, pray, and holy man-na Will be shower'd all around.

3. Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door;
But they have betray'd their Saviour,
And are worse than e'er before.
Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
If they will lament their wound;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
4. Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sister aided him;
Will you help the trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour;
Tell them that he will be found;
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
5. Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new;
Then he'll call us home to heav'n;
At his table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

1. How pleased and bless'd was I
To hear the peo-ple cry.
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2. Zion, thrice happy place, Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear, To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3. There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest:

5. My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell.
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his bless'd abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

VOLUSIA. S. M.

Slow and Smooth

Oh! cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest-less wing to roam;
All this wide world, to eith-er pole, Has not for thee a home.

My tongue repeats her vows, Peace to this sacred house! For here my friends and kindred dwell; And since my glorious God My soul shall ev - er
And since, &c. Makes thee his bless'd abode, And since, &c. Makes thee, &c. My soul, &c.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

bless'd abode, &c. love thee well, My soul shall ev - er love thee well.

1. Our days are as the grass, When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.
2. The pity of the Lord To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel; He knows our feeble frame.
3. But thy compassions, Lord, And children's children ever find To endless years endure; Thy words of promise sure.

1. Once I thought my moun-tain strong, Firm-ly fix'd no more to move; } Those were hap - py gol - den days, Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.
Then my Sa - viour was my song, Then my soul was fill'd with love; }

2. Lit - tle then my-self I knew, Lit - tle thought of Sa - tan's pow'r; } Sin has put my joys to flight; Sin has turn'd my days to night.
Now I feel my sins a - new, Now I feel the stor - my hour; }

3. Sa - viour, shine, and cheer my soul, Bid my dy - ing hopes re - vive; } Speak the word, And set me free, Let me live a - lone to thee.
Make my wound-ed spi - rit whole, Far a - way the temp - er drive; }

BOUNTING BILLOWS. 8s & 7s.

1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling, Come, and by thy love re-vealing, Dis - sipate the clouds be-neath.
Bardens on the shades of death, Come, and by thy love re-veal-ing,

2. The new heav'n and earth's Creator, Scatt'ring all the night of na-ture, Pouring sight up - on our eyes.
On our deepest dark-ness rise, Scatt'ring all the night of na-ture,

3. Still we wait for thine appearing; Life and joy thy beams im-part, Chasing all our fears, and cheering, Chasing all our fears, and cheering Ev'ry poor be - night-ed heart.



2. With the eye of a spirit, I look on that shore
Where pilgrim and prophet have linger'd before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod,
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

3. Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Genesareth, chime on my ear!
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

4. Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gaderone,—
And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

5. Hark! a sound in the valleys, where swollen and strong,
Thy river, O Kishon! is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

6. There, down from the mountains stern Zebulun came,
And Naphtali's stag with his eye-balls of flame;
And the chariots of Jabin roll'd harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son.

7. There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang,
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang;
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

8. Lo! Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen
With the mountains around and the valleys between.
There rested the shepherds of Judah; and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

9. And Bethany's palm-trees, in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters that hasten'd to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

10. I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod,
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN of God!
Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

11. Oh! here with his flock the sad Wanderer came,
These hills he toil'd over in grief are the same;—
The fountains where he drank by the way-side still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breath'd on his brow.

1. Come, tell me, wand'ring sinner,
 Say, whither dost thou roam,
 O'er this wide world a stranger?
 Hast thou no Saviour known?
 He calls you to his bosom,
 But, ah! you still de-

2. Angels are now attending,
 To waft the news above—
 Your Saviour still presenting
 The joys of pard'ning love:
 Oh! come, accept the offer
 Of par - don and free

lay!
 He'll fit your soul for heaven
 And guide you in the way.
 He calls you to his bosom,
 But, ah! you still de - lay!
 He'll fit your soul for heaven,
 And guide you in the way.

grace;
 And own the mighty power,
 In songs of love and praise.
 Oh! come, accept the offer
 Of par - don and free grace;
 And own the mighty power,
 In songs of love and praise.

Secondo.

1. Farewell! belov'd companions,
My precious friends in Christ;
He sends his welcome summons
To call me home to rest;
I tread the dark, lone valley
Thro' Jordan's flood he
My Shepherd trod before;

2. "Go, pilgrim, to thy Saviour—
On joyful wings ascend;
On his Almighty favor
Let all thy hopes depend;
His all-sufficient merit,
His rich, atoning blood
Brings sinners to in-

3. Farewell! I trust in Jesus
To take my sins away;
Now, on that head most precious,
My soul her hand would lay;
To that sole hope for sinners,
My Saviour, King, and Friend,
Kind angels, lend your pinions,
And help my soul ascend!

4. "Go, pilgrim, to thy Saviour—
Thy toilsome course is run;
There rest from all thy labors
And cares beneath the sun;
No more shall sin molest thee;
The world no more control;
Go, praise the Lamb who blest thee,
Whose love shall fill thy soul."

5. Farewell! dear fellow-lab'ers!
O live for Christ and heaven!
Toil on for this kind Saviour,
Whose life for you was given;
Bring back blind, rebel mortals,
Our Sovereign to obey;
And guide them to the portals
Of heav'n's eternal day.

6. "Go, pilgrim, to thy Saviour—
A short, a kind adieu;
Far holier friends will hail thee,
Where joys eternal flow;
By angels kind attended,
Go, take thy crown there given,
And when our toils are ended,
O may we meet in heav'n!

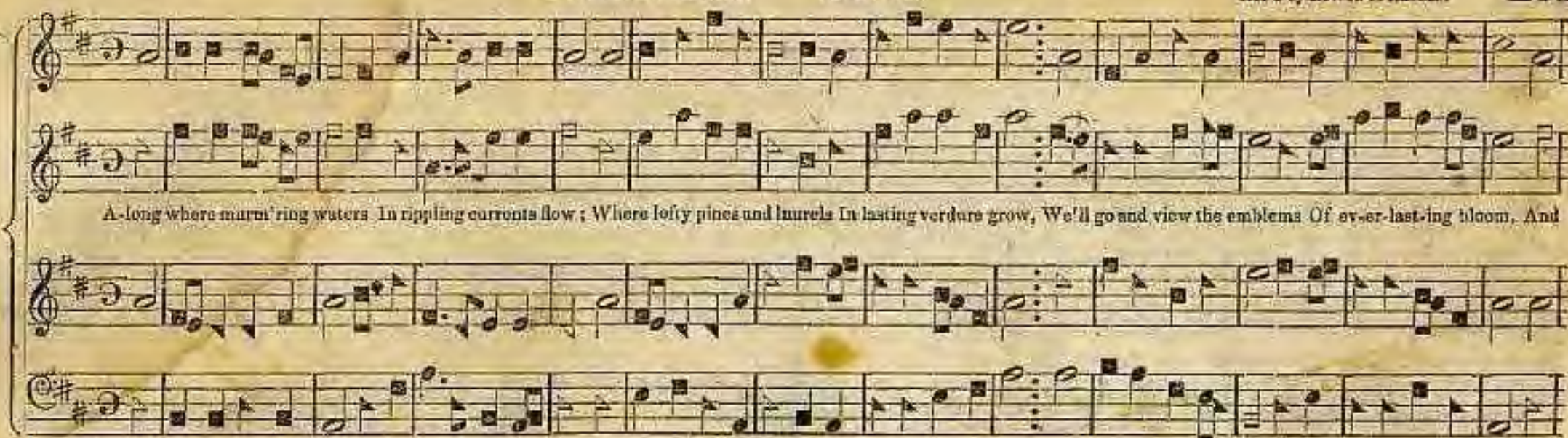
DEPENDENCE.* S. M.

FINIS.

leads me To heav'n's sweet, holy shore.
her - it The kingdom of our God.

But I, with all my cares, Will lean upon the Lord; I'll cast my burdens on his arm, And rest upon his word, And rest, &c.

* The "Leperous Jew," of some books, though in a different mood of time.



THE BEAUTIFUL LAND AND ITS SENTRY.

By THOMAS MACKELLAR.

1. There is a land immortal—
The beautiful of lands;—
Beside its ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortal never more.
2. That glorious land is heaven,
And death the sentry grim;
The Lord thereof has given
The opening keys to him;
And ransom'd spirits sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Pass through the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.
3. Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.
4. There sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging
They leave on earth their fears.
Death like an angel seeming,
"We welcome thee!" they cry;
Their face with glory gleaming,
'Tis life for them to die.



Alto, by Wm. Henson.

1. The cha-riot! the cha-riot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord com-eth down in the pomp of his ire! Lo! self-mov-ing, it

drives on its pathway of cloud, And the heav'ns with the bur-den of Godhead are bow'd.

2. The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on their Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm wreaths of victory wear.
3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnels are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.
4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
5. O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driv'n
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n.

LAMBERTON. S. M.

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RIGHT WAY.

Is this the kind re-turn, And these the thanks we owe,
 Thus to a-buse e-ter-nal love, Whence all our com-forts flow? Thus to a-buse e-
 Thus, &c. Whence, &c. Thus, &c.
 Thus to a-buse e - - ter - nal love, Whence, &c. Thus, &c.

WARREN. S. M.

LANE.

Whence, &c.
 ter-nal love, Whence all our com-forts flow?
 Whence, &c.
 Whence, &c.
 Let all our tongues be one, To praise our God on high, Who from his bosom sent his son, To fetch us stran-gers nigh.



1. Holy Ghost! dispel our sadness, Pierce the clouds of sinful night; Come, thou source of sweetest gladness.
 Loving Spirit, God of peace!
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light! Great dis-trib-u-



tor of grace, Rest upon this con-gre-ga-tion!
 Hear, O hear our sup-pli-ca-tion!

2.
 From that height which knows no measure,
 As a gracious shower descend,
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 Man can wish, or God can send.
 O thou Glory, shining down
 From the Father and the Son,
 Grant us thy illumination!
 Rest upon this congregation!

3.
 Come, thou best of all donations
 God can give, or we implore;
 Having thy sweet consolations,
 We need wish for nothing more.
 Come, with anction and with power,
 On our souls thy graces shower;
 Author of the new creation,
 Make our hearts thy habitation.

4.
 Manifest thy love for ever;
 Fence us in on every side;
 In distress be our Reliever;
 Guard and teach, support and guide.
 Let thy kind, effectual grace
 Turn our feet from evil ways;
 Show thyself our new Creator,
 And conform us to thy nature.

5.
 Be our friend, on each occasion,
 God, omnipotent to save!
 When we die, be our salvation;
 When we're buried, be our grave;
 And when from the grave we rise,
 Take us up above the skies;
 Seat us with thy saints in glory,
 There for ever to adore Thee.

D. C.

1. Sa-viour, vis-it thy plan-tation; Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain; } Keep no long-er at a distance, Shine up-on us from on high,
All will come to des-e-lation, Un-less thou re-turn a-gain.

D. C.

D. C. Lest, for want of thine as-sistance, Ev-'ry plant should droop and die.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

Parts by Wm. Howson.

D. C.

2. Sure-ly once thy gar-den flourish'd, Ev-'ry part look'd gay and green; } But a drought has since suc-ceed-ed, And a sad de-cline we see;
Then thy word our spir-its nourish'd, Hap-py sea-sons we have seen!

D. C.

D. C. Lord, thy help is great-ly need-ed, Help can on-ly come from thee.

3. Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth,
Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below!
Some alas! we fear are blighted—
Scarcely a single leaf they show.

4. Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms, stood;
But they cost us grief at present,
Frost has nipp'd them in the bud.

Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.



1. Come, brethren and sisters, who love one another,
How oft - en we've met Him in sweet, heav'nly union,
Which opens the way to God's throne.

And have done for years that
are gone;
With joy and thanksgiving we'll praise Him who loved us,
While we run the bright,



2. There was Joshua and Joseph, Elias and Moses,
That pray'd, and God heard from
And Solomon, and Stephen.

His throne;
And Simon and Anna—I don't know how many—
That pray'd, as they

way; Tho' we part here in bo - dy, we're bound for one glo - ry, And bound for each o - ther to pray.



3. Some tell us that praying (and also that praising)
Is labor that's all spent in vain;
But we have each witness that God hears with swiftness,
From praying we will not refrain.
There was old father Noah, and ten thousand more, too,
Who witness'd that God heard them pray;
There was Hannah and Samuel, Paul, Silas and Peter,
And Daniel and Jonah, we'll say.



4. That God, by his Spirit, or angel, did visit
Their souls and their bodies, is plain;
Shall we all go fainting, while they all went praising,
And glorified God in the flame?
God grant us to inherit the same praying spirit,
While we run the journey below!
Then, when we cease praying, we shall not cease praising
But round God's bright throne we shall bow.



long, Some cast a-mong li - ons, and some bound with rough irons, Yet glo - ry and praises they sung.

1. There was a Ro-mish la-dy, Brought up in Po-pe-ry, Her mo-ther always taught her, The priest she must obey: "O pardon me, dear mo-ther, I

2. As-sist-ed by her hand-maid, A Bi-ble she conceal'd, And there she gain'd instruction, Till God his love reveal'd; No more she prostrates her-self To

3. "I'll bow to my dear Je-sus, I'll worship God unseen, I'll live by faith for ev-er, The works of men are vain; I can-not worship an-gels, Nor

humbly pray thee now, But un-to these false idols I can no longer bow."

pictures deck'd with gold, But soon she was betray'd, and Her Bible from her stole.

pictures made by men: Dear mother, use your pleasure, But pardon if you can."

4. With grief and great vexation,
Her mother straight did go,
T' inform the Roman clergy
The cause of all her wo:
The priests were soon assembled,
And for the maid did call,
And forced her in the dungeon,
To fight her soul withal.

2 K

5. The more they strove to fright her,
The more she did endure;
Although her age was tender,
Her faith was strong and sure.
The chains of gold so costly,
They from this lady took,
And she, with all her spirits,
The pride of life forsook.

6. Before the Pope they brought her,
In hopes of her return,
And there she was condemn'd
In horrid flames to burn.
Before the place of torment
They brought her speedily:
With lifted hands to heaven,
She then agreed to die.

7. There being many ladies
Assembled at the place,
She raised her eyes to heaven,
And begg'd supplying grace:
"Weep not, ye tender ladies,
Shed not a tear for me,
While my poor body's burning,
My soul the Lord shall see.

8. "Yourselves you need to pity,
And Zion's deep decay;
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus,
No longer make delay."
In comes her raving mother,
Her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought her
The pictures deck'd with gold.

9. "O take from me these idols,
Remove them from my sight;
Restore to me my Bible,
Wherein I take delight!—
Alas! my aged mother,
Why on my ruin bent?
'Twas you that did betray me,
But I am innocent.

10. "Tormentors, use your pleasure,
And do as you think best;
I hope my blessed Jesus
Will take my soul to rest."
Soon as these words were spoken,
Up steps the men of death,
And kindled up the fire
To stop her mortal breath.

11. Instead of golden bracelets,
With chains they bound her fast;
She cried, "My God, give power,
Now must I die at last!
With Isaac and his angels,
For ever I shall dwell;
God pardon priest and people,
And so I bid farewell."

1. Young peo-ple, all, now at the ball,* As one that loves you dearly,
 On you I call to humbly fall, And sue for par-don early;
 D. C. You bring a dearth on souls of worth, While such a course pur-suing.

For div-ll mirth practised on earth, Will sink your souls to ruin;

2. But if you act as mortals should,
 Christ's promise you may merit,
 As he hath said, (and he is good,)
 The kingdom you'll inherit.
 Sad is the state of mortals' fate,
 That leave God's way untrodden;
 And pain and woe you soon will know,
 When glee and mirth's forgotten.

3. Where darkness reigns and souls remain
 Through ages never-ceasing,
 You'll have no claim to Jesus' name,
 Your pains and woes increasing.
 But oh thy people, dearest Lord,
 Are mourning o'er poor sinners,
 And often pray, that by thy word
 Their souls might be the winners.

4. And, O dear Lord! will thou bestow,
 On all thy dear believers,
 A heart of woe, for all who know
 Themselves are unbelievers;
 And when they pray, Lord help them feel
 The worth of sinners' cases,
 That in thy presence they may kneel
 And seek for all thy graces.

5. Show them, dear Lord, 'tis thro' thy Son
 That pardon thou hast given,
 And all who call upon that One
 May find the way to heaven:
 The way is narrow, like the grave,
 Yet sinners may discover
 That Christ the Lord alone can save
 The soul that passes over.

6. And when such souls redemption find
 Through Christ the Mediator,
 They feel from then by love inclined
 To praise the great Creator.
 Now sinners all again I call,
 Pray, warning take this moment,
 For fear you call too late and fall
 In keen despair and torment.

* "The above song was composed by E. F. Davis, upon being invited to a ball, and while his companions were engaged in dancing. As he felt a victim to bilious fever in the midst of youth and usefulness, it would be a source of great gratification to me, as well as to a numerous and influential connection both in Georgia and Alabama, for them to appear entire in the Hesperian Harp."

The above is the note of E. F. Davis of Cedar Bluff, Ala., accompanying a copy of this song and tune, which he sent me. W. H.

1. Bright scenes of glo-ry strike my sense, And all my pas-sions cap-ture, }
 E - ter-nal beau-ties round me shine, In-fa-sing warm-est rap-ture; }

I dive in plea-sures deep and full, In swell-ing waves of glo-ry; I feel my Sa-viour

in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry, I feel my Sa-viour in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry.

2. I feast on honey, milk, and wine,
 I drink perpetual sweetness:
 Mount Zion's beauties round me shine,
 While Christ unfolds his glory!
 No mortal tongue can show my joys,
 Nor can an angel tell them,
 Ten thousand times surpassing all
 Terrestrial worlds and emblems.

3. My captivated spirit flies
 Through shining worlds of beauty;
 Dissolved in blushes, loud I cry,
 In praises loud and mighty,
 And here I'll sing, and swell the strain,
 Of harmony delighted,
 And with the millions learn the notes
 Of saints in Christ united.

Andante Espressivo.

C. LOCKHART.

3. Feed me with the heav'nly man-na, In this bar-ren wil-der-ness; } Fight, and conquer, Fight, and con-quer All my foes by sovereign grace!
Be my sword, and shield, and banner— Be my robe of righteousness; }

4. When I tread the verge of Jar-dan, Bid my anxious fears sub-side; } Songs of praises, Songs of prais-es I will-ov-er give to thee.
Foe to death, and hell's de-struction, Land me safe on Canaan's side! }

SPRING PLACE. 11s.

Arr'd by Wm. Housen.

1. O Zi-on, af-flict-ed with wave up-on wave, } With darkness sur-rounded, by ter-rors dismay'd, In toll-ing and row-ing thy strength is de-cay'd.
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save! }

2. Loud roar-ing, the bil-lows now high o-verwhelm; } His wis-dom conducts thee, his pow-er de-fends, In safe-ty and qui-et thy war-fare he ends.
But skill-ful's the Pi-lot who sits at the helm; }



1. Like yon bright cloud new forms as-sum-ing, So are our joys and pros-pects here ; } And now time's noiseless wing hath taken Away those hours of bliss so pure, When ev'ry ob-
To-day our harps with glad-ness tu-niog : To-mor-row falls the si-lent tear, }



2. How sweet, while yet the bell was ringing,
To meet all faces beaming there!—
To join in that melodious singing—
To listen to that humble prayer.
How sweet! in hours of recitation
To hang upon instruction's voice!—
To hear the full, plain demonstration,
The proof, in words of happy choice.

3. But all is past—the scene is ending ;
To part with each it gives us pain ;
Our joys, our hopes, our fears are blinding,
Oh ! shall we ever meet again ?
These kind instructors, ever hearing
With all our faults, we too must leave—
In our esteem you all are sharing ;
Our grateful, heartfelt thanks receive.



ject was for-sa-ken, For these lov'd halls of lit'-ra-ture.



4. We oft will ask in our devotions
That Jesus in your hearts may dwell :
And now with tender, sad emotions,
We bid you, honor'd ones, farewell !
Hope whispers future scenes of pleasure :
These teachers, students all may meet
In heaven—all may have a treasure,
And worship at Emmanuel's feet.

1. Come all who love my Lord and Mas-ter, And like old Da-vid I will tell,
 Tho' chief of sin-ners I've found fa-vor By grace re-deem'd from death and hell.
 D. C. From me by faith are sep-a-ra-ted; Blest an-te-past of joys a-bove. Far as the east from west is part-ed, So

far my sins, by dy-ing love.

2. I, late estranged, from Jesus wander'd,
 And thought each dang'rous poison good;
 But he in mercy long pursued me,
 With cries of his redeeming blood.
 Though like Bartimeus I was blinded,
 In nature's darkest night conceal'd,
 Yet Jesus' love removed my blindness,
 And he his pard'ning grace reveal'd!

3. Now I will serve him while he spares me,
 And with his people sing aloud;
 Though hell oppose, and sinners mock me,
 In rapt'rous songs I'll praise my God.
 By faith I view the heav'nly concert—
 They sing high strains of Jesus' love:
 O with desire my soul is longing,
 And fain would be with Christ above.

4. That blessed day is fast approaching
 When Christ in glorious clouds shall come,
 With sounding trumps and shouts of angels,
 To call each faithful spirit home;
 There Abra'm, Isaac, holy prophets,
 And all the saints at God's right hand—
 There holy angels, join'd in concert,
 Shout as they reach the heav'nly land.

But in the wor-ship of my God, I'll spend my daily breath, But in, &c. God

1. Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to death, But in the worship of my God I'll spend my daily breath. But in, &c. God

But in the worship of my God I'll spend my dai-ly breath, . . . But in, &c. God

But in the worship of my God I'll spend my daily breath But in, &c.

2. My thoughts address his throne,
3. Thou wilt regard my cries,
4. Because they dwell at ease,
5. But I, with all my cares,
6. His arm shall well sustain

When morning brings the light;
O my eternal God,
And no sad changes feel,
Will lean upon the Lord;
The children of his love:

I seek his blessings ev'ry noon,
While sinners perish in surprise,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
The ground on which their safety stands

And pay my vows at night.
Beneath thine angry rod
Nor learn to do thy will.
And rest upon his word,
No earthly power can move.

NEWINGHAM. S. M.

BUTTER

I'll spend my dai-ly breath.

Death! O the aw-ful sound! What horrors in it dwell! The second death is here implied, Which sinks our souls to hell.



1. While beau - ty and youth are in their full prime, And fol - ly and fash - ion af - fect our whole time; O let not these phantoms our

2. The vain and the young may at - tend us a - while, But let not their flat - t'ry our pru - dence be - guile; Let us cov - et those charms that



wish - es en - gage, Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.

shall nev - er de - cay, Nor lis - ten to all that de - ceiv - ers can say.

3. I sigh not for beauty nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then richer than kings, and far happier than they,
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.
4. For when age steals on me and youth is no more,
And the moralist, Time, shakes his glass at my door
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
My beauty, my wealth is a sweet peace of mind.
5. That peace, (I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas giv'n),
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heav'n;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.
6. And when I the burden of life shall have borne,
And death, with his sickle, shall cut the ripe corn,
Re-ascend to my God without murmur or sigh;
I'll bless the kind summons and lie down and die.

While beauty and youth are now in their full prime,
 And folly and fashion affect our whole time;
 O let not these phantoms our wishes engage,
 Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.

RALEIGH. 11s.

Bass and Treble by Wm. Housh.

To go from my home, and from kindred to part—
 To break up my friendships affects not my heart,
 Like leaving that holy and blissful place, where
 Jehovah has heard and has answer'd my prayer.

* This tune is inserted again because the arrangement is somewhat different from that on the opposite page.

1. A - long the banks where Ba-bel's cur-rent flows, Our cap-tive bands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zion's fall in sad re-

While Zion's fall in sad re-mem-brance rose,

While Zion's, &c.

2. The tuneful harp, that once with joy was strung, When praise employ'd, and mirth inspired the lay, In mournful silence on the willows hung, And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day,

mem-brance rose, Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

Her, &c.

Her, &c.

Her, &c.

3. The barb'rous tyrants, to increase the wo,
With mounting smiles, a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

4. But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

5. If e'er my mem'ry loose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect thy kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

6. Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'erake her foes with terror and dismay,
His arm avenges her desolated walls,
And raise his children to eternal day.

Moderato. *Accelerate.* *Fin.*

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way: } Oh, how they sweetly sing.
Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day: } "Wor-thy is our Saviour, King!"
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2. Come to the hap-py land, Come, come a-way! } Oh, we shall hap-py be,
Why will you doubting, stand? Why yet de-lay? } When from sin and sor-row free!
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev'ry eye: } Then shall his kingdom come,
Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die: } Saints shall share a glorious home;
And, bright a-bove the sun,
We reign for aye!

CORNELIA. 11s.

MISS BRONKHORST.
Tonic and Bass by Wm. HOBBS.

1. O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit;
The sac-rifice of-fer, of soul, flesh and blood,
With love and thanksgiving, fall down at thy feet; } (and my God,
To thee, my Re-deemer, my Lord,

2. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord;
I love thee, my Saviour, and trust in thy word;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know:
But how much I love thee, I never can show!

3. I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With angels my kindred, and Jesus my dear.

4. O Jesus, my Saviour! in thee I am blest;
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest.
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my song,
Thy love doth inspire both my heart and my tongue.



1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store,

The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;

A country I've found where true joys abound,

To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.



2. The souls that believe in Paradise live, And me in that number will Jesus receive: My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away, Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.



3. No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort,—go after him, go;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

KINGSLEY. 11s.



4. Who, who would live alway? away from his God? Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glo-ry e-ter-nal-ly reigns!



5. There the saints of all ages in harmony meet, Their Saviour and brethren transported they greet,
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



5. But this I do find, we two are so join'd, He'll not live in glory and leave me behind: Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.
So this is the race I'm running thro' grace.

6. And now I'm in care my neighbors may share In bondage, O why, and death will you lie, When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare!

TALADEGA.

8s & 7s.

J. W. Dyer.

Come thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;

Sinners, come unto the Saviour,
Come and see that God is good;

His arms are open to receive you,
Taste and see that God is good.

1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call, My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.

MOUNT BETHER. 11s & 8s.

Lewis.

2. Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love? For why, in the valley of death should I weep, Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3. O why should I wander, an alien from thee, And cry in the desert for bread? Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

4. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen The star that on Israel shone? Say, if in your tents my beloved has been, And where with his flocks he is gone?

5. This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine
When autumn with plenty is crown'd

6. The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow,
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheek in the beauty of excellence blow;
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7. His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death—
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
And the world is perfumed with his breath.

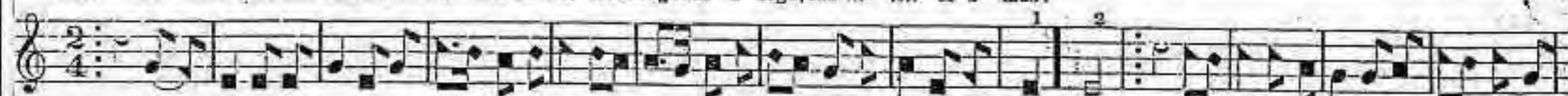
O why should I wan-der an alien from thee, Or cry in the de-sert for bread? }
My foes will re-joice when my sor-rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed. } Ye daugh-ters of Zi-on, de-clare have you

seen, The star that on Is-ra-el shone; Say if in your tents my be-lov-ed has been, And where with his flocks he is gone!



1. At the close of the day, when the ham - let is still, And mor - tals the sweets of for - get - ful - ness prove,
When nought but the tor - rent is heard on the hill, And nought but the night-in-gale's song in the grove;
D. C. No more with him-self or with na - ture at war, He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man;

'Twas thus by the cave of a moun-tain a-



2. "Ah! why thus a-ban-don'd to dark-ness and woe! Why, lone Phil-o-me-la, this lan-guish-ing fall?
For spring shall re-turn, and a lov - er be-stow, And sor - row no long - er thy bo - som en-thrall;
D. C. O soothe him whose plea-sures like thine pass a-way, Full quick-ly they pass, but they ne - ver re-turn.

Yet if pit-y in-spire thee, re-new thy sad



far, While his harp rung sym - pho-nious, a her-mit be - gan;



lay, Mourn, sweet-est com-plain - er, man calls thee to mourn;



3. Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half-extinguish'd, her crescent dis-plays;
But lately I mark'd when, majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze;
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue!
The path that conducts thee to splendor again—
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah! fool, to exult in a glory so vain.

5. 'Twas thus, by the glare of false sciences betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts went to roam from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
"O pity, great Father of light," then I cried,
"Thy creature that fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humble in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free."

4. 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew;
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save,
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?

6. And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn;
See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

1. Saw ye my Saviour! Saw ye my Sa - viour! Saw ye my Sa - viour and God! Oh! he died on Cal - va - ry.

2. He was ex - tend - ed! He was ex - tend - ed! Shame - ful - ly nail'd to the cross; Oh! he bow'd his head and died,

3. Je - sus hung bleed - ing! Je - sus hung bleed - ing! Three dread - ful hours ... in pain; Oh! the sun re - fused to shine,

4. Darkness pre - vail - ed! Dark - ness pre - vail - ed! Dark - ness pre - vail'd o'er the land— Oh! the sol - id rocks were rent,

To a - tone for you and me, And to pur - chase our par - don with blood.

Thus my Lord was cru - ci - fied, To a - tone for a world that was lost.

When the Ma - jes - ty di - vine Was de - ri - ded, in - sult - ed, and slain.

Through ere - a - tion's vast ex - tent, When the Jews cru - ci - fied the God - man!

5. When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made;
He was taken by the great,
Wrapp'd in linen clean and sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6. Hail! mighty Saviour! hail! mighty Saviour!
Prince, and the author of peace!
Oh! he burst the bands of death,
And in triumph left the earth—
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7. Now interceding, now interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live:
Crying, "Father, I have died,
(O behold my hands and side!)
To redeem them, I pray thee, forgive!"

8. "I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
If they'll repent, and believe:
Let them now return to me,
And be reconciled through thee,
And salvation they all shall receive!"

1. Be - hold! be - hold the Lamb of God! On the cross, on the cross! } Oh! hear his all - im - port - ant cry, "E - li, la - ma sa - bach - tha - ni;"
He sheds for you his pre - cious blood, On the cross, on the cross!

D. C. Draw near and see your Sa - viour die, On the cross, on the cross!

2.
Behold his arms extended wide, On the cross, &c.
Behold his bleeding hands and side, On the, &c.
The sun withholds his rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with devils fight, On the, &c.

3.
Come, sinners, see him lifted up, On the, &c.
For you he drinks the bitter cup, On the, &c.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake, On the, &c.

4.
And now the mighty deed is done, On the, &c.
The battle's fought, the victory's won, On the, &c.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies, On the, &c.

5.
Where'er I go I'll tell the story, Of the, &c.
Of nothing else my soul shall glory, Save the, &c.
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me On the, &c.

6.
Let every mourner rise and cling, To the &c.
Let every Christian come and sing, Round the &c.
There let the preacher take his stand,
And, with the Bible in his hand,
Declare the triumphs through the land, Of the, &c.

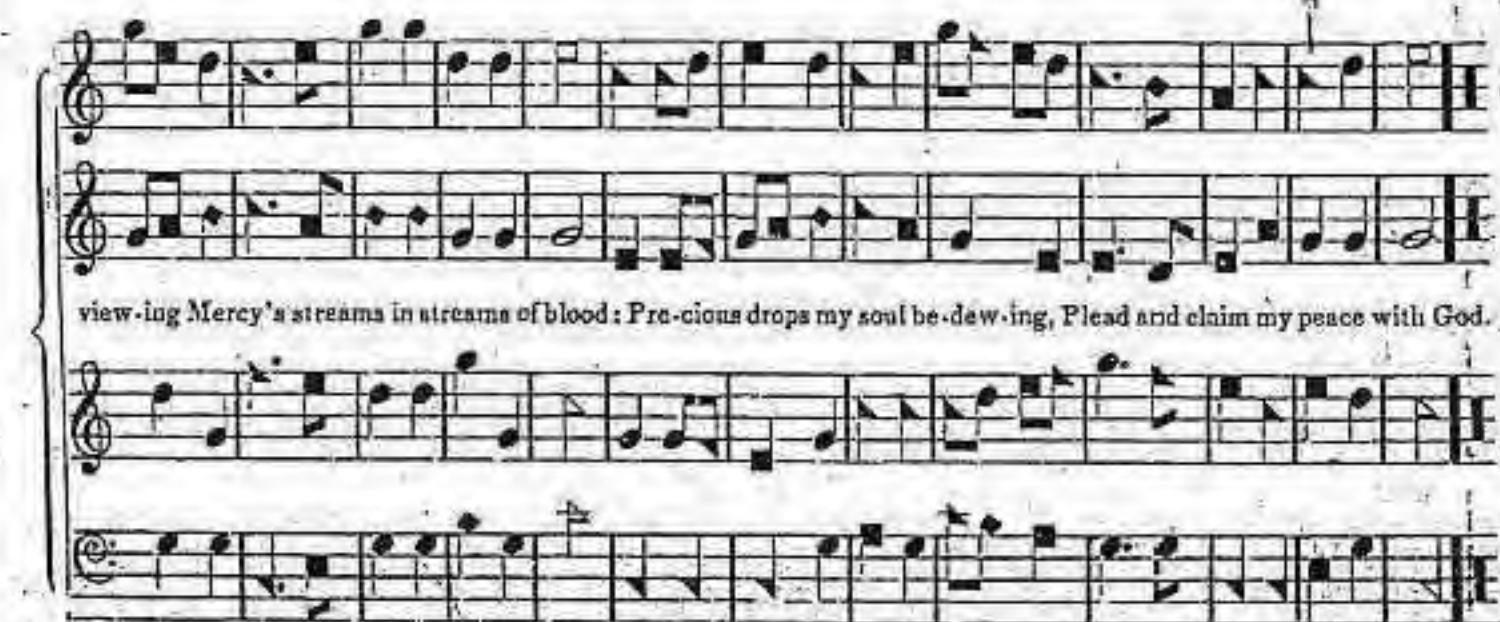
Ye captives restored, and saints of the Lord,
Who follow the Lamb, and are led by his word;
Let's read it, and see if we can a-gree,
And pray for the Spirit our Leader to be.

CHRISTMAS HYMN. 11s.

A vir-gin, un-spot-ted, the prophets fore-told,
Should bring forth a Saviour, whom now we be-hold,
To be our Re-deem-er from death, hell, and sin,
Which Ad-am's transgres-sion in-volv-ed us in.



1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
Life and health, and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend: Here I'll sit, for ev-er



view-ing Mercy's streams in streams of blood: Pre-cious drops my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

2. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye:
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much! I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

3. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing
And himself more deeply know.

ROAD'S TOWN. 6 lines 7s.

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1. Daniel's wisdom may I know, John's divine communion feel, Run like the unwearied Paul, Win the, &c
Stephen's faith and spirit show, Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal; Win the day and conquer all,

2. Mary's love may I possess, Lydia's tender-heartedness, Peter's ardent spirit feel, James's faith by works reveal; Like young Timothy, may I Every sinful passion fly.
3. Job's submission may I show, David's true devotion know; Samuel's call, O may I hear, Laz'rus' happy portion share; Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire, All my new-born soul inspire.
4. Most of all, may I pursue That example Jesus drew; By my life and conduct show How he lived and walk'd below; Day by day, through grace restored, Imitate my blessed Lord.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 125.

WAR DEPARTMENT. 11s.

10. No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard, The tomahawk buried, shall rest in the ground, And peace and good-will to the nations abound.
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd,

11. All spirit of war to the gospel shall bow, To prune the young orchard the spear shall be bent, [content,
The bow lie unstrung at the foot of the plough; And love greet the world with a smile of

1. O how have I long'd for the com-ing of God, And sought him by praying and searching his word;
 With watching and fasting my soul was oppress'd, Nor would I give o-ver till Je-sus had bless'd. } The to-kens of mer-cy at length did appear, Ac-

2. The news of his mer-cy is spread-ing a-broad, And sin-ners come crying and weeping to God.
 Their mourning and praying is heard very loud, And many find fa-vor in Je-sus's blood: } Here are more, my dear Saviour, who fall at thy feet, Op-

cord-ing to promise he answer'd my pray-er; And glo-ry is open'd in floods on my soul, Sal-va-tion from Zi-on's be-gin-ning to roll.

press'd by a bur-den a-nor-mous-ly great; O raise them, my Je-sus, to tell of thy love, And shout hal-le-lu-jahs with angels a-bove!

1. Christian, see! the orient morning Breaks along the heathen sky; Lo! th' expected day is dawn-ing, Glorious Day-spring from on high! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

2. Heathens at the sight are singing, Morning wakes the tuneful lays, Precious off'rings they are bringing, First-fruits of more perfect praise: Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu-jah!

Hail! the Day-spring from on high.

Hail! the Day-spring from on high.

3. Zion's Sun! salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise and shine till brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills:
Hallelujah!
Hail! the Day-spring from on high.
4. Then the valleys and the mountains
Breaking forth in joy shall sing;
Then the living crystal fountains
From the thirsty ground shall spring:
Hallelujah!
Hail! the Day-spring from on high.

5. While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer:
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear:
Hallelujah!
Hail! the Day-spring from on high.
6. Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread thy truth from pole to pole
Spread the light of thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul:
Hallelujah!
Hail! the Day-spring from on high.

1. From Green-land's i-cy moun-tains, From In-dis's co-ral strand,
Where Afric's sun-ny foun-tains, Roll down their gol-den sands; From many an an-cient riv-er, From many a palm-y

plain, They call us to do - liv-er Their land from er-ror's chsin.

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle!
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.



1. From realms where the day it's first dawning ex-tends, The sun of the gos-pel in glo-ry as-cends; Ye for-ests at-tend, while your children com-bine, In

2. Involved in un-cer-tain-ty, darkness, and death, The clouds of de-struction hung o-ver our path, Till yon ris-ing splendor il-lumined our way, And

3. A coun-cil on high has been held, to in-quire For th' help of mankind—and peace kindled the fire; Pro-vis-ion was made for the na-tions distress'd, And



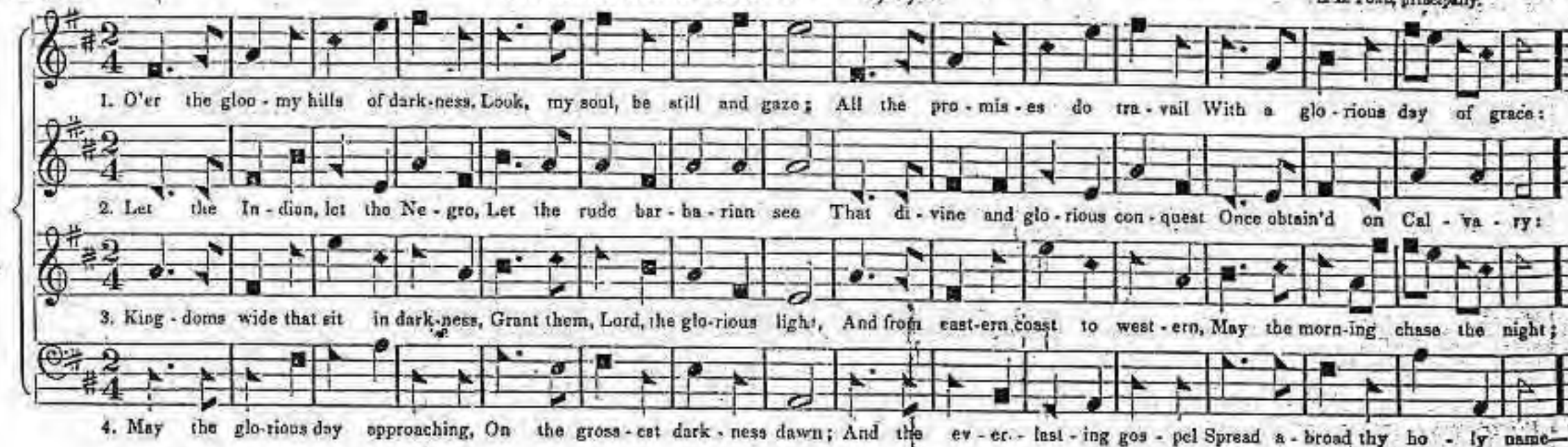
ac-cents un-u-sual, and transports di-vine.

pointed our steps to the regions of day.

with the rich treasures all lands shall be bless'd.

4. The chain of salvation, let down from above,
Cemented by justice, and brighten'd by love;
The safety of hope, and the channel of grace
Joins heaven and earth in its mighty embrace.
5. On high see our Jesus, the penitent's friend,
With banner of mercy, compassionate bend:
Entreating the wretched, rebellious, and vile,
From ruin to flee, and repose in his smile.
6. The Prince of salvation is coming—prepare
A way in the desert his blessings to share;
He comes to release us from sin and from woes,
And bids the rude wilderness bloom like the rose.
7. His reign shall extend from the East to the West,
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest;
The Day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.
8. The brute-hearted temper of man shall grow tame;
The wolf and the lion lie down with the lamb;
The bear and the kine shall contentedly feed,
And children their young ones in harmony lead.

9. No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard,
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd;
The tomahawk buried, shall rest in the ground,
And peace and good-will to the nations abound.
10. All spirit of war to the gospel shall bow;
The bow lie unstrung at the foot of the plough;
To prune the young orchard the spear shall be bent,
And love greet the world with a smile of content.
11. Slight tinctures of skin shall no longer engage
The fervor of jealousy, murder, and rage;
The white man and red shall in friendship be join'd,
Wide spreading benevolence over mankind.
12. Hail! scenes of felicity, transport and joy!
When hatred and passion shall cease to annoy;
Rich blessings of grace from above shall be given,
And life only serve as a passage to heav'n.
13. Roll forward, dear Saviour, roll forward the day,
When all shall submit, and rejoice in thy way;
When white men and Indians, united in praise,
One vast hallelujah, triumphant shall raise.



1. O'er the gloo - my hills of dark-ness, Look, my soul, be still and gaze; All the pro - mis - es do tra - vail With a glo - rious day of grace:

2. Let the In - dian, let the Ne - gro, Let the rude bar - ba - rian see That di - vine and glo - rious con - quest Once obtain'd on Cal - va - ry:

3. King - doms wide that sit in dark-ness, Grant them, Lord, the glo - rious light, And from east-ern coast to west - ern, May the morn - ing chase the night;

4. May the glo - rious day approaching, On the gross - est dark - ness dawn; And the ev - er - last - ing gos - pel Spread a - broad thy ho - ly name—



Bless - ed jub'lee! Blessed jub'lee! Let thy glorious morn - ing dawn,

Let the gos - pel, Let the gos - pel, Loud resound from pole to pole.

And re - demption, And redemption, Freely pur - chas'd, win the day.

All the bor - ders All the borders, Of the great EM - MAN - UEL'S land.

5. Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

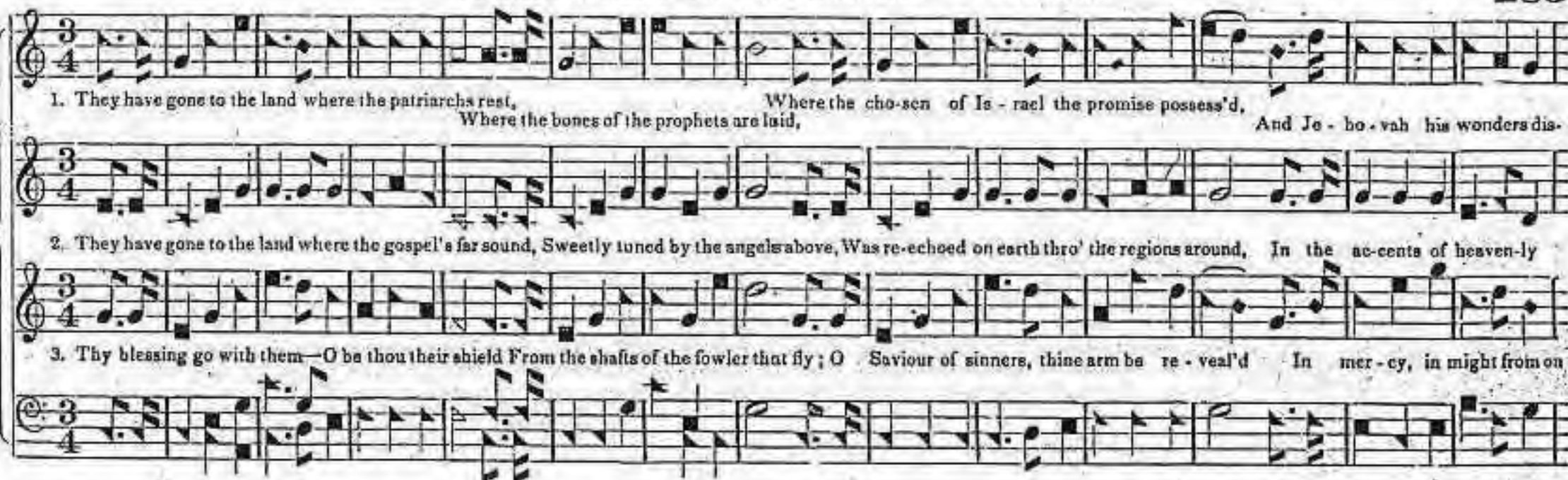
Hymn.

1. COME, thou Conqueror of the nations,
Now on thy white horse appear;
Earthquakes, deaths, add desolations,
Signify thy kingdom near:
True and faithful!
Stablish thy dominion here.
2. Thine the kingdom, power, and glory;
Thine the ransom'd nations are;
Let the heaven fall before thee,
Let the isles thy power declare:
Judge and conquer
All mankind in righteous war.

3. Thee let all mankind admire,
Object of our joy and dread!
Flame thine eyes with heav'nly fire,
Many crowns upon thy head;
But thine essence
None, except thyself, can read.

4. Yet we know our Mediator,
By the Father's grace bestow'd;
Meekly cloth'd in human nature,
Thee we call the Word of God:
Flesh thy vesture,
Dipp'd in thy own sacred blood.

5. Captain, God of our salvation,
Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
Borne th' Almighty's indignation,
Quench'd the fiercest wrath of God,
Take the kingdom,
Claim the purchase of thy blood.



1. They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest,
Where the bones of the prophets are laid, Where the cho-sen of Is - rael the promise possess'd,
And Je - ho - vah his wonders dis-

2. They have gone to the land where the gospel's far sound, Sweetly tuned by the angels above, Was re-echoed on earth thro' the regions around, In the ac-cents of heaven-ly

3. Thy blessing go with them—O be thou their shield From the shafts of the fowler that fly; O Saviour of sinners, thine arm be re - veal'd In mer - cy, in might from on



play'd: To the land where the Saviour of sinners once bled,
Where he labor'd, and languish'd, and died; Where he triumph'd o'er death, and ascended to God,
As he captive captiv-i - ty led.

love; Where the Spirit descended in tokens of flame, The rich gifts of his grace to reveal; Where a - postles wrought signs in Immanuel's name, The truth of his mission to seal.

high. They have gone—O thou Shepherd of Israel—have gone, The glad mission of love to restore; Thou wilt not forsake them nor leave them alone: Thy blessing we humbly implore.

1. WAKE, Isles of the South! your re-demp-tion is near, No lon-ger re - pose in the bor-ders of gloom; The strength of His chosen in love shall ap-pear, And

light shall a - rise on the verge of the tomb, And light shall a-rise on the verge of the tomb.

2. The billows that girt you, the wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play where the ocean-storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.
3. On the islands that sit in the regions of night,
The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,
The morning will open with healing and light,
The glad Star of Bethlehem brighten to day.
4. The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
The incense forbade that was hallow'd with blood;
The priest of Melchizedek there shall atone,
And the shrines of Aïdōl be sacred to God.
5. The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
The Day-spring, the prophet in vision once saw;
When the beams of Messiah will lumine each clime,
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.

* The words of this piece were composed by William B. Tappan, Esq., and sung on the wharf at New Haven, at the embarkation of the missionaries for the Sandwich Islands, in 1822. O what hath God wrought in those islands since that time! "The parched ground has become a pool"—"The shrines of Aïdōl" have indeed become "sacred to God." The largest church on earth is there; those poor heathens have been given to Jesus for his "inheritance"—those "uttermost parts of the earth, for his possession!" "Alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"—W. H.

MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.* 8, 7, 4.

Arr'd by Wm. Hocsza.

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1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well; } Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in
Friends, can - nec - tions, hap - py coun - try—Can I bid you all fare - well!

2. Home, thy joys are pass - ing love - ly—Joys no strang - er heart can tell; } Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in
Hap - py home, in - deed I love thee: Can I can I say "fare - well!"

3. Scenes of sa - cred peace and plea - sure, Ho - ly days and Sab - bath bell; } Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in
Rich - est, bright - est, sweet - est trea - sure, Can I say a last fare - well!

hea - then lands to dwell, Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea - then lands to dwell!

hea - then lands to dwell, Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in hea - then lands to dwell!

hea - then lands to dwell, Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea - then lands to dwell!

4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5. In the deserts let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6. Bear me, on, thou restless ocean:
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

* The poetry of this piece was written by the Rev. S. F. Smith, an esteemed Baptist minister.

1. On Thibet's snow-capp'd mountains, O'er Af-ric's burn-ing sand, Where roll the fi-rey foun-tains Adown Ha-wai-i's strand— In
 2. In gol-den ar-mor blaz-ing, They press their on-ward way, And high in air up-rais-ing, The glorious cross dis-play; A-

3. Where sin hath fix'd her dwelling, Where Death the ty-rant reigns, The heav'n-ly notes are swell-ing In loud-est, sweet-est strains; They
 4. What tho' hell's fi-rey re-gions, Pour forth their dread ar-ray! Look up!—an-gel-ic le-gions Attend you on your way. March

ev'-ry dis-tant na-tion, The migh-ty globe a-round, The her-alds of sal-va-tion The gos-pel trum-pet sound.
 way their weap-ons hurl-ing, The war-ring na-tions cease, And hail with joy, an-furl-ing, The ban-ner-et of peace.

breathe—the bones are sha-ken, And cloth'd with flesh a-rise— They bid the dead a-wa-ken To glo-ry in the skies.
 on, ye sons of hea-ven, This pre-cious prom-ise sing— "The hea-then shall be giv-en To Christ our glo-rious King."

MISSIONARY CALL. *Concluded.*

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First Chorus; to be sung as a finale.
Treble.

Pla.

For.

Alto.

Sal - vation! O sal - vation!

The joy - ful sound proclaim,

Till earth's remotest na - tion

Has learn'd Messiah's name,

Till earth's remotest nation

Has learn'd Messiah's name.

Tenor.

Bass.

MONROE. L. M.

D. C.

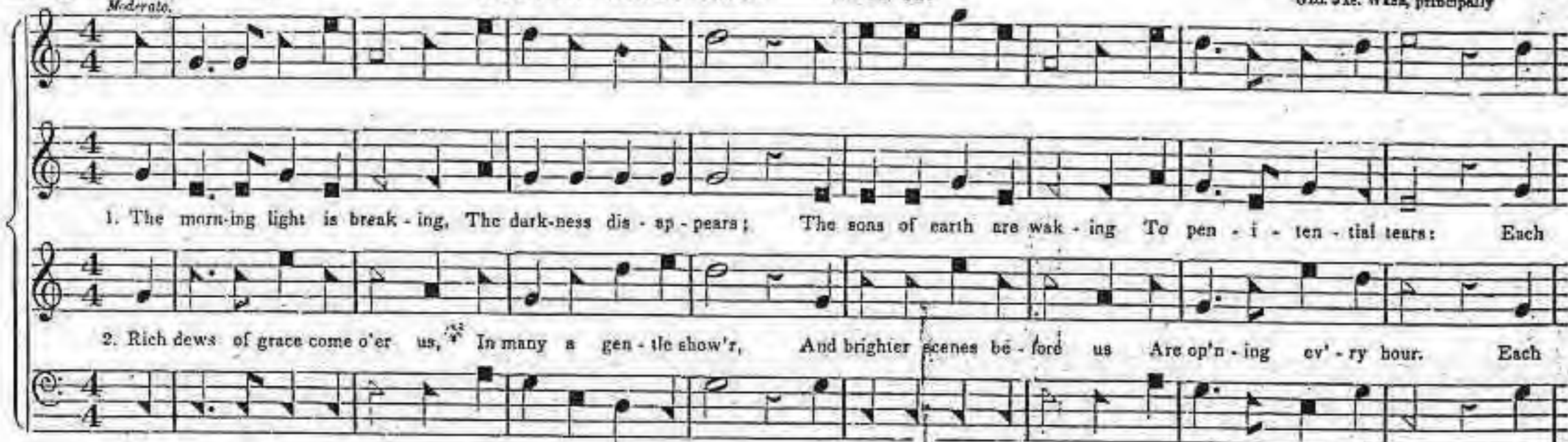
D. C.

D. C.

D. C.

Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way till him I view.
D. C. The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from ban - ish - ment,

Moderato.


1. The morn-ing light is break - ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears: Each

2. Rich dew's of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle show'r, And brighter scenes be - fore us Are op'n - ing ev' - ry hour. Each



breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tidings from a - far, Of na-tions in commo - tion, Prepar'd for Zi - on's war.

cry to heaven go - ing, A-bundant answer brings, And heav'nly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to ev'ry nation,
Nor in thy fulness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "Th' Lord is come!"

Treble and Alto by W. H.

"Tell my brethren that I died at my post."—Last words of Rev. Thomas Drummond.

1. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth, He hast-ed, the her - ald of mer-cy and truth: For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost; Soon, a -

2. The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom,
One gift - ed so high - ly should sink to the tomb; For in or - der he led in the van of the host, And he

las! was his fall—but he died at his post, Soon, a - las! was his fall—but he died at his post.

fell like a sol-dier—he died at his post, And he fell like a sol-dier—he died at his post.

3. He wept not himself that his warfare was done;
The battle was fought, and the victory won;
But he whisper'd of those whom his heart clung to most,
"Tell my brethren for me that I died at my post."
4. He ask'd not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He ask'd not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he ask'd as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.
5. Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has pass'd o'er the stream, and has reach'd the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.
6. And can we the words of his exit forget?
Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet;
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

1. The chariot of mer-cy is speeding its way,
Far, far thro' the shad-ow - y gloom,
Where the lands, that in death's dark obscurity lay,
Are bursting the bars of their

2. Hal-le - lu - jahs are sound-ing melo-dious - ly clear,
Borne sweet from the Isles of the sea,
And the lands of the East send the echo a-far,
And the long-fettered Pagan is

3. And the dark-visaged son of the Af-ri-can wild
Has tast-ed Em-man-u-el's love,
And his lion-like nature grows tenderly mild,
As he hears the sweet "news" from a

tomb. I see where 'tis shedding its lu-minous ray,
Dis-persing the shadows of night;
And the wondering nations are hailing the day,
And re-joice in its glo-ri-ous light.

free. And the Indian, that roams thro' the green-prairied West,
Now raises his tear-moisten'd eye,
As he welcomes with joy the glad tidings of rest,
In a home far-a-way in the sky.

bove. O cha-riot of mercy, roll glorious-ly on, And fly o-ver mountain and sea, Till the last gloomy shadow of darkness is gone, And the last fetter'd spirit is free

1. Hail the day no long ex-pect-ed; Hail the year of full re-lease; } From the dis-tant courts of Zi-on, Hear the trumpet loud-ly roar:
 Zi-on's walls are now e-rect-ed, And the watchmen pub-lish peace;

2. Hear the peo-ple sad-ly cry-ing, While their ci-ty dis-ap-pears; } Merchants raise their lam-en-ta-tion, Crying from a dis-tant shore:
 Trade and traf-fic all are dy-ing, Ev'-ry eye is bath'd in tears;

3. Where is now her for-mer glo-ry? Where is now her pride and show? } Raise your wailings, kings and no-bles, Priests and people, rich and poor.
 One brief day re-lates the sto-ry Of her fi-nal o-ver-throw;

Chorus.

"Bab-y-lon is fall-en! is fall-en! is fall-en! Bab-y-lon is fall-en, to rise no more!"

"Bab-y-lon is fall-en! is fall-en! is fall-en! Bab-y-lon is fall-en, to rise no more!"

"Bab-y-lon is fall-en! is fall-en! is fall-en! Bab-y-lon is fall-en, to rise no more!"

4. Shout, ye saints, in exultation,
 Now your enemies are slain:
 Raise the anthem of salvation:
 Sing the grand millennial reign:
 Let the universal chorus
 Be repeated o'er and o'er—
 Babylon is fallen, &c.
5. Hark! the sound of many voices,
 Issuing from the crystal skies;
 Heaven's unnumber'd host rejoice
 Swelling hallelujah's rise:
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 God's Almighty power adore!
 Babylon is fallen, &c.
6. Glory, honor, and salvation,
 Cry th' enraptured throngs again,
 While each elder from his station,
 Shouts the long and loud amen:
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Sounding still like thunder's roar—
 Babylon is fallen, &c.



1. When shall the voice of singing When hill and valley ringing. Proclaim the contest ended, A-
Flow joyful - ly a - long? With one triumphant song, And Him who once was slain, A-
A - gain to earth descended, A-

2. Then from the craggy mountains, The sacred shout shall fly; And shady vales and fountains Shall echo the reply: High tower and lowly dwelling Shall send the chorus

PALMYRA.

8s & 7s.

BRADSHAW.



A - gain to earth, &c. In righteousness, &c.
gain to earth descended, Again to earth descended, In righteousness to reign.
gain to, &c. A - gain to, &c. In righteousness, &c.
round, All hallelujah swelling, All hallelujah swelling, in one eternal sound.

1. Come, thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free; }
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in thee. }

2. Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er; Born a child, and yet a King; }
Born to reign in us for ev - er, Now thy gra - cious king - dom bring. }

Is-ra-el's strength and conso - la - tion, Hope of all the saints thou art, Dear de - sire of ev' - ry na - tion, Joy of ev' - ry long-ing heart.

By thine own e - ter - nal Spi - rit, Rule in all our hearts a - lone, By thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to thy glo - rious throne.

ROCK OF AGES. 6 lines 7s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flow'd, D. C.

D. C. Be of sin the per - fect cure—Save me, Lord, and make me pure. D. C.

1. Come, my soul, and let us try, For a lit-tle sea-son; }
 Ev'-ry bur-den to lay by; Come and let us rea-son: } What is this that casts thee down? Who are those that grieve thee?

D. C. Speak, and let the worst be known, Speaking may re-lieve thee.

2. "Christ, by faith, I sometimes see,
 Then it doth relieve me;
 But my sins return again—
 They are those that grieve me:

Troubled like the restless sea,
 Feeble, faint, and fearful,
 Plunged in sin—a sore disease,
 How can I be cheerful?"

3. Think on what thy Saviour bore,
 In the gloomy garden,
 Sweating blood from ev'ry pore,
 'To procure thy pardon:

See him stretch'd upon the wood,
 Bleeding, groaning, crying,
 Suffering all the wrath of God,
 Quiv'ring, gasping, dying.

EXULTATION.

6s & 9s.

Come away to the skies, My be-lov-ed, a-rise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this fes-ti-val day, Come, exulting away, And with singing to Zion return.

1. Come friends and relations, let's join hearts and hand, The voice of the turtle is heard in our land; Come, let's join together and follow the sound, And march to the

place where redemption is found.

2. The place it is hidden, the place it is seal'd,
The place it is hidden till it is reveal'd:
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and wo.

3. That place it is hidden by reason of sin;
Alas! you can't see the sad state you are in!
You're blind and polluted, in prison and pain,
O how can such rebels redemption obtain!

4. But if you are wounded and bruised by the fall,
Then up, and be doing! for you he doth call;
And if you are tempted to doubt and despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.

5. And you, my dear brethren, that Love my dear Lord,
Have witness for pardon, thro' faith in his blood;
Let patience attend you wherever you go,
Your Saviour has purchased redemption for you.

1. An a-lie from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander'd thro' earth its gay pleasures to trace ;

In the pathway of sin, I continued to roam, Unmindful, a-las ! that it led me from home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home ! O Saviour, direct me to heaven my home.

2. The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay ;
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are giv'n,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heav'n.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3. Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms !
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms :
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven my home.

4. Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory, I view -
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
O when shall I share the fruition of home.

5. The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
" Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home."
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
O there I shall rest with my Saviour at home.

6. Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er ;
The saints shall unite to be parted no more ;
There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mer-cy is com-ing so nigh! Now Je-sus in-vites you, the

2. How vain the de-lu-sion, that while you de-lay, Your hearts may grow bet-ter by stay-ing a-way; Come wretched, come star-ving, come

3. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
Oh how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

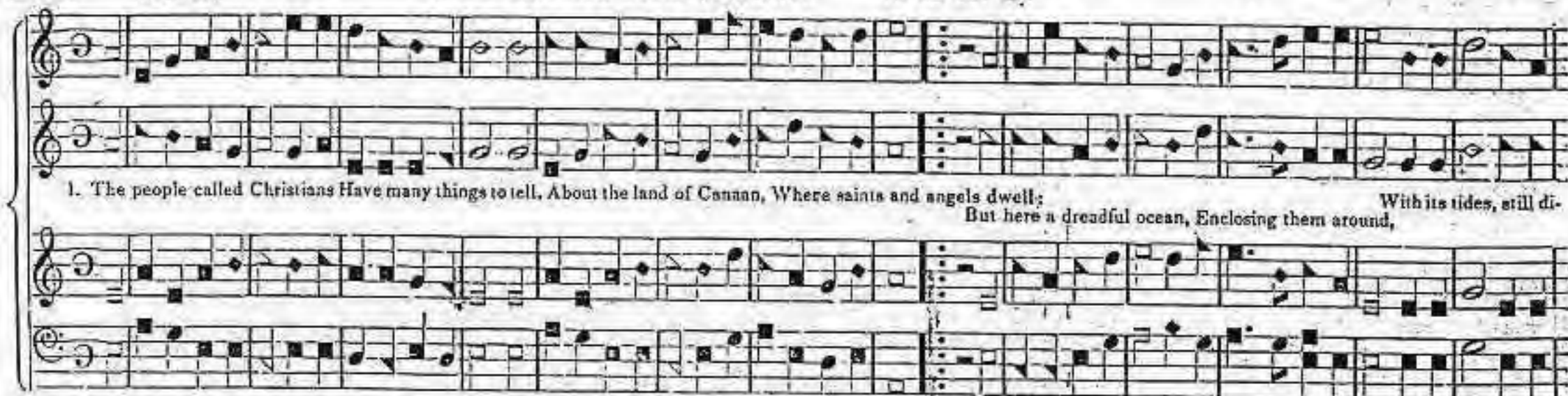
4. In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5. Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
'There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;—
If still you are doubting, make trial, and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6. Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And, trusting in heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together and soon be at home.

Spir-it says, Come! And an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.

just as you be, While streams of sal-va-tion are flow-ing so free.



1. The people called Christians Have many things to tell, About the land of Canaan, Where saints and angels dwell;
But here a dreadful ocean, Enclosing them around, With its tides, still di-

THE RESOLVE.

6s & 7s.



1. I'll try to prove faithful, I'll try, &c. I'll try to prove faithful, faithful, faithful, Till we all shall meet above.

2. Oh, let us prove faithful! Oh, let, &c. Oh let us prove faithful, faithful, faithful, Till we all shall meet above.

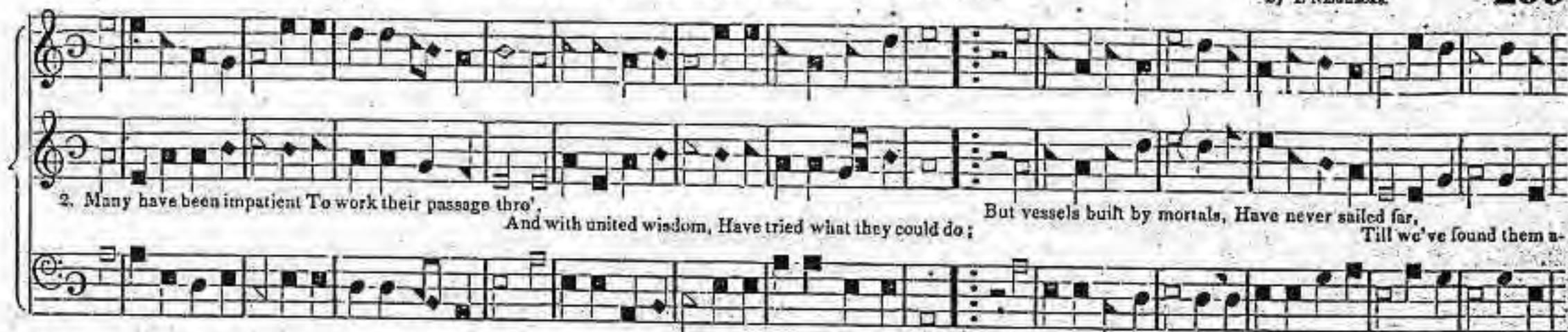
3. We mean to be faithful, We mean, &c. We mean to be faithful, faithful, faithful, Till we all shall meet above.

4. There'll be no more sinning,
There'll be no more sinning,
There'll be no more sinning, sinning, sinning,
When we all shall meet above.

5. There'll be no more sorrow,
There'll be no more sorrow,
There'll be no more sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
When we all shall meet above.

6. There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
When we all shall meet above.

7. There we shall sing praises,
There we shall sing praises,
There we shall sing praises, praises, praises,
When we all shall meet above.



3. The everlasting gospel
Hath launch'd the deep at last;
Behold the sails expanded
Along the tow'ring mast!
Along the deck in order,
The joyful sailors stand,
Crying, "Ho! here we go,
To Immanuel's happy land."

4. We're now on the wide ocean,
We bid the world farewell;
And though where we shall anchor
No mortal tongue can tell,
About our fate in future,
There need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide
With our Captain and his Mate.

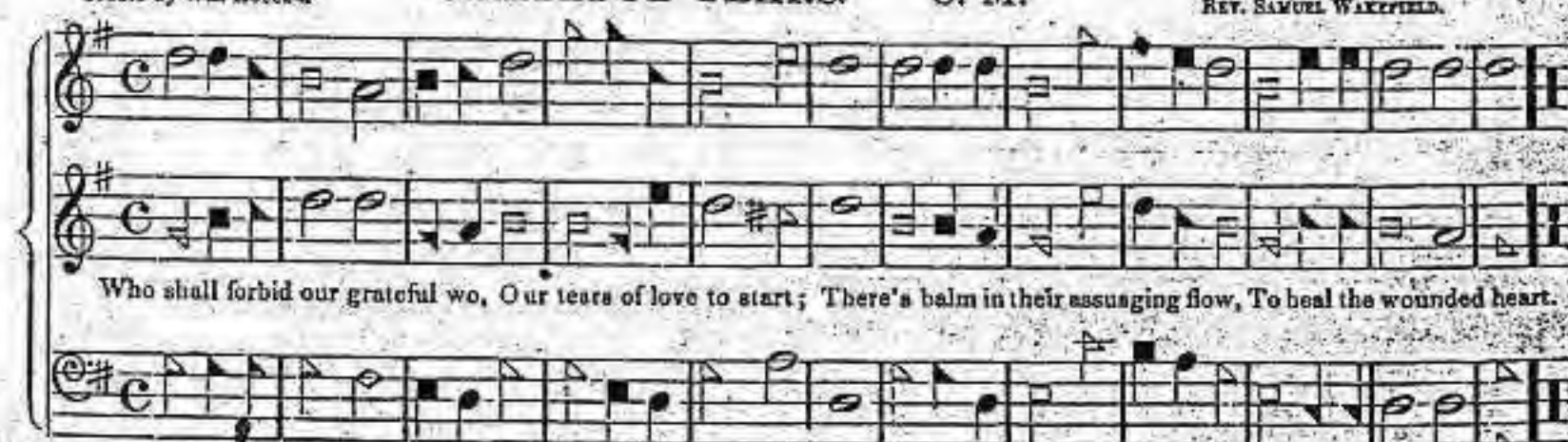
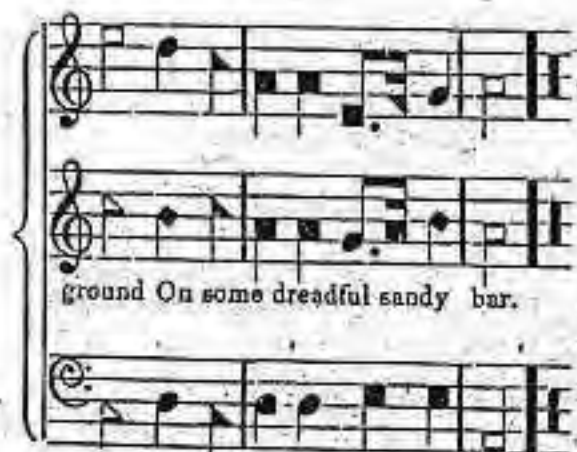
5. To those who are spectators,
What anguish must ensue,
To hear their old companions
Bid them a last adieu!
The pleasures of your paradise
No more our hearts invire;
We will sail—you may rail—
We shall soon be out of sight.

6. The passengers united
In order, peace, and love;—
The wind is in our favor,
How swiftly do we move!
Though tempests may assail us,
And raging billows roar,
We will sweep thro' the deep,
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.

Treble by WM. HOUSE.

GRATEFUL TEARS. C. M.

REV. SAMUEL WAKEFIELD.



1. Though troubles as - sail, and dan - gers af - fright, Though friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite, } The Lord will pro -
 Yet one thing se - cures us, what - ever be - tide, The pro - mise as - sures us The Lord will pro - vide.

2. The birds with out barn or store - house are fed, From them let us learn to trust for our bread; } The Lord will pro -
 His saints, what is fit - ting, shall ne'er be de - nied, So long as 'tis writ - ten The Lord will pro - vide.

3. We all may, like ships, by tem - pests be lost On per - il - ous deeps, but need not be lost; } The Lord will pro -
 Though Sa - tan en - ra - ges the wind and the tide, Yet Scrip - ture en - ga - ges The Lord will pro - vide.

vide, The Lord will pro - vide, The pro - mise as - sures us The Lord will pro - vide.

vide, The Lord will pro - vide, So long as 'tis writ - ten The Lord will pro - vide.

vide, The Lord will pro - vide, Yet Scrip - ture en - ga - ges The Lord will pro - vide.

4. His call we obey, like Abra'm of old;
 We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
 For, though we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
 And trust, in all dangers, The Lord will provide.
5. When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us, (though oft he has tried,)
 The heart-cheering promise, The Lord will provide.
6. He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;
 But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
 This answers all questions, The Lord will provide.
7. No strength of our own, nor goodness, we claim,
 Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
 In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide;
 The Lord is our power, The Lord will provide.
8. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 The word of his grace shall comfort us through,
 Not fearing nor doubting, with Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting, The Lord will provide.

1. How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!

There is but one physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul.

Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,

To tell to all a-round me
His wondrous pow'r

To save.

HARRISON. 7s & 6s.

WALKER and HOUZER.

2. 'The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;

On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within;

'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined;

And none but a believer,
'The least relief can find.

2. From men, great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain,
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4. At length this great Physician
(How matchless is his grace!)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First, gave me sight to view him—
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then bade me look unto him—
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5. A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician—
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—"Look, and live."

1. Come, children of Zi-on, and help me to sing Loud an-thems of prais-es to Je-sus our King, Whose life was once giv-en our souls to re-

deem, And bring us to hea-ven to dwell there with him.

In regions of darkness, and sorrow, and pains,
We all lay in ruins, in prison and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood,
The ransom provided to bring us to God.

3. Oh! come to the Saviour, and take up the cross,
Seek treasure in heaven—count all else but loss;
His mercy invites us—then let us comply;
Oh! why should we linger when he is so nigh!

4. We'll fear not the dangers that lie in our way—
His arm will protect us by night and by day;
All this we must suffer and patiently bear,
Till Jesus shall take us where suff'rings are o'er.

1. Be - gone, un - be - lief, my Sa - viour is near, And for my re - lief will sure - ly ap - pear; By prayer let me wrestle, and he will per - form, With

Christ in the ves - sel, I smile at the storm.

2. Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
3. His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to bring me quite through.
4. Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame?

5. Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? he taught me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
6. How bitter the cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live;
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer? and shall I repine?
7. Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, Oh! how pleasant the conqueror's song!

INDIANA. 6s & 9s.

Wm. Hooper

Now with sing-ing we praise, The o-rig-i-nal grace, By our hea-ven-ly Fath-er be-stow'd; Our be-ing receive, From his bounty, and live, To the hon-or and glo-ry of God.

The musical score for 'INDIANA' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, both in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The third staff is for the right-hand piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the fourth is for the left-hand piano accompaniment in bass clef. The melody is a simple, rhythmic tune with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

SOLICITATION. 6s & 9s.

Anon.

How hap-py are they, Who their Sa-viour o-bey, And have laid up their trea-sures a - bove; The sweet com-fort and peace
Tongue can-not ex-press Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

The musical score for 'SOLICITATION' consists of four staves, similar in layout to the first piece. It features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are split across the vocal staves, with the first line of the verse on the first staff and the second line on the second staff.

SWEET GLIDING KEDRON. 11s.

Wm. Hooper.

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1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
 Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
 Shone bright on thy waters, would frequently stray,
 And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
 How hard was his pillow! how humble his bed!
 The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
 And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3. O garden of Olivet, dear honor'd spot!
 The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot;
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
 The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4. Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
 Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
 Let joyful hosannas unceasingly rise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

MORNING'S SWEETNESS. 8s.

A - wake with the sound of the bell, With the dawn of morning a - rise,
 When all in the val - ley is still, And no cloud hangs o - ver the skies;
 How tranquil the thoughts of the morn, When dew on the mountains dis - til!

D. C. How sweet and re-fresh-ing the breeze That comes with the earliest gale!

D. C.

Chorus.

1. Hail! the blest morn, when the great Mediator, Down from the regions of glory descends! } Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in a manger—Lo! for his guards the bright angels attend! } Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!

D. C. Star of the east, the ho-ri-zon adorning, Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

STAR IN THE EAST. [Another arrangement.]

2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining. Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall, } Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining, Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all! } Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!

D. C. Star of the east, the ho-ri-zon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

3. Say, shall we yield him a costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden, or offerings divine?
 Gems from the mountain, or pearls from the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 All these can never his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Low at his feet, we, in humble prostration,
 Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife;
 There we receive his divine consolation,
 Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

6. He is our Friend in the midst of temptation, Faithful Supporter, whose love cannot fall; Rock of our refuge and hope of salvation, Light to direct us thro' Death's gloomy vale.

7. Star of the morning, thy brightness declining, Shortly must fade when the Sun doth arise; Beaming refulgent, his glo-ry e-ter-nal, Shines on the children of love in the skies.

EDGEFIELD.

8s.

J. T. WHITE.

How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,

Have all lost their sweetness to me, Have lost, &c.

1. Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thine precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! &c.

4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! &c.

3. I sigh, from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! &c.

5. What'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait till thou come,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! &c.



1. See the Lord of glo-ry dy-ing! See him gasp-ing! hear him cry-ing! See his bur-den'd bo-som heave! - - - Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him, Look how

2. See the rocks and mountains shaking, Earth unto her cen - tre quaking, Nature's groans awake the dead; - - - Look on Phœbus, struck with wonder, While the



deep your sins have stung him! Dy - ing sin - ners, look and live.



peals of le - gal thunder Smite the blest Redeemer's head.

3. Heaven's bright melodious legions,
Chanting to the tuneful regions,
Cenae to trill the quivering string;
Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war is ended
By the all-victorious King.
4. Hell, and all the powers infernal,
Vanquish'd by the King eternal,
When he pour'd the vital flood,
By his groans which shook creation;
Lo! we sound the proclamation,
"Peace and pardon through his blood!"

5. Shout, ye saints, with admiration;
Fill with songs the wide creation,
Since he's risen from the grave:
Shout with joy and acclamation,
To the rock of your salvation,
Who alone hath power to save.
6. Bear with patience tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
Till the glorious Jubilee;
Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder,
Then shall we adore and wonder,
Singing in the highest key.

7. See the blissful scene before us!
Join the universal choral!
Bid the howling numbers rise!
Songs immortal sweetly sounding,
Notes angelic, loud rebounding,
Trembling round the vocal skies.

1. How pain-ful-ly pleas-ing the fond rec-ol-lection Of youth-ful con-vec-tions and in-no-cent joy, While bless'd with pa-rent- al ad-

2. Blest Bi-ble! the vol-ume of God's in-spi-ra-tion, At morning and eve-ning could yield us de-light; While th' prayer of our sire was a

3. Ye scenes of on-joyment, long have we been parted, My hopes at-most gone, and my pa-rents no more; In sor-row and sad-ness I

4. Blest Bi-ble! the light and the guide of the stranger, With thee I seem cir-cled by pa-rents and friends; Thy kind ad-mo-ni-tions shall

5. Though age and mis-er-tune press hard on my feelings, I'll flee to the Bi-ble, and trust in the Lord; Tho' darkness should cov-er his

vice and af-fections, Sur-rounded with mer-cy and peace from on high! I still view the chairs of my fa-ther and mother, The seats of their

sweet in-vo-ca-tion, For mer-cy by day, and for safe-ty by night. Our hymns of thank-giv-ing with har-mo-ny swelling, All warm from the

live broken-hearted, And wan-der a-lone on a far-dis-tant shore: But why should I doubt a dear Saviour's pro-tection, For-get-ful of

shield me from danger.—On thee my last in-ger-ing hope now de-pends: Hope awakens in vi-gor, and brightens to glo-ry.—I'll hasten and

mer-ci-ful dealings, My soul is still cheer'd by his heav-en-ly word. And now from things earth-ly my soul is re-moving: I soon shall shout

offspring, as rang'd on each hand; And the rich-est of books, which ex-cels ev'-ry oth-er—The fam-i-ly Bi-ble that lay on the stand.

hearts of the fam-i-ly hand, Half rais'd us from earth to that rapt-ur-ous dwelling, De-scrib'd in this Bi-ble that lay on the stand.

gifts from his beau-ti-ful hand! O let me with pa-tience re-ceive his cor-rec-tion, And think of the Bi-ble that lay on the stand.

flee to the promis-ed land! For ref-uge lay hold on the hope set be-fore me, Re-veal'd in the Bi-ble that lay on the stand.
glo-ry with heav'n's bright band, And in raptures of joy be for ev-er a-dor-ing The God of the Bi-ble that lay on the stand.

ELLISON. 8, 7, 4.

Treble by Wm. Hopson.

Andante

5. Ag-o-niz-ing in the gar-den, Lo! your Ma-ker prostrate lies! } "It is fin-ish'd!" "It is fin-ish'd!" Sin-ners, will not this suffice?
On the blood-y tree be-hold him! Hear him cry, be-fore he dies, }

6. Lo! th'in-cur-rate God ascend-ing, Plead the mer-it of his blood; } None but Je-sus, None but Je-sus Can do help-less sinners good.
Ven-ture on him, ven-ture free-ly; Let no oth-er trust in-trude: }

7. Saints and an-gels, join'd in con-cert, Sing the prais-es of the Lamb; } Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Sin-ners here may do the same.
While the bliss-ful saints of heav'n Sweetly ech-o with his name: }

1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed in sor-row and care; From the ends of the earth unto Thee will I

2. When Sa-tan, my foe, comes in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the foun-tain of good, I'll pray to the Saviour who kind-ly did

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rock'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff and the second line of lyrics corresponding to the second staff.

cry, "Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!" High-er than I, High-er than I; Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!

die: "Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!" High-er than I, High-er than I; Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!

The second system of the musical score for 'The Rock'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff and the second line of lyrics corresponding to the second staff.

3. And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear:—
From the swellings of Jordan to Thee will I cry:
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"

4. And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
With millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,
To praise the Great Rock that is higher than I.

1. In this calm, impressive hour, God of mercy, God of power, Hear me from thy lofty throne,
Let my prayer ascend on high; Hear me, when to thee I cry: For the sake of Christ thy Son.

2. With this morning's early ray, Let thy beams of light convey, Now o'er all my steps preside,
While the shades of night depart, Joy and gladness to my heart; And for all my wants provide.

3. Oh! what joy that word affords, King of kings and Lord of lords, Now begin thy boundless sway,
'Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth;' Send thy gospel heralds forth; Usher in the glorious day.

KINGSWOOD. 7s.

Children of the heavenly King, As you journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

1. "Mer-cy, O thou Son of Da-vid!" Thus poor blind Bar-tim-eus pray'd; "Oth-ers by thy grace are sa-ved, Now to me af-ford thine aid."

2. While he cri-ed ma-ny chid him, But he pray'd the loud-er still; Till the gra-cious Sav-iour bid him, "Come, and ask me what you will."

3. Mon-ey was not what he want-ed, Though by beg-ging used to live; But he ask'd, and Je-sus grant-ed, Alms which none but he could give.

4. "Lord, remove this grievous blind-ness, Let my eyes be-hold the day;" Straight he saw, and, won by kind-ness, Fol-low'd Je-sus in the way.

5. Now, methinks, I hear him singing—
Publishing to all around—
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!"

6. "O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely, if they'd come unto him,
He would cause them all to see."

7. "Now I freely leave my garments,
Follow Jesus in the way;—
He will guide me by his counsel—
Lead me to eternal day."

8. "There I shall behold my Saviour,
Spotless, innocent, and pure,
There with him to reign for ever,
If I to the end endure."

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

THOMAS LAYDEY. 1890.

To bless thy cho-sen race, In mer-cy, Lord, in-cline; and cause the bright-ness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

CONQUERING SOLDIER.

7s & 6s. D.

Part arr'd by Wm. Housen.

315

Oh! when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above; }
 And from the flowing fountain Drink everlasting love; } When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin, And with my blessed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in!

Gravely.

MEANALLY.

6s & 4s.

Arr'd by Jas. M. Ewer and Wm. Housen.

1. Haste, my dull soul, arise! Shake off thy care; }
 Press to thy native skies, High - ty in prayer; } Je - sus has gone before, Count all thy troubles o'er, He all thy burdens bore, Je - sus is there.

2. Soul, for the marriage feast, Robed and pre - pared, }
 Ho - ly must be each guest, Je - sus is there; } Saints, wear your vict'ry palms, Chant your celestial psalms; Bride of the Lamb, thy charms Oh! let me wear.

3. Heav'n's bliss is perfect, pure, Je - sus is there; }
 Heav'n's bliss is ev - er sure, Thou art its heir. } What makes us joys complete? What makes its hymns so sweet? There we our friends shall meet; Jesus is there!

1. O Je - sus, my Saviour, I know thou art mine, } Of ob-jects most pleasing, I love thee the best, With-out thee I'm
For thee all the pleasures of sin I re - sign;

wretched, but with thee I'm blest.

2. Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find;
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy relieved me and bade me not fear.

3. In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals or angels would fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm raised to a rapture while praising his name.

4. I find him in singing, I find him in prayer;
In sweet meditation he always is near,
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part,
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

5. I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee my Lord;
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word;
With tender emotion I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.

6. My Jesus is precious—I cannot forbear,
Though sinners despise me, his love to declare;
His love overwhelms me, had I wings I'd fly
To praise him in mansions prepared in the sky.

7. Then millions of ages my soul would employ,
In praising my Jesus, my love and my joy,
Without interruption, when all the glad throng
With pleasure unceasing unite in the song.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove,
And drink the flow - ing foun - tain Of e - ver - last - ing love? } When shall I be de - liv - er'd From this vain world of sin, And

with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less plea - sures in?

2. But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before—
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3. Through grace I am determind
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly;
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4. And if you meet with trials
And troubles on the way,
Cast all your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the heav'nly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when your warfare's ended
You'll reign with him above.

5. O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge
He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

1. When shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?

Of shall glowing hope expire,
Of shall wearied love retire,

Of shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2. Though in distant lands we sigh,
Perch'd beneath a hostile sky,

Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls,

And in fancy's wide domain,
Of shall we all meet again.

INDIAN'S FAREWELL.

6 lines 7s.

Arr'd by Wm. Walker.

3. When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day,

When around the youthful pine,
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,

Long may the lov'd bow'r remain,
Ere we all shall meet again.

4. When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,

When in oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,

Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.



1. Come, ye wea-ry, hea-vy - la - den, Lost and ru - in'd by the fall, } Not the right-eous—Not the right-eous—Sin-ners Je - sus came to call.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.

HOW CHARMING IS JESUS. 7s & 6s.

Arr'd by Wm. Horsum.



1. There we shall reign with Jesus, And shout with the redeemed— O, how charming! how charming! how charming is Jesus,
On that delightful shore, Our sins and sorrows o'er!— He is my Redeemer, my Lord and my God.

2. The wicked cease from troubling, And we shall reign with Jesus, O how charming, &c.
The weary are at rest; Eternal ages blest.

3. We shall be like the angels, And shout aloud salvation— O, how charming, &c.
In that immortal throng, 'Twill be our lasting song.

How splendid shines the morning star, God's gracious light from darkness far, The root of Jes - se - bless-ed! Thou David's son, of Jacob's stem, My Bridegroom,

The first system of the musical score for 'Morning Star' consists of four staves. The top three staves are treble clef, and the bottom staff is a bass clef. The time signature is 6/8. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

King, and wondrous Friend, Thou hast my heart pos-sess-ed, Sweet-ly, friend-ly, O thou handsome, precious ransom, Full of graces, Set and kept in heav'nly places!

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of four staves (three treble, one bass) in 6/8 time. The lyrics are written below the second staff. The music concludes with a double bar line.

1. My breth - ren all, on you I call, Arise and look a-round you; } The trump - et calls on Zi - on's walls—Shake
How ma - ny foes, bound to op - pose, Are wait - ing to con-found you; }

2. To God we'll try and hell de - fy, Tho' Sa - tan roar like thun - der— } While mu - sic sweet makes some re - treat, Our
The voice of pray'r makes sinners stare, While fill'd with joy and won - der; }

3. While grace di - vine in orb - ers shine, With each we are de-light - ed; } The sweet - est joys our pow'r em - ploy, To
With them we crowd and sing so loud, Poor sin - ners are af-fright - ed. }

off your sleep and slum - ber; A - rise and pray, we'll win the day, Tho' we are few in num - ber.

Je - sus still draws nigh - er; His pre - cious name lights up the flame That sets our souls on fire.

see the cause ad - vanc - ing—Tho' some go off, and bold - ly scoff, And say that we are danc - ing.

4. Some mournfully for mercy cry,
And stubborn hearts are bended—
If we hot smile, some say we're wild,
And so go off offended:
If souls are born we'll bear the scorn,
Let sinners tell their story—
For Jesus' name we'll bare the blame,
And give him all the glory.
5. But let them scoff, we still will cry
To God for their salvation—
O God of love, send from above,
And save them from damnation;
Thy Spirit send their hearts to bend,
Arrest them by thy thunder!
Let sweetest songs employ their tongues—
Fill them with joy and wonder.

1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till our Mas - ter ap-pear; His a - do - ra - ble

2. Our life as a dream, Our time as a stream Glides swiftly a-way, And the fu - gi - tive moment re - fu - ses to stay: The ar - row is

3. O that each in the day Of his com-ing may say, "I have fought my way thro', I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!" O that each from his

will Let us glad-ly ful - fil, And our talents improve, By the pa-tience of hope and the la - bor of love. By the pa-tience, &c.

flown, The moment is gone, The mil-len-ni - al year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here. Rushes on, &c.

Lord May receive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done! Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne!" Enter in - to, &c.

Chorus.

1. O hear-ken, sinners, we have cause To warn you of your dan-ger, }
 We pray be re-con-ciled to Him Who once lay in a man-ger. } Ho! every one that thirst-eth! Come ye to the wa-

2. That aw-ful God who made the soul, And all the world around you, }
 Doth charge you with ten thousand crimes, But ha-teth to confound you. } Ho! every one, &c.

ters: Freely drink, and quench your thirst, Ye Zi-on's sons and daugh-ters.

Freely drink, &c.

3. O seek his sanctifying grace!
 Be wise—do not refuse it;
 For if you seek your life to save,
 You will be sure to lose it.—Ho! every, &c.

4. The cross of Christ you have to bear,
 Fearless of persecution,
 Or groan you will when time shall cease.
 In darkness and confusion.

5. Come all ye humble, weeping souls,
 Who long to be forgiven,
 We bring glad tidings unto you,
 From the good Lord of heaven.

6. There is a fountain deep and wide,
 For sin and all uncleanness;
 O come and wash, and be made white,
 And prove the gospel fulness.

7. Shall unbelief debar you from
 The knowledge of your Saviour?
 Believe, and you'll be justified—
 Believe, and live for ever.

8. A glorious throng have gone before,
 Who sing and shout hosannah;
 They stand around the tree of life,
 And always gather manna.

9. Come on, ye followers of the Lamb,
 Love God, and sing hosannah;
 We soon shall join that heav'nly throng,
 And always live on manna.

Ho-san-na to Jesus! I'm fill'd with his praises;
 Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to sing;
 No theme is so charming, no love is so warming,
 It gives joy and gladness, and comfort with-

in. Ho-san-na is ringing, I'm happy while singing.
 And shouting the praises of Je - sus's name;
 The an-gels in glo-ry re-peat the glad story
 Of Jesus's love, which is made known to men.

1. How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
 In you blissful region, the haven of rest,
 Where glorified spirits, with welcome shall greet me,
 And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
 Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
 My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
 I'll bask in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
 Their songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
 My soul will respond, To Emmanuel be given
 All glory, and honor, and might and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

3. Then hail, blessed state! hail ye songsters of glory!
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 "Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love:
 Though prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation
 Already my soul feels a sweet prohibition
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ; }
 Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and pow'r ! } He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is wil - ling, doubt no more, He is

a - ble, He is a - ble, He is wil - ling, doubt no more.

2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free beauty glorify ;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh ;
 Without money
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
3. Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall ;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all ;
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5. Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies ;
 On the bloody tree behold him !
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 " It is finish'd !"
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?
6. Lo ! the incarnate God, ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture freely
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
7. Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name :
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may do the same.

1. Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus, Partners of his patience here; } Mark the to - kens, Mark the to - kens Of his heav'n-ly kingdom near.
Christ, to all be - lievers precious, Lord of lords, shall soon appear; } Mark the to - kens, Mark the to - kens Of his heav'n-ly kingdom near.

RICHMOND. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8.

My be-lov-ed, haste a-way. Fails my soul at thy de-lay. Quickly, quickly, Je-sus come, (homo.) And make my breast thy native
Sick of love, for thee I languish; Feels a dying lover's anguish.

Trotter by Wm. Housman.



1. To go from my home, and from kindred to part,—To break up my friendships affects not my heart, Like leaving that bliss-ful and ho - ly place, where Je-

2. Sweet bow'r! where the vine and the poplar o'erspread,
Have woven their branches a roof for my head: How oft have I knelt by the ev - er-green there, And

3. The ear - ly sweet notes of the lov'd nightingale, My hours of de - vo-tion would faith - ful - ly tell—Would call me to du - ty, while birds in the air Sang



ho - vah has heard and has answer'd my prayer, and has an - swer'd my pray'r.

pour'd out my soul to the Sa - viour in prayer, to the Sa - viour in prayer.

an - thems of prais - es, as I went to prayer, as I went to prayer.

4. How sweet were the zephyra perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild oregantine!
But sweeter, O sweeter! the pleasures which there
I often have tasted while off'ring my prayer.
5. But soon I must bid my loved bower adieu,
And leave for a region that's distant and new;
Yet, O blessed thought! I've a friend ev'rywhere,
Who will, in all places, give ear to my prayer.
6. His love and his pow'r he will daily impart,
To strengthen my mind and to gladden my heart:
And when on my death-bed, he'll be with me there,
And take me to heaven in answer to prayer.
7. And high in the mansions of glory and joy,
My soul shall be blest with delightful employ—
Be freed from all sorrow, and anguish and care,
And bask in His smile who has answer'd my prayer.

Now let our mourn-ful songs re-cord The dy-ing sor-rows of our Lord, When he com-plain'd in tears and blood, As one for-gu-ken of his God.

The

The Jews be-hold him

The Jews be-hold him thus for-lorn, And shake their heads and laugh in scorn: He res-cued oth-ers from the grave, Now let him try him-self to save.

The Jews be-hold him thus for-lorn, He res-cued oth-ers from the grave, Now let him try him-self to save.
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn:

Jews be-hold him thus for-lorn, And shake, &c. He res-cued, &c. Now let, &c. Now let, &c.

thus for-lorn, And shake, &c. He res-cued, &c. Now let, &c. Now let, &c.

1. The Lord, the sovereign, sends his summons forth, From East to West his sounding orders spread,
Calls the South nations, and awakes the North, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead;

2. Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh, Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky; To hear his justice and the sinner's doom;

1. Hark! how the gos - pel trum - pet sounds! Thro' all the world the ech - - - o bounds; And Je - sus, by re - deem - ing blood, Is

bringing sin - ners back to God, And guides them safely, by his word, To end - less day.

2. Hail! all-victorious, conquering Lord!
Be thou by all thy works adored;
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we, with thee, may ever reign
In endless day.

3. Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on!
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.



4. There we shall in full chorus join;
With saints and angels all combine
To sing of His re-deeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move;
And this shall be our theme above,
In end-less day.

AMSTERDAM.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

WILLIAMS.



1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Rise from transi-to-ry things,
Thy better portion place,
Towards heav'n, thy native place;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Tune shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste a-way
To seats prepared above.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Fires ascend and seek the sun,
Nor stay in all their course;
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to see his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

1. What now is my ob - ject, my object and aim, What now is my hope and desire? } My hope is all centred, all centred in thee, I trust to re-
To fol - low the heav'nly, the heav'nly Lamb, And af - ter his image aspire. }

2. I thirst for the life - giv - ing, life-giving God, A God that on Cal - va - ry died; } I gasp for the streams, for the streams of thy love, The spir - it of
A foun - tain of wa - ter, of water and blood, That gush'd from Emmanu'el's side! }

cov - er thy love, On earth thy sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion to see, And then to en - joy thee a - bove, . . . And then to en - joy thee a - bove.

rap - ture un - known, And then to re - drink, to re - drink it above, E - ter - nal - ly fresh from thy throne, . . . E - ter - nal - ly fresh from thy throne.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

1. Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.
2. Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind;
He rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.
3. There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with their Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last.

1. See how the Scriptures are fulfilling, Poor sinners are returning home !
The time that prophets were foretelling, With signs and wonders, now is come : } The gospel trumpet now is roaring, From sea to sea, from land to land ; God's Holy Spi-

rit is down pouring, And Christians joining heart and hand.

2. Ten thousands fall before Jehovah,
For mercy, mercy, loud they cry ;
They rise a shouting, " Hallelujah !
All glory be to God on high !"
But many cry, "'Tis all disorder,"—
And disbelieve God's holy word ;
This makes them cry and shout the louder
" All glory ! glory ! to the Lord !"

3. O sinners, hear our invitation,
You are but feeble dying worms ;
O fly to Jesus for salvation,
Or you will meet God's awful storms
We warn you in the name of Jesus,
The awful Judge of quick and dead ;
But if you should refuse to hear us,
Your blood shall be upon your head.

4. Now God is calling ev'ry nation,
The bond and free, the rich and poor ;
These are the days of visitation,
Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er :
The Lord shall come all clothed in thunder,
And lightning streaming from his eyes ;
Oh, then he'll cut his foes asunder,
And lay them where the damned lie.

5. The sun is blighted from its centre,
Enveloped in an awful cloud,—
The stars to shine now dare not venture,—
Pale Cynthia clothed in scarlet shroud :
The sea and land together burning,
The flames ascend the melting sky ;
All nature now to naught returning,
Hark ! hark ! the herald angels cry.

Through ev'ry age, eter - nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe a - bode; High was, &c. Or High was thy throne, ere heav'n was made, Or High was thy throne, ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble

earth thy humble footstool laid. High was, &c. Or earth, &c. earth thy humble foot - stool laid, High was, &c. Or earth, &c. Or earth thy hum - ble foot - stool laid, earth thy, &c. High was thy, &c. Or earth, &c.

From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, E-

ternal are thy, &c. E - ter - nal truth, &c. Thy praise, &c. Till suns, &c. Till suns, &c.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth attends thy word, Thy praise, &c. Till suns . . . shall rise, &c. Till suns shall rise and set no more.

mercies, Lord, Eternal truth, &c. Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Thy praise, &c. Till suns, &c.

ter - nal truth attends thy word, Thy praise, &c. Till suns, &c. Till suns, &c.

Slow.

1. Come, Christians, be val-lant, our Je-sus is near us! We'll con-quer the pow-ers of dark-ness and sin; Through grace and the Spir-it we'll

gle-ry in-her-it, And peace, like a riv-er, give com-fort with-in.

2.
We've trials and losses, and hardships and crosses,
But Heaven will pay us for all that we bear;
'Twill soon end in pleasure and glory for ever,
And bright crowns of glory for ever we'll wear.

3.
Young converts, be humble, your prospects are blooming,
The wings of kind angels around you are spread;
While some are oppressed with sin and with mourning
The spirit of joy upon you Christ hath shed.

4.
Live near to your Captain, and always obey him;
The world, flesh, and Satan, must all be denied;
Care, diligence, patience, and prayer without ceasing,
Will safely conduct you to mansions on high.

5.
O mourners, God bless you! don't faint in your spirit!
Believe in the Saviour, and pardon he'll give;
He's now interceding, and pleading his merit,
Give up your whole soul, and he'll quickly receive.

Gent-ly he draws my heart a-long, Both with his beau-ties - and his tongue : Rise, saith my Lord, and haste a - way, No mor - tal joys are worth thy stay, The

The musical score for the first system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Jew-ish win - try state is gone, The mists are fled, the spring comes on ; The sacred tur - tle dove we hear, Pro-claim the new, the joy-ful year.

The musical score for the second system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Break, ye in-ter - vening skies! Sun of Righteous.

1. Burst, ye em' - rald gates! and bring To my res - tur'd vis - ion, }
 All th' ec - stat - ic joys that spring Round the bright e - ly - sium! }

Break, ye in-ter - vening skies! Sun of Righteous.

Break, &c.

Lo! we lift our long-ing eyes, Break, ye interven - ing skies! Sun of Righteous.

ELYSIAN. 7s & 6s.

ness, a - rise! Ope the gates of par - a - dise.

2. Four and twen - ty el - ders rise, From their prince - ly sta - tion;
 Shout his glo - rious vic - to - ries, Sing the great sal - va - tion.

Cast their crowns be-fore his throne, Cry in rev-e-ren-tial tone; Glo-ry be to God a-lone, Ho-ly! ho-ly! ho-ly one!

3. Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;

Trumps angelic sound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven echoing the theme.

4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we in the holy lays,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung;
Jesus! Jesus! flow along.

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 434.

SHIELDS. L. P. M.

Arr'd by Wm. Howard.

When quiet in my house I sit, Thy look be my com-pan-ion still;
My joy thy say-ings to repeat, Talk o'er the rec-ords of thy will;
And search the or-a-cles divine, Till ev'-ry heart-felt word be mine.

Alto by Wm. Hanson.

1. Love di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown! Je-sus, thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded

love thou art; Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; Enter ev'-ry trembling heart.

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3. Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4. Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,—
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Hail! ye sigh-ing sons of sorrow! [doom;}
Learn with me your certain

Learn with me your fate to-morrow, [tomb;} See all na-ture fa-ding, dy-ing; Life from veg-e-ta-tion fly-ing,
Dead, perhaps laid in the Si-lent, all things seem to mourn;

Em, Bm D, Em D, Em D, Em Bm, Em, G, Fm, G, Em, G, Bm, Em, Bm, D, Em, D

Christian Lyre. ROBY. 8s & 7s. Arr'd by Wm. Howard.

1. Tempest-tossed, troubled spirit, [thy load;}
Dost thou groan beneath View thy Saviour on the mountain,
Fear-ing thou shalt not in-her-it In the kingdom of thy God! In tempta-tion's painful hour;

D. C. Tho' of grace himself the fountain,
And the Lord of boundless pow'r.

2. Do thy blooming prospects languish?
Say'at thou still, "I'm not his child?"
View thy Saviour's dreadful anguish,
Famish'd in the gloomy wild,
Not a step in all thy journey,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
But thy Lord hath trod before thee,
And thy way to glory clears.

3. Though through seas of tribulation
Jesus calls thee here to go,
He hath wrought thy great salvation
In far deeper seas of woe;
Jesus, though by God anointed,
Christ, the co-eternal Son,
As by love divine appointed,
Treads the wine-press all alone.

4. Sinks thy soul in waves of sorrow?
Pass o'er Kedron's rolling flood,
Witness there the doleful horror
Of the suff'ring Son of God;
There the victim groaning, weeping,
Bears the wrath of God alone,
While his senseless followers sleeping,
Scarce regard a single groan!



1. I find my-self placed in a state of pro-ba-tion, Which God has commanded us well to im - prove ; }
 And I am re-solv'd to re-gard all his pre-cepts, And on in the way of o-be-dience to move. }
 D. C. But grace will sup-port me and comfort my spir-it, And I shall be a-ble fore-ev-er to stand.

I know I must go thro' great trib-u-la-tion, And ma-ny sore



con-flicts on ev-ery hand;

2. I'm call'd to contend with the powers of darkness,
 And many sore conflicts I have to pass through ;
 O Jesus, be with me in every battle;
 And help me my enemies all to subdue ;
 If thou, gracious Lord, wilt only be with me,
 To aid and direct me, then all will be right ;
 Apollyon, with all his powerful forces,
 In thy name and thy strength I shall soon put to flight.
3. And when I must cross o'er the cold stream of Jordan,
 I'll bid all my sorrows a final adieu,
 And hasten away to the land of sweet Canaan,
 Where, Christians, I hope I shall there meet with you ;

- That rest into which my soul shall then enter,
 Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end—
 A rest of exemption from warfare and labor,
 A rest in the bosom of Jesus, my friend.
4. And more than exemption from fighting and hardship,
 My gracious Redeemer will grant unto me ;
 A portion of bliss he has promised to give me,
 And true to that promise he surely will be :
 Yes, I shall receive and always inherit
 A happy reception and truly divine ;
 For which all the praises and glory, my Saviour,
 Are due unto thee, and shall ever be thine.

1. Now, in the heat of youth - ful blood, Re - mem - ber your Cre - a - - tor, God: Be - hold the months come

Be - hold the months come hast'ning on, When

Be - hold the months come hast'ning on, When you shall say, "My joys are gone." When you, &c.

hold the months come hast'ning on, When you shall say, "My joys are gone." When you, &c.

hast'ning on, When you shall say, "My joys are gone." Be - hold the months come hast'ning on, When you, &c.

you shall say, "My joys are gone"

Be - hold the months come hast' - - - ning on, When you, &c.

2. Behold, the aged sinner goes,
3. The dust returns to dust again;
4. Eternal King! I fear thy name:

Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Teach me to know how frail I am

Down to the regions of the dead,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
And when my soul must hence remove,

With endless curses on his head,
But hears his doom, and sinks to hell.
Give me a mansion in thy love,

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While

I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and

My days, &c. While

life, &c. Or im-mor-tal - i - ty, &c.

be - ing last, Or im-mor - tal - i - ty endures, My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last, Or im-mor-tal - i - ty en - dures.

life, &c. Or im-mor-tal - i - ty, &c.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see; }
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me; }

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

But when I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as pleasant as May.

2. His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice:
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear,
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear,
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

3. Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind;

4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
 Or take me to thee upon high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.



1. There's a Friend a - bove all - em, O how he loves! Earth - ly friends may fail and leave us, This day kind, the next be - reave us,
His is love be - yond a - n - er's, O how he loves!



2. Bless - ed Je - sus! wouldst thou know him? O how he loves! Is it sin that pains and grieves thee, Un - be - lief and tri - als tease thee!
Give thy-self, e'en this day, to him, O how he loves!




But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, O how he loves!



Je - sus can from all re - lease thee, O how he loves!



3. Love this Friend, who longs to save thee, O how he loves!
Dost thou love? he will not leave thee,
O how he loves!
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow—
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O how he loves!
4. All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
O how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er beids thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
O how he loves!
5. Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
O how he loves!
Naught can cleave this love asunder,
O how he loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation
Can bereave us of salvation,
O how he loves!
6. Let us still this love be viewing,
O how he loves!
And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
O how he loves!
He will strengthen each endevör,
And when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song for ever,
O how he loves!

* A Welsh air, said to be sung by that people in all their religious revivals.

1. I would not live alway—I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full e-

2. I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin, Temptation without and corruption within; E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiving with

3. I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb! Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise, To hail him in triumph de-

OREGON. 7s.

From C. M. Von Winnen.

Andante.

1. *p.* Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord, *f.* Be thy glorious name a - dox'd! *p.* Lord, thy mercies nev - er fail; *f.* Hail, ce - les - tial goodness, hail!

2. *p.* Though unworthy, Lord, give ear; Deign our humble songs to hear; *m.* Pur - er praise we hope to bring, When around thy throne we sing.

3. *f.* Then, with an - gel harps, a - gain, We will wake a no - ble strain; There, in joyful songs of praise, Our triumphant voi - ces raise.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clefs, and the bottom two are bass clefs. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the first treble staff, with accompaniment in the other three staves. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

'Tis night, and the land-scape is love-ly no more; I mourn, but, ye wood-lands, I mourn not for you, For morn is ap-proach-ing your charms to re-store, Per-

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

form'd with fresh fra-grance and glitt'ring with dew; Nor yet for the rav-age of win-ter I mourn, Kind na-ture the em-bry-o' blos-som will

save, But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn? Oh! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?

Methodist Hymn Book.

CONFIDENCE. S. P. M.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears; }
The bleed-ing sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; } Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

2. He e - ver lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; }
His all - re-deem-ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead; } His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the thrones of grace.

3. Five bleed-ing wounds he bears, Re - ceiv'd on Cal - va - ry; }
They pour ef - fec-tual prayers, - They strongly plead for me; } For - give him, O for - give! they cry, Nor let that ran - som'd sin - ner die.

Short from the cradle to the grave:

Think, mighty God, on fee-ble man: How few his hours, how short his span!

Short from the cradle to the grave:

Short from the cradle to the grave, Short from the cradle to the grave:

Short from the cradle to the grave, Short from the cradle to the grave:

With skill to fly, or pow'r to save, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

Who can se-cure his vital breath Against the bold demands of death.

With skill to fly, or pow'r to save, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

With skill to fly, or pow'r to save, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

1. Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt - er's power, Your Re - deem-er's con - flict see, Watch with him one dread-fal

hour; Turn not from his griefs a - way— Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

2.
Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
Oh the wormwood and the gall!
Oh the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear his cross.

3.
Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time—
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4.
Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
Pia. All is solitude and gloom—
Who hath taken him away?
FF. Christ is risen! He meets our eyes!
Saviour, teach us so to rise.



1. Come, O thou Trav-ell-er unknown, Whom still I hold, but can-not see;}
My com-pa-ny be-fore has gone, And I am left alone with thee;}

With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.



2. I need not tell thee who I am, My mis-ery and sin de-clare;}
Thy-self hast call'd me by my name, Look on thy hands and read it there;}

But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.



3. In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died'st for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5. Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident, in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings, speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

9. The Sun of Righteousness, on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wings,
Wither'd my nature's strength; from thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4. Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell,
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

7. 'Tis love! 'tis love! thou died'st for me,
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art.
To me, to ALL, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

10. Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nay have I power from thee to move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

5. What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long!
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then am I strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

8. My prayer hath power with God, the grace
Unspokable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

11. Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.



1. Sinner, hear thy Saviour's call, He now is passing by,
He hath seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry : He hath pardon to impart, Grace to save thee



from thy fears ; See the love that fills his heart, And wipes away thy tears.

2. Why art thou afraid to come
And tell him all thy case ?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face ;
Wilt thou fear Emmanuel ?
Wilt thou fear the Lamb of God
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood ?

3. Think, how on the cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds !
Hark ! from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds ;
See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wondrous virtue flow,
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from wo.

4. Though his majesty is great,
His mercy is no less ;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress ;
By himself the Lord hath sworn,
He delights not in thy death,
But invites thee to return,
That thou mayest live by faith.

5. Raise thy downcast eyes and see,
What throngs his throne surround !
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found ;
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says, " there yet is room,"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee home.



1. A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end, And I shall see my God and friend, No more to sigh nor shed a tear, No more to
And praise his name on high:

2. Then, O my soul, despond no more, The storm of life will soon be o'er, And I shall find the peaceful shore Of everlasting rest. O happy day! O joyful hour!
When freed from

3. My soul an-ti-ci-pates the day, I'll joy-ful-ly the call o-bey, To seats prepared above: And dwell in
Which comes to summon me away, There I shall see my Saviour's face,



suffer pain or fear, But God and Christ, and heav'n appear Un-to the raptur'd eye.

earth, my soul shall tow'r, To be for-ev-er blest, Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r,

his be-lov'd em-brace, And sing redeeming love, And taste the fulness of his grace,

4. Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still by faith I see the shore,
Beyond the rolling flood:
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my raptured eyes appear;
It makes me think I'm almost there,
In yonder bright abode.
5. To earthly cares I bid farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal Three,

I'll join with those who've gone before,
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.

6. Adieu! ye scenes of pains and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow,
A better world's in view:
My Saviour calls! I haste away,
I would not here for ever stay:
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day;
Vain world, once more adieu!

1. Come a - long, come a - long, and let us go home; O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! ||: Our home is o - ver

Jor - dan, hal - le - lu - jah! Our home is o - ver Jor - dan, hal - le - lu - jah!

2. What will the Christian do when his lamp burns out?
O glory, hallelujah!
Go shouting home to heaven, hallelujah!
Go shouting, &c.

3. We have some friends who're gone before;
O glory, hallelujah!
By and by we'll go and see them, hallelujah!
By and by, &c.

4. If you get there before I do,
O glory, hallelujah!
You may tell them I am coming, hallelujah!
You may tell, &c.

5. O what ship is this that will take us all home?
O glory, hallelujah!
'Tis the old ship of Zion, hallelujah!
'Tis the, &c.

6. Do you think she'll be able to take us all home?
O glory, hallelujah!
I think she will be able, hallelujah!
I think, &c.

7. She has landed many thousands, and can land as many more;
O glory, hallelujah!
She will land them safe in heaven, hallelujah!
She will, &c.

1. The Lord in - to his gar - den comes, The spi - ces yield their rich per - fumes; The lil - ies grow and thrive, The lil - ies grow and thrive; Re -

2. O that this dry and bar - ren ground In springs of wa - ter may ab -ound, And fruit - ful soil be - come, And fruit - ful soil be - come; The

fresh - ing show'rs of grace di - vine, From Je - sus flow to ev' - ry vine, And make the dead re - vive, And make the dead re - vive.

des - ert blossom as the rose, When Je - sus con - quers all his foes, And makes his peo - ple one, And makes his peo - ple one.



3. The glorious time is com-ing on, The gracious work is now be-gun, My soul a wit-ness is, My soul a wit-ness is; I taste and see the
4. The worst of sin-ners here may find A Saviour mer-ci-ful and kind, Who will them all re-ceive, Who will them all re-ceive; None are too vile who



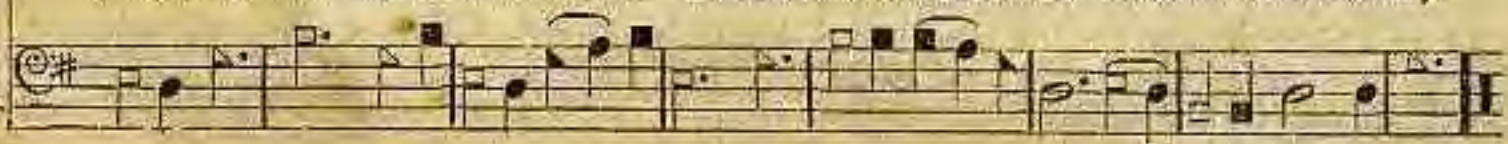
5. Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord, And taste the sweetness of his word, In Jesus' ways go on, In Je-sus' ways go on; Our troubles and our
6. We feel that heav'n is now be-gun, It issues from the sparkling throne, From Jesus' throne on high, From Je-sus' throne on high; It comes in floods, we



par-don free For all mankind as well as me; Who come to Christ shall live, Who come to Christ shall live.
will re-pent, Out of one sin-ner le-gions went, The Lord did him relieve, The Lord did him re-ceive.



tri-als here Will on-ly make us rich-er there, When we ar-rive at home, When we ar-rive at home.
can't con-tain, We drink, and drink, and drink a-gain, And still we're ev-er dry, And still we're ev-er dry.



7. But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply:
Jesus will lead his armies through
To living waters where they flow,
That never will run dry.

8. And there we'll reign, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home:
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

9. Amen! amen! my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there:
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heav'nly land,
Where we shall part no more.

1. Farewell! farewell! farewell, my friends! I must be gone; I have no home nor stay with you; I'll take my staff and trav-el on, 'Till I a bet-ter world do view.

2. Farewell! farewell! farewell, dear friends! time rolls a-long, Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss; I leave you here, and trav-el on, 'Till I arrive where Je-sus is.

Chorus.

I'll march to Canaan's land; I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no more. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell, my loving friends, farewell!

I'll march to Canaan's land; I'll land, &c.

3. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord!
To you I'm bound by cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
I'll march, &c.
I'll land, &c.

4. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross!
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n;
You've counted all things here but dross—
Fight on—the crown will soon be given!
I'll march, &c.
I'll land, &c.

5. Farewell, ye blooming sons of God!
Sore conflicts yet await for you;
Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
I'll march, &c.
I'll land, &c.

6. Farewell, poor careless sinners, too!
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you—
O turn! and find salvation near
Come, march, &c.
Come, land, &c.

1. He comes! he comes! the Judge sovere;
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
 How welcome to the faithful soul!
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,

Welcome to the faithful soul, His lightnings flash, his thunders roll, How welcome to the faithful soul!

2. From heaven angelic voices sound;
 See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.
3. Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord!
4. Shout all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High;
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
 For ever, and for ever reigns.

1. O Spi-rit of the liv-ing God! In all thy plen-i-tude of grace, Where'er the foot of man hath tread, Descend on our a-pos-tate race.

2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love, To preach the rec-on-ci-ling word; Give pow'r and unc-tion from a-bove, Where'er the joy-fal sound is heard.

3. Be darkness, at thy com-ing, light; Con-fu-sion, or-der in thy path; Souls without strength, inspire with might; Bid mer-cy tri-umph o-ver wrath.

4. Convert the na-tions; far and nigh The triumphs of the cross re-cord; The name of Je-sus glo-ri-fy, Till ev'-ry peo-ple call him Lord.

WORLD, ADIEU. 6 lines 7s.

A. FORDYKE and WM. HOSMER.

1. World, adieu! thou re-al cheat; Oft have thy deceitful charms Fill'd my heart with fond conceit, Foolish hopes and false alarms; Now I see as clear as day How thy follies pass away.

2. Vain, thy entertaining sights; False, thy promises renew'd; All the pomp of thy delights Does but flatter and delude; Thee I quit for heav'n a-bove, Ob-ject of the no-blest love.

3. Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind Follow after fleeting toys; Since in thee alone I find Solid and substantial joys:—Joys that, never o-ver-past, Through e-ter-ni-ty shall last.

AIR.—Brisk, but not too fast.

Now let me rise,

10. Now let me rise, Now let me rise and join their song, And be an an-gel too; My heart, my hands, my

Now let, &c.

My heart, my hands, my ears, my tongue, My heart, &c.

ears, my tongue, My heart, &c.

My heart, my hands, my ears, my tongue, Here's joy-ful work for you.

My heart, my hands, my ears, my tongue, My heart, &c.

1. Earth has engross'd my love too long,
'Tis time to lift mine eyes,
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2. There the blest man, my Saviour, sits,
The God, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delight,
On all the happy minds.

3. Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4. Jesus the Lord their harps employ,
Jesus! thy love they sing:
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

1. I love my bless-ed Sa - vior, I feel I'm in his fa - vor; And I am his for ev - er, If I but faith-ful prove.

2. Poor sin-ners may de - ride me, And un - be - liev-ers chide me, But nothing shall di - vide me From Je - sus, my best friend:

3. The pleas-ing time is hast'ning, My tott'ring frame is wast - ing, Whilst I'm en-gaged in prais - ing, Im - pel - led by his love:

And now I'm bound for Ca - naan, I feel my sins for - giv - en; I soon shall get to hea - ven, To sing re-deem-ing love.

Sup - port - ed by his pow - er, I long to see the hour That bids my spir - it tow - er, And all my troubles end.

When you - der shining or - ders, Who sing on Ca-naan's bar - ders, Shall bear me to the Lord there, To praise his name a - bove.

1. Ye souls who are now bound for heav - en, Pray join, and as - sist me to sing }
 An an - them of praise un - to Je - sus, My Pro - phet, my Priest, and my King ; }
 D. C. When Je - sus him - self is the Lead - er, Who draws you with cords of his love. } These notes are so soft and me - lo - dious, They'll

help you most sweet - ly to move, D. C.

2. When Jesus beheld me in nature,
 Pursuing the road unto pain,
 He brought me my sins to discover,
 Then cleansed my soul from the stain;
 How sweet were the accents of pardon!
 How quickly my guilt did remove,
 When I could behold with sweet wonder,
 That God such a sinner should love!

4. His rod and his staff shall console me,
 His Shepherd-like voice I shall hear,
 Then why should his raging affright me,
 Since Jesus will be with me there?
 On seraphic wings I'll be soaring,
 To join the bright spirits above;
 There ever to praise and adore Him,
 Who brought me to feast on his love.

3. And now I am pressing for Canaan,
 Though Jordan is rolling before;
 It causes me almost to tremble,
 To hear how its billows do roar:
 But Jesus can calm the dread ocean,
 And cause its loud ragings to cease;
 If Faith, Hope, and Love are in motion,
 I'll walk through the valley in peace.

5. O Christians, I feel myself happy
 In anticipating this joy!
 We shortly on love shall be feasting,
 Which never, no never, can cloy.
 O sinner, it grieves me to leave you,
 Once more I entreat you to go;
 Oh! hasten and fly unto Jesus,
 The Gospel's inviting you now.

KNIGHT. C. P. M.

Arr'd by Wm. Housa.

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To call thy ran-som'd peo-ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand, Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall such a worth-less

2. I love to meet a-mong them now, Be-fore thy gra-cious feet to bow, Tho' vi-let of them all, Tho' vi-let of them all; But can I bear the

3. Pre-vent it, Lord, by thy rich grace, Be then my soul's sure hi-ding-place; In this the ac-cepted day, In this the ac-cepted day; Thy pard'ning voice O

4. Let me a-mong thy saints be found, Whene'er th' arch-an-gel's trump shall sound, And see thy son-ling face, And see thy smil-ing face; Then, hood-est of the

worm as I, Who some-times am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand? Be found at thy right hand?

pierc-ing thought, When Thou for them shalt call! When Thou for them shalt

What if my name should be left out,

let me hear, To still my an-be-liev-ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray, Nor let me fall, I pray.
 crowd I'll sing, While heav'n's resounding mansions ring, With shouts of sov'-reign grace.
 With shouts of sov'-reign grace,

NEW PRESTON. L. P. M.

Arr'd by Wm. Housa.

1. The Saviour meets his flock to-day,
 Shall I be-hind his peo-ple stay,

2. How long, did faith-ful Han-nah wait,
 At-tend-ing at the tem-ple gate,

3. Then, O my Lord! give me the power,
 In earn-est wait the joy-ful hour,

4. Re-move temp-ta-tion, O my Lord!
 Which would with-draw me from thy word,

3. Then, O my Lord! give me the power,
 In earn-est wait the joy-ful hour,
 4. Re-move temp-ta-tion, O my Lord!
 Which would with-draw me from thy word,

Shall I in sloth a-bide at home? } I'll go, it is a place of prayer, In hope that God will meet me there, In hope that God will meet me there.
 When Je - sus kind - ly bids me come? }

And serv'd the Lord for ma - ny years, } She sel - dom left the house of prayer, Till God was pleas'd to meet her there, Till God was pleas'd to meet her there.
 With fast - ing, and with ma - ny tears? }

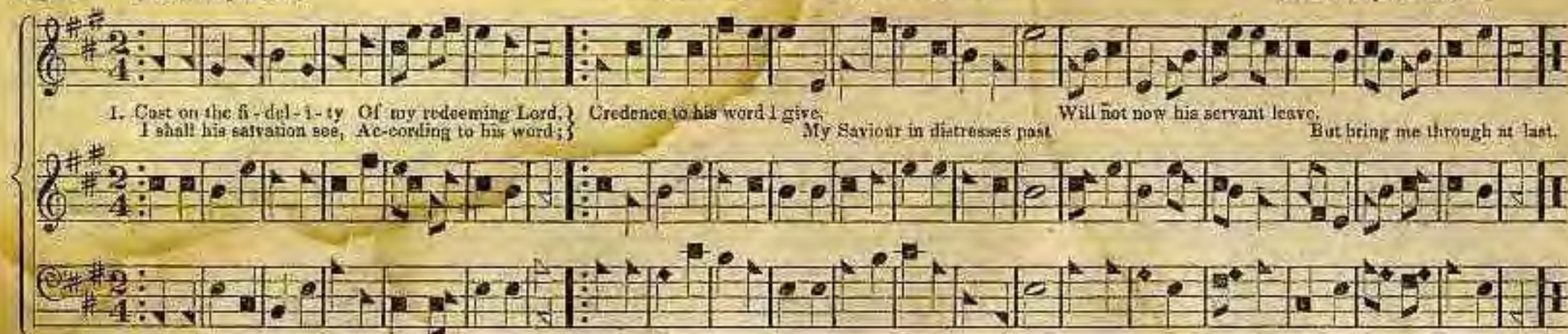
And like thy saints I'll watch for thee; } Now give the jus - ti - fy - ing grace, And, sav'd from sin, show me thy face, And, sav'd from sin, show me thy face.
 When thou shalt be re - veal'd in me: }
 And let thine en - a - mies be slain, } And al - ways ren - dy may I stand, To take my seat at thy right hand, To take my seat at thy right hand.
 And plunge me in the world a - gain: }

INVOCATION.

7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

Arr'd by Wm. HOCAM.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; } Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, To heav'n thy native place. } Time shall soon this earth remove; To seats pre - par'd a - bove.



1. Cast on the fi-del-i-ty Of my redeeming Lord, } Credence to his word I give, Will not now his servant leave,
I shall his salvation see, Ac-cord-ing to his word; } My Saviour in distresses past But bring me through at last.

2. Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast proved;
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy beloved:
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And Death ungrasp'd his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And Sorrow fled away.

3. Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy word and name
I steadfastly rely;
Sore as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have;
Saved again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

4. To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own;
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And to thy glory live.

MOUNT OLIVE.

L. M. D.



1. The King of saints, how fair his face, His robes of ma-jes-ty and grace! He comes with blessings from above, And wins the nations with his love.

At

At his right hand our

our eyes be - hold The queen ar - ray'd in pu - rest gold; The world, &c. Her

his right hand our eyes be - hold The queen ar - ray'd in pu - rest gold; The world ad - mires her heavenly dress, Her

eyes be - hold The queen ar - ray'd in pu - rest gold; The world ad - mires her heaven - ly dress, The world ad - mires her heaven - ly dress, Her

robes of joy and righteous - ness, Her robes of joy and righteous - ness, The world ad - mires her heavenly dress, Her robes of joy and right - eous - ness,

robes of joy and righteousness. The world ad - mires her heavenly dress, Her robes of joy and right - eous - ness.

robes of joy and righteousness, Her robes of joy and right - eous - ness.

2. He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls, and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thy heart forget
The idols of thy native state;
So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice;
Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he's the Maker and thy Lord.

3. O happy hour! when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons, (a num'rous train,)
Each, like a prince, in glory reign!
Let endless honors crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

4. Thy throne, O God, for ever stands:
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.
O God! thy God has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
Th' eternal Son above the rest.

Musical score for 'SUDBURY' in 6/4 time. The score consists of four staves. The first three staves are for voices (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass) and the fourth is for piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'What if the saint must die, And lodge among the tombs! He need not mourn, he shall re - turn, Rejoic - ing as he comes.' The word 'With' appears at the end of each of the first three staves.

Though death should hold him down With

Continuation of the musical score for 'SUDBURY'. It consists of four staves. The lyrics are: 'bands and mighty bars, Yet shall he rise a - bove the skies, And sing among the stars.' The word 'With' appears at the end of the first staff.

SPRING VALLEY. 8 lines 8s.

Musical score for 'SPRING VALLEY' in 8/8 time. The score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for voices (Soprano and Alto) and the last two are for piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, . . . and thought, . and be-ing last, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures.

shall employ my nobler powers: *My days, &c.*

My days, &c. While life, &c. Or im-mortal-i-ty endures, Or im-mortal-i-ty en-dures.

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im-mortal-i-ty, &c.

FLOWER OF CALVARY. C. M.

WM. HORNA.

1. The finest flow'r that ev-er blow'd O-pen'd on Calv'-ry's tree, When Je-sus' blood in riv-ers flow'd For love of worth-less me.

2. Its deep-est hue, its rich-est smell, No mor-tal can de-clare: Nor can the tongues of an-gels tell How bright the colors are.

3. On Canaan's banks, su-preme-ly fair, This flow'r of glo-ry blooms, Transplant-ed to its na-tive air, And all the shore per-fumes.

4. And soon on yon-der banks a-bove, Shall ev'-ry blos-som here Ap-pear a full-blown flow'r of love, Like him transplant-ed there.



The Lord in - to his gar-den comes, The spi-ces yield their rich perfumes, The spices, &c., The lil - ies grow and thrive; Re-



resh-ing show'rs of grace di - vine From Je-sus flow to ev' - ry vine, From Je-sus flow to ev' - ry vine, Which make the dead re - vive.

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the whirling spheres, Fly rapid, &c. A-round the stea-dy pole; Time, like the tide, its mo-tion

2. The grave is near the cradle seen, How swift the moments pass between! How swift, &c. And whis-per as they fly, "Un-think-ing man, re-mem-ber

3. My soul, at-tend the solemn call! Thine earthly tent must shortly fall, Thine earthly, &c. And thou must take thy flight, Beyond the vast ex-pan-sive

4. How great the bliss, how great the wo, Hangs on this inch of time below, Hangs on this, &c. On this pre-ca-rious breath! The Lord of na-ture on-ly

keeps, And I must launch in endless deeps, And I, &c. Where endless a-ges roll.

this, Tho' fond of sub-la-na-ry bliss, Tho' fond, &c. That thou must groan and die."

bliss, To sing a-bove, as an-gels do, To sing, &c. Or sink in end-less night.

knows Whether an-o-ther year shall close, Whether, &c. Ere I ex-pire in death.

5. Long ere the sun shall run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot;
Alas! an hour may close the scene!
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name be quite forgot.
6. But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be;
No, my immortal cannot die—
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?
7. Will mercy then her arms extend,
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heav'n thy dwelling-place;
Or, shall insulting fiends appear,
And drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace?
8. A heav'n or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known,
There is no middle space;
To-day, attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not de - plore thee, Tho' sor - rows and dark - ness en - com - pass the tomb; The Sa - viour has

pass'd thro' its por - tals be - fore thee, And the lamp of his love was thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love was - thy guide thro' the gloom.

2. Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy were spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died

3. Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

4. Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to de - plore thee, When God was thy ran-som, thy guardian, and guide; He gave thee, and

took thee, and soon will re - store thee Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died, Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal part, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is in common time, with a tempo marking of '12s & 11s.' The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. There is a ho - ly cit - y, A hap - py world above, Be - yond the star - ry re - gions, Built by the God of love; An ev - er - last - ing temple, And

2. This is no world of trou - ble, The God of peace is there; He wipes a - way their sorrows; He ban - ish - es their care; Their joys are still in - creasing, Their

3. The meanest child of glo - ry Outshines the ra - diant sun; But who can speak the splen - dor of that e - ter - nal throne, Where Je - sus sits ex - alt - ed, In

saints ar - ray'd in white, They serve the great Re - deem - er, And dwell with him in light.

songs are ev - er new, They praise the e - ter - nal Fa - ther, The Son, and Spi - rit too.

god - like ma - jes - ty? The el - ders fall be - fore him, The an - gels bend the knee.

4. Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemn'd by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war?
He seems a mighty conqueror,
Who spoil'd the powers below,
And ransom'd many captives
From everlasting woe.
5. The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race;
They speak of fiery trials,
And tortures on their way;
They came from tribulation,
To everlasting day.
6. Now, with a holy transport,
They tell their sufferings o'er,
Their tears and their temptations,
And all the pains they bore;
They turn and bow to Jesus,
Who gain'd their liberty—
"Amid our fiercest dangers
Our lives were hid in thee."
7. Long time I was invited
To gain that heavenly rest;
Grace made no hard condition,
'T was only to be blest;
But earth's bewitching pleasures
Inclined me long to stay;
I sought her dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.
8. But now it is my purpose
The better way to find;
To serve my great Creator,
And leave my sins behind;
In guilt's seducing mazes
I will no longer roam;
I'll give my soul to Jesus,
Who brings the ransom'd home.
9. And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Is not for me to know,
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive journeys run:
 Je-sus shall reign, &c. His kingdom, &c.

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and
 shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. His kingdom stretch, His kingdom, &c. Till moons, &c.
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. His kingdom, &c.
 moons shall wax and wane no more. His kingdom, &c. Till moons, &c.
 wane no more. His kingdom, &c. His kingdom, &c.

2. From north to south the princes meet,
 To pay their homage at his feet;
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend his word.

3. To him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown his head;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

4. People and realms, of every tongue,
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

5. Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
 The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.



1. Thou great mys-ter-i-ous God, unknown, Whose love has gent-ly led me on, E'en from my in-fant days; My in-most soul ex-pose to



2. If I have on-ly known thy fear, And fol-low'd with a heart sin- - care, Thy drawings from a -bove; Now, now, the far - ther grace be-




view, And tell me if I ev-er knew Thy jus-ti - fy - ing grace.



now, And let my sprin-kled con-science know Thy sweet for - giv - ing love.



3. Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven:
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4. If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5. Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love—
Or sin, or righteousness—remove,
Thy glory to display;
My heart of unbelief convinces,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

6. Father, in me, reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart.



1. Ye chil-dren of Je - sus, who're bound for the king-dom, At - tune all your voices and help me to sing,
Sweet an-thems of praises to my lov-ing Je - sus, For he is my Pro-phet, my Priest, and my King. } When Je-sus first found me, a-stray I was



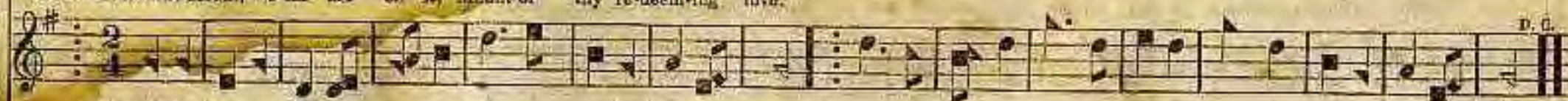
go - ing, His love did surround me and sav'd me from ru - in; He kind-ly embrac'd me, and free-ly he bless'd me, And taught me a - loud his sweet praises to sing.

2. Why should you go mourning from such a physician,
Who's able and willing your sickness to cure!
Come to him believing,—though bad your condition,
His Father has promised your case to ensure:
My soul he has healed, my heart now rejoices,
He's brought me to Zion to hear the glad voices;
I'll serve him, and praise him, and always adore him,
Till we meet in glory, where sickness is o'er.

3. Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, fair Canaan's before you,
We'll scale the high mountain, still shouting free grace;
On Salem's bright towers we'll sing hallelujah,
And sit in the smiles of sweet Jesus's face;
No sorrow, no sighing, no weeping, no mourning—
To those who there enter, there is no returning,
But feasting, and resting, and evermore singing,
"All glory to Jesus, who bought us free grace!"



1. Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; } Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues - bore;
 Streams of mer-cy, nev-er cess-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
 D. C. Praise the mount, — O fix me on it, Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.



2. Here I'll raise my Eb-en - e-zer, High - er by thy help I'm come; } Je - sus sought me, when a stran-ger, Wand'-ring from the fold of God;
 And I hope, by thy good plea-sure, Safe - ly to ar-rive at home; }
 D. C. He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-pos'd his pre-cious blood.



3. O! to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm con-strain'd to be; } Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; —
 Let thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee; }
 D. C. Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts = - bove!

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s & 10s.

Arr.



1. Hail - er, ye faith - ful, haste with songs of tri-umph, To Beth - le - hem haste, the Lord of life to meet; To you this day is



O come, and let us wor-ship, O come, and let us wor-ship, O come, and let us wor-ship at his feet!

born a Prince and Sa-viour; O come and let us wor-ship at his feet!

O come, and let us wor-ship, O come, and let us wor-ship at his feet!

2. O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension, Our praises and rev'rence are an off'ring meet; Now is the Word made flesh and dwells among us, O come, and let us worship at his feet!
3. Shout his Almighty name, ye choir of angels, And let the celestial courts his praise repeat: Unto our God be glory in the highest! O come, and let us worship at his feet!

TRUE LOVE. 6s & 9s.

Arr'd by W. HOWARD.



1. Come a-way to the skies, My be-lov-ed, a-rise, And re-joice in the day thou wast born; On this festival day, Come exulting away, And with singing to Zi-on re-turn.

2. We have laid up our love, Tho' our bod-ies con-tin-ue be-low: The re-deem'd of the Lord, And with singing to Par-a-dise go.
And our trea-sure a-bove, We re-mem-ber his word,

The spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue ethe-real sky; And spangled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O-rig-i-nal pro-

Their great, &c.

Their great, &c.

Th' unwearied sun, &c. Does, &c. And, &c. The, &c.

claim. Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display; And pub-lish-es . . . to ev'-ry land The work of an Almighty hand.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display; And publishes to ev'ry land, And publishes to ev'ry land The work of an Almighty hand

God

1. Upward I lift mine eyes—From God is all my aid—To God that built . . . the skies, And earth and na-ture made:

God is the tower to

God is the tower to which I fly, His

is the tower to which I fly, His grace . . . is nigh in ev'-ry hour; God is, &c.

God is the tower to which I fly, His grace is nigh in ev'-ry hour, in ev'-ry hour; God is the tower to which I fly, His grace is nigh in ev'-ry hour.

which I fly, His grace is nigh in ev'-ry hour; God is, &c.

grace is nigh in ev'-ry hour; God is, &c.

COMPLAINT. L. M.

WALKER.

Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy children die so soon? Thy years, &c. And must, &c.

Save us, O Lord! a - loud we pray, Nor let our sun go down at noon; Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy children die so soon? Thy years, &c. And must, &c.

Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy chil - dren die so soon? Thy years, &c. And must, &c.

GREENFIELD. L. P. M.

Evans.

God is our refuge in dis-tress, A present help when dangers press; In Him undaunted stand we, O Lord, our strength and our defence; In Him our souls do ever trust, O Lord, our strength and our defence; In Him our souls do ever trust, O Lord, our strength and our defence.

Though earth were from her centre tost, And moun-tains in the o-cean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar-ing tide.

we'll con-side, Though earth were from her centre tost, And mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

Though earth were from her centre tost, And mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

Though earth were from her centre tost, And mountains in the o - cean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar-ing tide, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

WOODLAND. C. M. (*Peculiar.*) Or 8,6,8,8,6.

D. N. Genn.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wanderers giv'n; There is a tear for souls dis-tress'd, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heav'n.

2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driv'n; When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.

3. There faith lifts up the tear-less eye, The heart with anguish riv'n; It views the tem-pest pass-ing by, Sees eve-ning shadows quickly fly, And all se-rene in heav'n.

4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are giv'n, There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb Appears the dawn of heav'n.

1. Ye ob - jects of sense, and en - joy - ments of time, Which oft have de - light-ed my heart, I soon shall ex - change you for views more sub -

2. Thou king of the day, and thou queen of the night, To me ye no long - er are known; I soon shall be - hold with in - creas - ing de -

3. Ye won - der - ful orbs that as - ton - ish my eyes, Your glo - ries re - code from my sight; I soon shall con - tem - plate more beau - ti - ful

time, For joys that shall nev - er de - part,

light, A sun that shall nev - er go down.

skies, And stars more re - splend - ent - ly bright.

4. Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers, and plains,
Thou earth, and thou ocean, adieu!
More permanent regions, where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

5. My loved habitation and gardens, adieu!
No longer my footsteps ye greet;
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And Paradise welcomes my feet.

6. My weeping relations, my brethren, and friends,
Whose hearts are entwined with my own,
Adieu, for the present—my spirit ascends
Where pleasure immortal is known.

7. My cares and my labours, my sickness and pain,
And sorrows are now at an end;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The height of perfection ascend.

8. The vale of affliction, my footsteps have trod,
With trembling, with grief, and with tears,

I joyfully quit for the mansions of God—
There, there, its bright summit appears!

9. No lurking temptation, defilement, or fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast;
In Jeau's fair image I soon shall appear,
For ever ineffably bleas'd.

10. My Sabbaths below that have been my delight,
And thou, the bleas'd volume divine,
Ye guided my footsteps, like stars during night!
Adieu!—my conductors begin!

11. The sun that illumines the regions of light
Now shines on my eyes from above,
And O how transcendently glorious the sight!
My soul is all wonder and love!

12. Come, come, my Redeemer, this moment release
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood,
And bid me ascend the bright regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God.

1. The voice of my Be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the moun - tain - top he bounds; He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans - port fills:

2. The scatter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win - ter's past, The love - ly ver - nal flow'rs appear, The warbling choir en - chants the ear.

Gent - ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come away," Gently doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a - way."

Now with sweetly pensive moan, Coos the turtle dove a - lone, Now with sweetly pensive moan, Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone.

"Rise, my love, and come a - way,"
Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone,

"Rise, my love, and come a - way,"
Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone.

The voice of my be-lov-ed sounds, While o'er the mountain top he bounds; He flies ex-ult-ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, with piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the melody.

trans- port fills: Gently doth he chide my stay, Gently doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a-way."

This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The key signature and time signature remain the same. The melody continues on the treble clef staff, with piano accompaniment on the grand staff. The lyrics are written below the melody.

1. Good morning, brother pil-grim! March you towards Je - ru - sa - lem, Pray, wherefore are you smiling, While
What, bound for Canaan's coast? To join the heav'nly host?

2. To Canaan's coast we'll hasten, Hark! from the banks of Jor - dan, Their Je - sus they are view-ing, By
To join the heav'nly throng! How sweet the pilgrim's song!

tears run down your face? And reach that heav'nly place, We soon shall cease from toiling, And reach that heav'nly place.
We soon shall cease from toil-ing, And reach that heav'nly place, And reach that heav'nly place.

faith we see him, too; And on our way pur - sue, We smile, and weep, and praise him, And on our way pur - sue.
We smile, and weep, and praise him, And on our way pur - sue, And on our way pur - sue.

3. Though sinners do despise us,
And treat us with disdain,
Our former comrades slight us,
Esteem us low and mean:
No earthly joy shall charm us,
While marching on our way;
Our Jesus will defend us
In the distressing day.

4. The frowns of old companions
We're willing to sustain,
And in divine compassion,
To pray for them again;
For Christ, our loving Saviour,
Our Comforter, and Friend,
Will bless us with his favor,
And guide us to the end.

5. With streams of consolation
We're fill'd, as with new wine;
We die to transient pleasures,
And live to things divine;
We sink in holy raptures,
While viewing things above;
And glory give to Jesus,
Who fills our souls with love.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad-ly sol-enn sound! Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-motest bound, The year of ju-bi-

The year of ju-bi-lee is come, The

year of ju-bi-lee is come, Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sin-ners, home.

The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sin-ners, home.

lee is come, The year, &c. Return, ye ransom'd sin-ners, home.

year, &c. Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sin-ners, home.

2. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
This year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3. Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4. Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus, live;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5. Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6. The gospel trumpet hear—
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Each in his pro-per sta-tion move, Each in his proper station move, And

1. How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends a-gree; Each in his pro-per sta-tion move, Each in his proper station move, And

Each in his pro-per sta-tion move, . . . Each in his pro-per sta-tion move, . . .

Each in his pro-per sta-tion move, Each in his pro-per sta-tion move,

each ful - fil his part With sym - pa - thi - zing heart, In all, &c. In all, &c.

each ful - fil his part With sym - pa - thi - zing heart, In all the cares of life, In all the cares of life and love.

And each ful - fil his part With sym - pa - thi - zing heart, In all, &c. In all, &c.

And each ful - fil his part With sym - pa - thi - zing heart, In all, &c. In all, &c.

2. 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;

And each ful - fil his part
The oil, through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran down his robes, and bless'd his feet.

3. Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;

Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils

1. What sound is this sa-lutes my ear? No-thinks the Ju-bilen trump I hear, Long look'd for, now is come; It

2. Be-hold! the new Je-ru-sa-lam, Il-lu-mi-na-ted by the Lamb, In glory doth ap-pear: Fair

shakes the heav'ns, the earth, and sea, Proclaims the year of Ju-bi-lee, Proclaims, &c. Return ye ex-iles home.

Zi-on ri-sing from the tombs, To meet the bridegroom now she comes, To meet, &c. And hails the Ju-bil' year.

3. King Jesus takes her in his arms;
Transported with his lovely charms
She thus begins to sing:
"The howling winter's gone and past,
The smiling season's come at last,
Behold the rosy spring!"

4. As larks and linnets gladly sing,
While hills and valleys round them ring,
"Scaped from the fowler's snare,
One thousand years ere there shall dwell,
And sing while Satan's chain'd in hell—
Which only the Jubil' year.

5. The dragon is let loose once more,
All round the earth his trumpets roar;
He is for war again;
But he that sits upon the throne
Drives Satan and his armies down,
To plough the fiery main.

6. The seventh trumpet we shall hear,
The great white throne shall then appear,
Ten thousand angels round;
Jehovah turns the moon to blood,
Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,
And burns the solid ground.

7. "Arise, ye nations, and come forth,
From east and west, from south and north,
Behold, the Judge is come!"
What horror strikes each guilty breast,
Compell'd to stand the solemn test
And hear the final doom!

8. "Depart, ye cursed, down to hell,
With howling fiends for ever dwell,
No more to see my face!
My gospel calls ye have withstood,
And trampled on my precious blood,
And laugh'd at offer'd grace!"

9. See parents and their children part,
Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart,
Never to meet again;
In fiery chariots Zion flies,
And quickly gains the upper skies,
On Canaan's dazzling plain.

10. My soul is struggling to be there,
I long to rise, and wing the air,
To trace the heav'nly road;
Adieu! adieu! all earthly things!
O that I had some angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God!

1. Friendship, to ev'ry will-ing mind, Opens a heavenly treasure ;
There may the sons of sor-row find Sources of re-al pleasure. } See what employments men pursue, Than you will own my words are true, Friendship alone pro-

sants to view Sour-ces of re-al pleasure.

2. Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
Fading and transitory ;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a delusive story.
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind ;
Only in friendship can we find
Sources of real pleasure.

3. Learning, that boasted, glitt'ring thing,
Is but just worth possessing ;
Riches, for ever on the wing,
Scarce can be call'd a blessing ;
Fame, like a shadow, flies away ;
Titles and dignity decay ;
Nothing but friendship can display
Joys that are freed from trouble.

4. Beauty, with all its gaudy show,
Is but a painted bubble ;
Short is the triumph wit bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble ;
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire—
Friendship can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

5. Happy the man who has a friend,
Form'd by the God of nature ;
Well may he feel and recommend
Friendship for his Creator ;
Then as our hands in friendship join,
So let our souls now're combine
Ruled by a passion most divine,
Friendship with our Creator.

1. Come, all ye mourn-ing pil-grims dear, Who're bound for Ca-naan's land, }
 Take courage, and fight va-liant-ly, Stand fast with sword in hand; } Our Cap-tain's gone be-fore us, Our Fa-ther's on-ly son, Then

pil-grims dear, pray do not fear, But let us fol-low on.

2. We have a howling wilderness,
 To Canaan's happy shore;
 A land of dearth, and pits, and snres,
 Where chilling winds do roar;
 But Jesus will be with us,
 And guard us by the way;
 Though enemies examine us,
 He'll teach us what to say.

3. The pleasant fields of Paradise,
 So glorious to behold,
 The valleys clad in living green,
 The mountains paved with gold;
 The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
 Behold how rich they stand!—
 Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
 Away to Canaan's land!

4. Sweet rivers of salvation all
 Through Canaan's land do roll,
 The beams of day bring glittering scenes,
 Illuminate my soul;

There pond'rous clouds of glory,
 All set in diamonds bright;
 And there's my smiling Jesus,
 Who is my heart's delight.

5. Already to my raptured sight
 The blissful fields arise,
 And plenty spreads her smiling stores,
 Inviting to my eyes;
 O sweet abode of endless rest!
 I soon shall travel there;
 Nor earth, nor all her empty joys,
 Shall long detain me here.

6. Come all you pilgrim travelers,
 Fresh courage take with me;
 Meaning I'll tell you how I came
 This happy land to see:
 Through faith, the glorious telescope,
 I view'd the worlds above,
 And God the Father reconciled,
 Which fills my heart with love.

1. Vain, de-lu-sive world, a-dieu! With all thy crea-ture good; } All thy pleasures I fore-go, I tram-ple on thy wealth and pride; On-ly Je-sus
On-ly Je-sus I'll pur-sue, Who bought me with his blood; }

will I know, And Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

2. Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
3. Here will I set up my rest,
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of thy breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4. Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
5. O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove:
Show the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

1. Re-joice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King a-dore: } Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re-joice, a-gain I say, re-
 Mor-tals, give thanks, and sing, And tri-umph ev-er-more; }

re-joice, Re-joice, a-gain I say, re-joice.

2. Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
 The God of truth and love—
 When he had purged our stains,
 He took his seat above;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3. His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4. He sits at God's right hand
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet;

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5. He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy:
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6. Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home;
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

C. Wesley

1. A sto-ry most love-ly to tell, Of Je-sus, (O wond-rous sur-prise!) He left his ex-alt-ed a-
He suffer'd the torments of hell, That sin-ners, vile sin-ners, might rise. }

Alto by W. H.

2. Oh! did my dear Je-sus thus bleed, And pi-ly a ruin'd, lost race? His body bore anguish and
O whence did such mercy pro-ceed, Such boundless com-pas-sion and grace? }

3. Oh! was it for crimes I had done, The Saviour was hail'd with a kiss, } The suf-fers all join'd in a
By Ju-das the trait-tor a-lone? Was ev-er com-pas-sion like this? }

body, When man by trans-gres-sion was lost, Ap-pears - ing the wrath of a God: He shed forth his blood as the cost.

pain, His spi-rit most sunk with the load; A short time be-fore he was slain, His sweat was as great drops of blood.

band, Confin'd him and led him a-way: The cords wrapp'd around his sweet hands: O sin-ners, look at him I pray!

"Tis finish'd! 'tis finish'd! 'tis finish'd! 'tis finish'd!" the Redeem-er said, And meekly bow'd his dy-ing head, While we the sentence scan:

Come, sinners, and observe the word; Behold the conquest of the Lord, Complete for sinful man! Complete, Complete, Complete, Complete for sin-ful man, Com-plete. Complete for sinful man, Com-plete. Complete for sinful man, Com-plete.

Complete for sin-ful man, Complete for sinful man, Complete for sinful man, Complete for sinful man, . . . Complete, Complete for sin-ful man.

plete for sin-ful man, Com - plete, Com - plete, Com - plete, Complete, Complete for sinful man, Complete for sin-ful man.

plete for sin-ful man, Complete for sinful man, Com - plete, Com - plete, Complete, Complete for sinful man, Complete for sin-ful man.

man, Complete for sinful man, Complete for sinful man, Com - plete, Complete, Complete for sinful man, Complete for sin-ful man.

LOVELY VINE. S. M.

Be - hold a love-ly vine, Here in this des-ert ground! The blas-soms shoot, and prom-ise fruit, And ten-der grapes are found.

Oh!

On Jer-dan's stor-my banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

Oh! the trans-port-ing,

Oh! the transporting, rap-t'rous scene That

Oh! the transporting, rap-t'rous scene That rises to my

the transporting, &c. That rises, &c. Sweet fields, &c. Sweet fields array'd in living green, And rivers, &c. Sweet fields, &c. And rivers, &c.

rap-t'rous scene That rises to my sight! Sweet fields array'd in living green, And rivers of de-light! Sweet fields, &c. And rivers, &c.

ri-ses to my sight! Sweet fields, &c. And rivers, &c. Sweet fields, &c. And rivers, &c.

sight!

1. There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy for e - ver roll : }
 'Tis there I have my trea - sure, And there I long to rest my soul. }

Long darkness dwelt around me, With scarcely once a cheer - ing ray,

But since my Saviour found me, A lamp has shone a - long my way.

2. My way is full of danger,
 But 'tis the path that leads to God,
 And, like a faithful soldier,
 I'll boldly march along the road:
 Now I must gird my sword on,
 My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
 And fight the hosts of Satan,
 Until I reach the heav'nly field.

3. I'm on my way to Zion,
 Still guided by the Saviour's hand;
 O come along, dear sinners,
 And see Emmanuel's happy land;
 To all who stay behind me
 I bid a long, a long farewell;
 Come now, or you'll repent it
 When you shall reach the gates of hell.

4. The vale of tears surrounds me,
 And Jordan's current rolls before;
 Oh! how I stand and tremble
 To hear the dismal waters roar!
 Whose hand shall then support me,
 And keep my soul from sinking there—
 From sinking down to darkness,
 And to the regions of despair?

5. This stream shall not affright me,
 Although 'tis deeper than the grave;
 If Jesus stand beside me
 I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave:
 His word has calm'd the ocean—
 His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale—
 Oh! shall this Friend be with me,
 While through the gates of death I sail?

6. Come then, thou King of terrors,
 And with thy dagger lay me low—
 I'll sooner reach these regions
 Where everlasting pleasures grow,
 O Christians, I must leave you,
 No more to join your social band;
 No more to stand beside you,
 Till at the judgment bar we stand

7. Soon the archangel's trumpet
 Shall rock the globe from pole to pole,
 And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll;
 Then we shall see the Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels come,
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his faithful servants home.

8. Then, sinners, you'll be driven
 Down to the lake of fire and pain,
 To scream in flaming sulphur,
 And never to return again:
 Then, sinners, you'll remember
 Who warn'd you of that dreadful end,
 While the smoking of your torment
 In pitchy clouds shrouds up ascend.

Now to the shining realms a - bove, I stretch my hands and glance my eyes; O for the pin-ions of a dove, To bear me to the up-per skies.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

There from the bo-som of my God, Oceans of, endless pleasures roll; There would I fix my last abode, And drown the sorrows of my soul.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, and the system concludes with a double bar line.

Ye tribes of Ad-am, join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And offer notes divine, To your Cre-a-tor's praise.

Ye ho-ly throng of

Ye ho-ly throng of an-gels bright, In

ho-ly throng of an-gels bright, In worlds of light be-gin the song. Ye

Ye ho-ly throng of an-gels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

Ye ho-ly throng of an-gels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

an-gels bright, In worlds of light be-gin the song. Ye

Ye ho-ly throng, &c.

worlds of light be-gin the song. Ye

Ye ho-ly throng, &c.

1. Say, might-y Love, and teach my song To whom thy sweetest joys be - long; And who the hap-py pairs, Whose yielding hearts and join-ing hands Find

2. Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains That thoughtless fly in - to thy chains, As cus - tom leads the way: If there be blies with-out de - sign, I -

3. Not sor - did souls, of earthy mould, Who, drawn by kin-dred charms of gold, To dull em - braces move: So two rich moun-tains of Pe - ru May

bles-sings twist-ed with their bonds, To soft-en all their cares.

vies and oaks may grow and twine, And be as blest as they.

rush to wealthy mar-riage too, - And make a world of love.

4. Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy:
On Aëta's top let Furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

5. Nor the dull pairs, whose marble forms,
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are married just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their hands.

6. Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heav'nly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the base.

7. Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

8. Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

9. Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her colling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

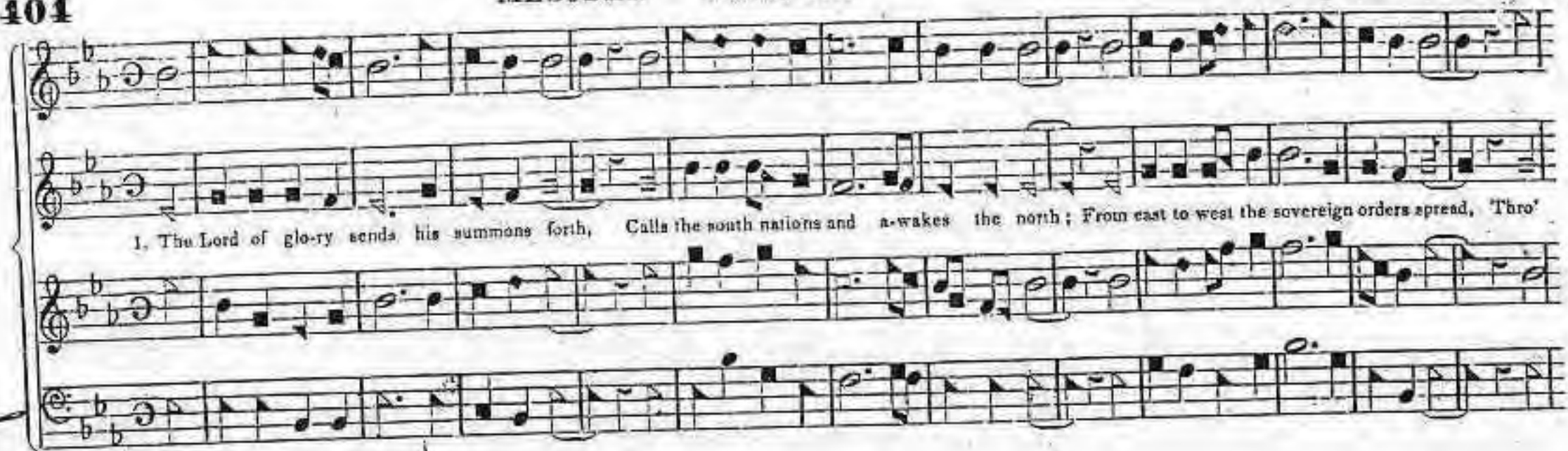
The Lord is the foun-tain of good-ness and love, In E-den once flow-ing in streams from a-bove, Re-fresh'd ev'-ry

SONG, by Rev. Wm. Hunter, of Pittsburg.

[As this is a twelve syllable song, some of the notes in "Eden" have to be repeated in singing it.]

moment the first hap-py pair, Till sin stopp'd the cur-rent and brought in de-spair.

1. You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flow'rs of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion, the house of the Lord.
2. You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn—
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.
3. You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.
4. You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but this.
5. Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often; to hear from his word;
I will walk to thy altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects reveal'd from above.



1. The Lord of glo-ry sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and a-wakes the north; From east to west the sovereign orders spread, Thro'



dia-tant worlds and re-gions of the dead; No more shall a - theists mock his long do - lay. His vengeance sleeps no more, be-hold the day!

2. Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh; Tempest and fire attend him down the sky; Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near, let all things come, To hear his

"But gather first my saints," the Judge commands, &c.

justice and the sinner's doom: my saints," the Judge commands, "Bring them, ye an - - - gels, from their dis-tant lands."

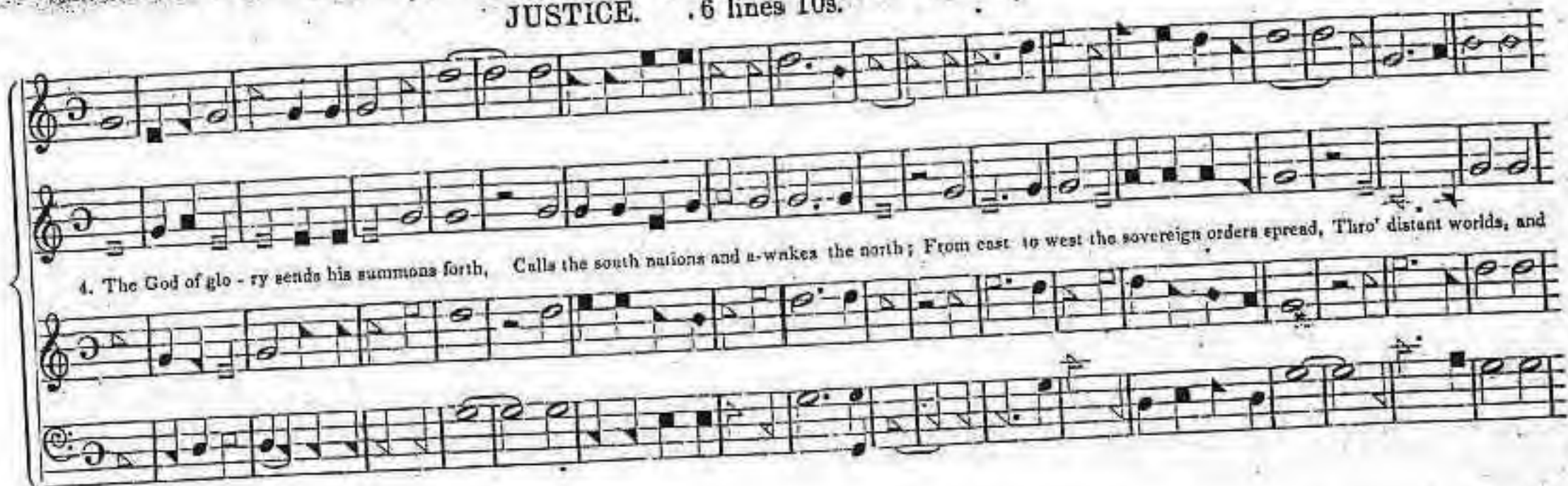
Bring them, &c.

Bring them, ye an - - - gels, &c.

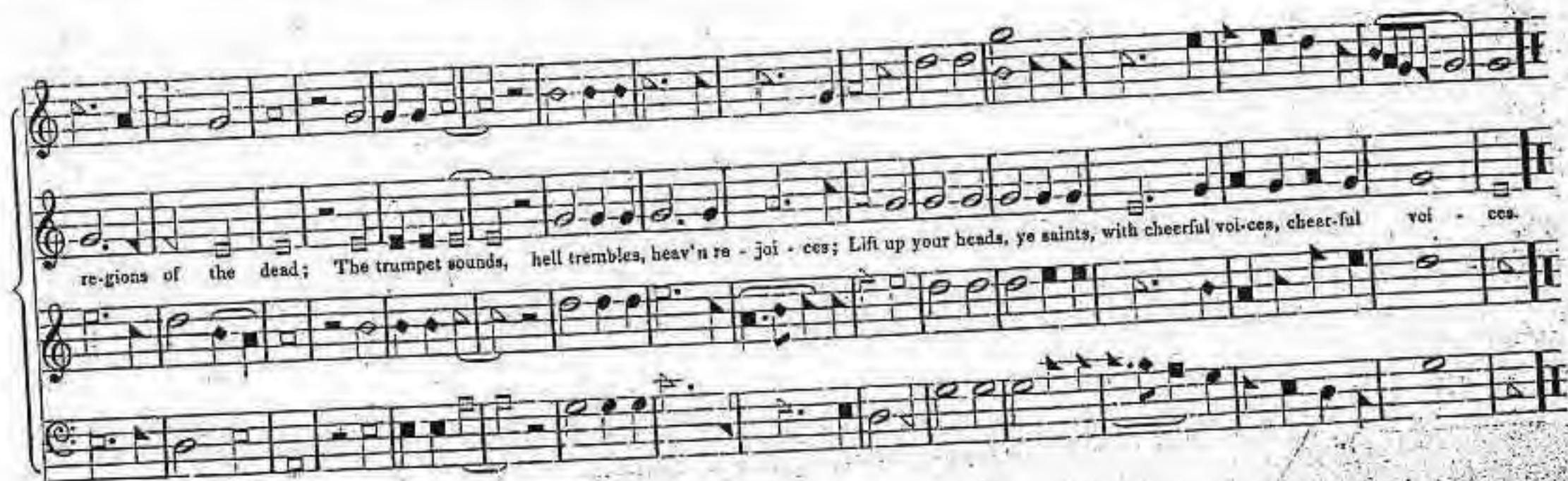
3. * Behold my cov'nant stands for ev - er good, Seal'd by th' e - ter - nal sac - ri - fice in blood, And sign'd with all their names, (the Greek, the

Jew,) That paid the ancient worship, or the new: There's no dis - tinction here, pre-pare their thrones. And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

* For the first stanza, see Melodia; for the second, Symphony.



4. The God of glo - ry sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and a-wakes the north; From east to west the sovereign orders spread, Thro' distant worlds, and



re-gions of the dead; The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n re - joi - ces; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voi-ces, cheer-ful voi - ces.

SOLICITUDE. 11s.

How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith, in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said!

NEW JERUSALEM. 8 lines 8s.

You, who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled.

1. My gracious Re - deem - er I love; His prai - ses a - loud I'll pro - claim;
And join with the armies a - bove, To shout his a - do - ra - ble name.

2. He free - ly redeem'd, with his blood, My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God, And in his sweet presence to dwell;

NEW JERUSALEM. *Concluded.*

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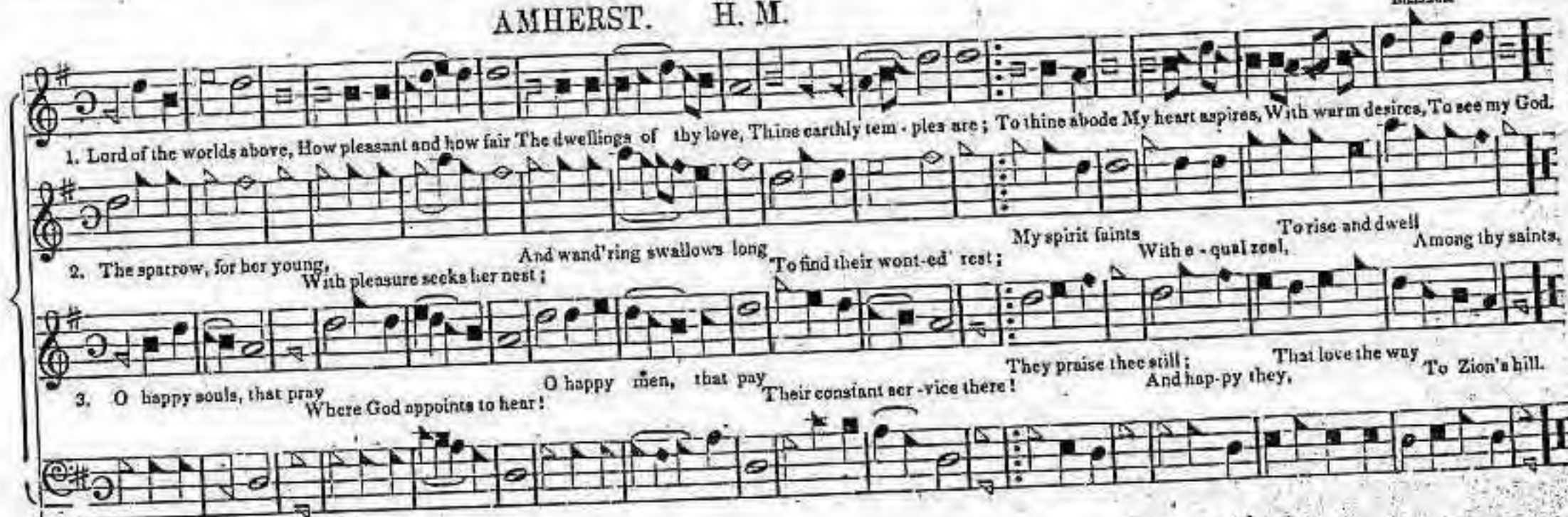


To gaze on his glo-ries di-vine, Shall be my e-ter-nal em-ploy; And feel them in-ces-sant-ly shine—My boundless, in-ef-fa-ble joy.

To shine with the an-gels of light, With saints and with seraphs to sing, To view with e-ter-nal do-light, My Je-sus, my Saviour, my King.

AMHERST. H. M.

BELONGS



1. Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly tem-ples are; To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.

2. The sparrow, for her young, And wand'ring swallows long To find their wont-ed rest; My spirit faints To rise and dwell Among thy saints, With e-qual zeal.

3. O happy souls, that pray Where God appoints to hear! O happy men, that pay Their constant ser-vice there! They praise thee still; That love the way To Zion's hill, And hap-py they.

FADING, STILL FADING.

(Altered from a Portuguese air.)

Song as a duett, trio, or quartette.

1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining: Father in heaven, the day is de-clin-ing; Safety and in-nocence fly with the light; Temptation and danger walk forth with the

2. Father in heaven, O hear when we call! Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all! Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might; In doubting and darkness thy love be our

Chorus, sing after each stanza.

night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield me from danger, save me from crime!
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns;
Wake in thy arms when the morning returns.

Say, mighty Love, and teach my song, To whom thy sweetest joys be - long, To whom thy sweetest joys be-long, And who the happy pairs, Whose

yield - ing hearts and join - ing hands Find blessings twisted with their bands, Find blessings twisted with their bands To soft - en all their cares.

HYMN 841, Southern Methodist Hymn Book.

1. A NATION God delights to bless,
Can all our raging foes distress,
Or hurt whom they surround!

Hid from the gen'ral scourge we are,
Nor see the bloody waste of war,
Nor hear the trumpet's sound.

2. O may we, Lord, the grace improve,
By lab'ring for the rest of love,
The soul-composing power:

Bless us with that internal peace,
And all the fruits of righteousness,
Till time shall be no more.

THOU ART PASSING AWAY. 11s.

Arr'd by Rev. GEORGE COLE,
From Russell's "Wind of the Winter Night."

1. Thou art pass - ing a - way—thou art pass - ing a - way, Thy life has been brief as a mid-sum-mer day; Thy fore-head is

2. Thou art pass - ing a - way from the beau - ti - ful earth, Thy much lov'd a - bode, and the land of thy birth; From its for - ests and

3. Thou art pass - ing a - way from thy kin-dred and friends, And the last chain that bound thee, the spoiler now rends; And thy last tones are

4. Thou art passing away, as the first summer rose,
That awaits not the time when the Winter wind blows,
But hastes away on the Autumn's quick gale,
And scatters its odors o'er mountain and dale.

5. The light of thy beauty has faded and gone,
For the withering chills have already come on:
Thy charms have departed—thy glory is fled;
And thou soon wilt be laid in the house of the dead.

6. Thou shalt soon be consigned to the cold, dreary tomb,
The lot of all living—mortality's doom;
Thou shalt there sweetly rest in the calmest repose,
Undisturbed by life's cares, and unpierced by its woes.

7. "Who, who would live always away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns!"

fall - ing on love's list'ning ear, And now in thine eye shines the fond, part - ing tear.

1. Droop - ing souls, no long - er grieve, Hea - ven is pre - ci - ous: } Jo - sus now is pass - ing by, Call - ing mourn - ers to him,
 If in Christ you do be - lieve, You will find him pre - cious. }

He hath died for you and me, Now look up and view him.

2. From his hands, his feet, his side,
 Run the healing lotion;
 See the consoling tide,
 Boundless as the ocean!
 See the healing waters move,
 For the sick and dying!
 Now resolve to gain his love,
 Or to perish trying.
3. Grace's store is always free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Jesus calls, "Come unto me,—
 Weary, heavy laden;"
 Though your sins like mountains high,
 Rise and reach to heaven,
 Soon as you on him rely,
 All shall be forgiven.
4. Now methinks I hear one say,
 "I will go and prove him;
 If he takes my sins away,
 Surely I shall love him;
 Yea! I see the Father smile,
 Now I lose my burden;
 All is grace, for I am vile,
 Yet he seals my pardon!"

1. Still out of the deepest a- byss Of trou-ble I mournfully cry; die: } I can-not, I can-not for- bear These passionate longings for home; Oh!

And pine to reco-ver my peace, And see my Redeemer and

when will my spir-it be there! Oh! when will the mes-sen-ger come!

2. Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain;
And then in the grave to lay down
This burden of body and pain.
O Jesus! in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast:
Appear to my rescue, appear,
And gather me into thy rest!

3. To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy display;
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away;
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above;
The heaven of seeing thy face,
The heaven of feeling thy love!

1. Pris'-ners of hope, lift up your heads; The day of lib-er-ty draws near; Je-sus, who on the ser-pent treads, Shall soon in your be-half appear;

2. Ye all shall find, whom, in his word, Himself hath caused to put your trust; The Father of our dy-ing Lord Is ev-er to his promise just;

3. Yes, Lord, we must be-lieve thee kind! Thou nev-er canst unfaith-ful prove: Surely we shall thy mer-cy find, Who ask, shall all . . . re-ceive thy love:

The Lord will to, will to his tem-ple come; Pre-pare your hearts to make him room.

Faith-ful, if we, if we our sins con-fess, To cleanse from all un-righteous-ness.

Nor canst thou it, thou it to me de-ny; I ask, the chief . . . of sin-ners, I!

4. O ye, of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long:
Hope to the end—in Jesus hope!
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove,—
Ye cannot fail, if God is love!
5. Pris'ners of hope, be strong, be bold!
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
Dare to believe! on Christ lay hold!
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him "We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."
6. Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And rose, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou died'st, and couldst not die in vain.
7. Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
Which all thy great salvation brings;
The Spirit of love, and health, and pow'r,
Shall come, and make us priests and kings,
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

1. I am a great com-plain-er, That bears the name of Christ; Come, all ye Zi-on mourn-ers, And lis-ten to my cries: I've ma-n-y sore temp-

2: O Lord of life and glo-ry, My sins to me re-veal, And by thy love and pow-er, My sin-sick spir-it heal! I thought my war-fare

ta-tions, And sor-rows to my soul; I feel my faith de-clip-ing, And my af-fec-tions cold.

o-ver, No trou-ble I should see; But now I'm like a lone dove That mourns up-on the tree.

3. I wish it was with me now.
As in the days of old,
When the glorious light of Jesus
Was shining in my soul;
But now I am distressed,
And no relief can find,—
A hard deceitful heart, and
A wretched wandering mind.

4. It is great pride and passion
Beset me on my way,
Thus I am fill'd with folly,
And so forget to pray:
While others run rejoicing
And seem to lose no time,
I am so weak I stumble,
And so am left behind.

WITHAM. L. P. M.

J. FAWCETT. Treble and Alto by Wm. HOSKIN.

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English Tune.
Slow and solemn.

1. Mas - ter, I own thy law - ful claim, Thine, whol - ly thine, I long to be! Thou seest at last I will - ing am, Where'er thou goest to fol - low

My - self in all Thine, whol - ly thine, Thine, whol - ly thine, to live and die.
 thee; My - self in all things to de - ny, to live and die, Thine, whol - ly thine, to live and die.
 My - self in all things to de - ny, Thine, whol - ly thine, to live and die, Thine, whol - ly thine, to live and die.
 My - self in all, last. Thine, whol - ly thine, last. Thine, whol - ly thine, to live and die.

With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, . . . Ad - dress the Lord on high; O - ver the heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And

He sends, &c. To cheer the plains be - low, To cheer, &c.

wa - ters veil the sky. He sends his showers of blessings down, To cheer the plains . . . below; He

He sends, &c. To cheer the plains be - low, To cheer, &c.

He sends his showers of blessings down, . . . To cheer the plains be - low, To cheer, &c. He

He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, &c. And corn in valleys grow, He makes, &c.

He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, &c. And corn in valleys grow, . . . He makes, &c.

He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, &c. And corn in valleys grow, He makes, &c.

He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, &c. And corn in valleys grow, . . . He makes, &c.

crown, He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow, And corn, &c.

mountains crown, . . . He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn, &c.

He makes, &c. And corn in valleys grow, . . . And corn, &c.

He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow, . . . And corn, &c.

By winds, &c.

I'm

1. Thro' tri - bu - la - tion deep, The way to glo - ry is,
This stor - my course I keep, On these tem - pestuous seas;

By winds and waves I'm toss'd and driv'n, By winds and waves I'm toss'd and

By winds and waves I'm toss'd and driv'n, By winds and waves I'm

By winds and waves I'm toss'd and driv'n, By winds and waves I'm toss'd and

driv'n, Freight-ed with grace and bound for heav'n.

toss'd and driv'n, Freight-ed with grace and bound for heav'n.

driv'n, Freight-ed with grace and bound for heav'n.

2. Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er my sides break in,
But still my little ship outbraves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3. When I, in my distress,
My anchor-hope can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast:
Safely she then at anchor rides,
Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

4. If a dead calm ensues,
And heav'n no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use,
And tug, and toil, and strive;
Thro' storms and calms, for many a day,
I make but very little way.

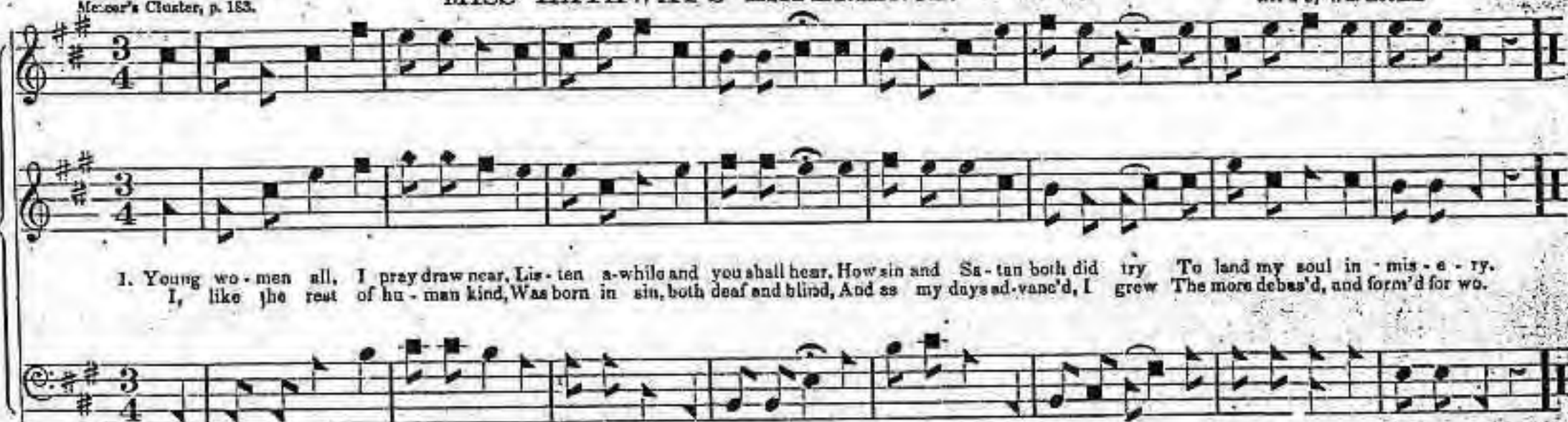
5. But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale.

And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.

6. Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear,
Nor can I, in the night,
Behold the moon or star;
Sometimes for days, and weeks, or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.

7. As at the time of noon,
My quadrant, FAITH, I take,
To view my CHRIST, my sun,
If he the clouds should break:
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabouts I be.

8. The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show:
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.



2. No greater crimes did I commit
Than thousands do delight in yet;—
That heinous crime, call'd civil mirth,
God threatens with his dreadful wrath.
I oftentimes to church did go,
My beauty and fine clothes to show;
About my soul I took no thought,
Christ and his grace to me were nought.

3. Full eighteen years around did roll,
Before I thought of my poor soul;
Which makes me shudder while I think
How near I stood upon the brink!
At length I heard a Baptist preach,
His words into my heart did reach;
He said, "You must be born again
Or heav'n you never can obtain."

4. To keep the law I then was bent,
But found I fail'd in ev'ry point;
The law appear'd so just and true
Not one good duty could I do.
In silent watches of the night,
I went in secret, where I might,
Upon my knees, pour out my grief,
And pray to God for some relief.

5. My uncle said, "Don't look so dull,
Come go with me to yonder ball;
I'll dress you up in silk most fine,
And make you heir of all that's mine."
Dear uncle, that will never do,
It only will augment my wo;
Nor can I think true bliss to win,
If I shall still add sin to sin.

6. "Well, if you are resolved to turn,
And after silly babblers run,
None of my portion you shall have,
I will it to some other leave."
I am resolved to seek the Lord,
Perhaps he may his help afford—
Oh! help me mourn my wretched case,
For I am lost without free grace.

7. Just in this last extremity,
As almost helpless I did lie,
I thought I heard a still small voice
Cry out, "Rise up, in me rejoice!"
Then to my mind did one appear
Wounded by whip, and nail, and spear,
Bearing my sin, a mighty load,
That I might be a child of God.

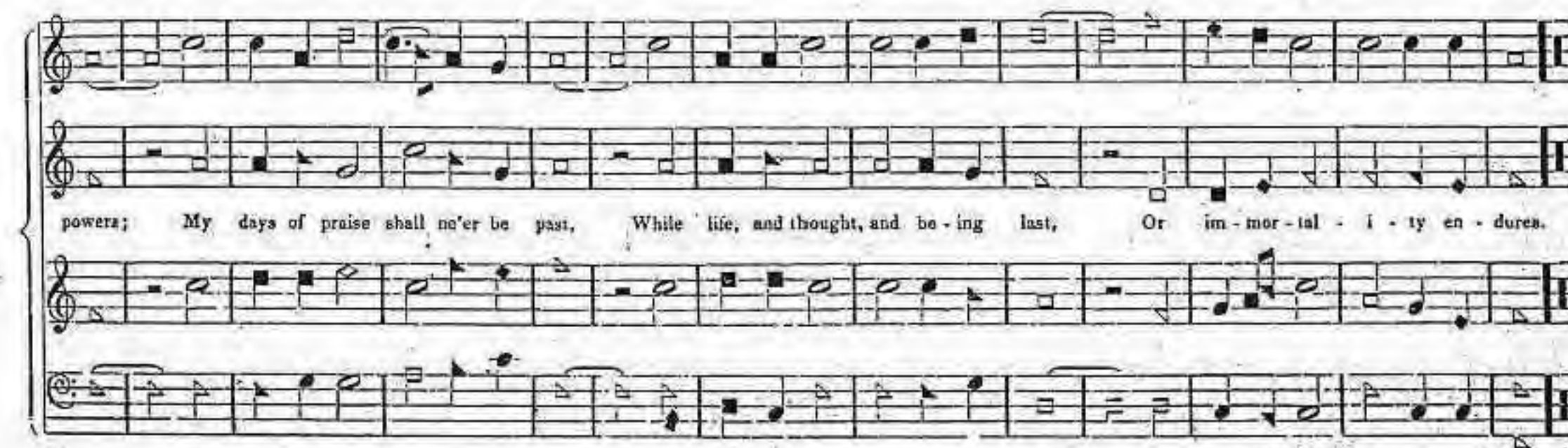
Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound, And knew not where to go: The sinner must be born again, Or sink in endless wo.
My soul in guilt and thrall I found, O'erwhelm'd in sin, with anguish slain—

NINETY-THIRD. S. M.

1. We lift our hearts to thee, O Day-Star from on high! The sun it-self is but thy shade, Yet cheers both earth and sky.
2. O let thy o-rient beams The night of sin disperse, The mists of er-ror and of vice Which shade the u-ni-verse.
3. How beauteous na-ture now! How dark and sad be-fore! With joy we view the pleas-ing change, And na-ture's God a-dore.
4. O may no gloo-my e'er Pol-lute the ri-sing day; Or Je-sus' blood, like eve-ning dew, Wash all our sins a-way.



I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler



powers; My days of praise shall no'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

ANTICIPATION. C. P. M.

Parts arr'd by Wm. Howard.

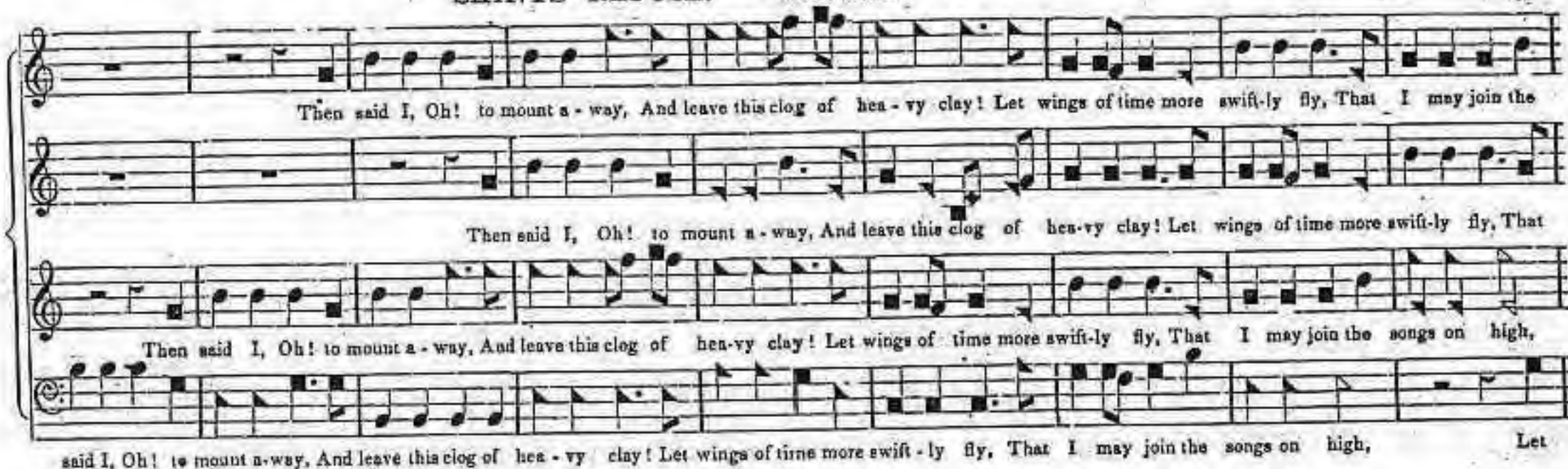
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, Shall I among them stand? Who sometimes am afraid to die,
To call thy ransom'd people home, Shall such a worthless worm as I, Be found at thy right hand?

SAINTS' REPOSE. L. M. D.

HALL.

Death is a calm and sweet re - pose, - The bud was spread to show the rose; - The cage was broke to let us fly, And build our hap - py nests on high.

Then




Then said I, Oh! to mount a-way, And leave this clog of hea-vy clay! Let wings of time more swift-ly fly, That I may join the

Then said I, Oh! to mount a-way, And leave this clog of hea-vy clay! Let wings of time more swift-ly fly, That

Then said I, Oh! to mount a-way, And leave this clog of hea-vy clay! Let wings of time more swift-ly fly, That I may join the songs on high,

said I, Oh! to mount a-way, And leave this clog of hea-vy clay! Let wings of time more swift-ly fly, That I may join the songs on high, Let

OLIVET. C. P. M.



songs on high, Let wings of time more swift-ly fly, That I may join the songs on high.

I may join the songs on high, That I may join the songs on high.

Let wings of time more swift-ly fly, That I may join the songs on high. . . .

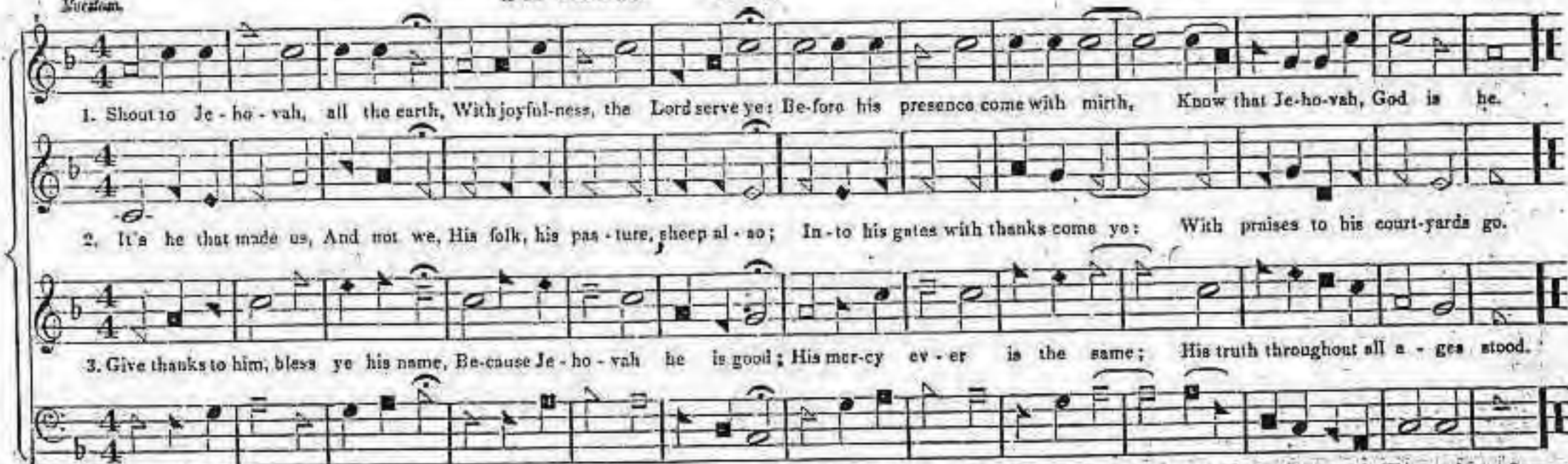
wings of time more swift-ly fly, That I may join the songs on high. . . .

On the cold ground, methinks I see My Jesus kneel and pray for me;



For this I Him a - dore; Seized with a chilly sweat throughout, Blood-drops did force their pas - sage out, Through ev' - ry o - - - pen'd pore.

DE BEZA. L. M.*

Musical.


1. Shout to Je - ho - vah, all the earth, With joyful-ness, the Lord serve ye: Be-fore his presence come with mirth, Know that Je-ho-vah, God is he.

2. It's he that made us, And not we, His folk, his pas - ture, sheep al - so; In-to his gates with thanks come ye: With praises to his court-yards go.

3. Give thanks to him, bless ye his name, Be-cause Je - ho - vah he is good; His mer-cy ev - er is the same; His truth throughout all a - ges stood.

* This melody is taken almost literally from Clement Marot and Theodore De Beza's French translation of the Psalms, first published at Geneva, in 1543. The words are from the "New England Version" of the Psalms, first published at Cambridge, Mass., in 1640. See "Hood's History of Music in New England."

BREAK OF DAY. 8s & 7s, Peculiar.

127

And he said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh."—Gen. xlii. 26.

Wm. HOCUTT.

1. Let me go, the day is breaking, Dear com-pan-ions, let me go!} Upwards now I bend my way, Part we here at break of day,
 We have spent a night of wak-ing, In the wil-der-ness be-low;}

Part we here at break of day.

2. Let me go; I may not tarry,
 Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
 Angels wait, my soul to carry
 Where my risen Lord appears:
 Friends and kindred, weep not so—
 If ye love me, let me go.

3. We have travel'd long together,
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
 Both through fair and stormy weather,
 And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part:
 While I sigh "Farewell!" to you,
 Answer, one and all, "Adieu!"

4. 'Tis not darkness gath'ring round me,
 That withdraws me from your sight;
 Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
 But, translated into light,
 Like the lark on mounting wing,
 Though unseen, you hear me sing.

5. Heav'n's broad day bath o'er me broken,
 Far beyond earth's span of sky;
 Am I dead? nay, by this token,
 Know that I have ceased to die;
 Would you solve the mystery,
 Come up hither—come and see.

Where he is gone, &c.

When strangers stand and hear me tell, What beauties in my Sa-viour dwell, Where he is gone they

Where he is gone, &c. That

Where he is gone, &c. That they may seek and

That they may seek, &c. Where he is gone, &c. That they may seek, &c.

fain would know, That they may seek and love him too, Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

they may seek, &c. That they may seek, &c. Where he is gone, &c. That they may seek, &c.

love him too, That they may seek, &c.

O, how charming! O, how charming! O, how charming! are the ra-diant bands of mu-sic fly-ing, fly-ing, fly-ing, fly-ing, thro' the air,

*The church tri-umph-ant gives the tone, While they sur-round the ho-ly throne, With the ce-le-s-tial arts; An-gel-i-c ar-mies tune their harps.
And rap-sur'd ser-aphs play their parts, Strike, strike, strike their notes at the Re-deem-er's birth; Strike, strike, strike their notes at the Redeemer's birth.

* These words are badly adapted to this tune.

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Lo, your Leader from the skies Waves be-fore you glo-ry's prize, The prize of vic-to-ry: Seize your ar-mor, gird it on, The

bat-tle's yours, it will be won, Tho' fierce the strife 'twill soon be done,
Then strug-gle man-ful-ly.

2. Jesus conquer'd when he fell,
Met and vanquish'd earth and hell;
Now he leads you on, to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt or who will fear?
"God our strength and shield" is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

3. Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
The crown of glory you shall gain;
And walk among that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

Then let your songs, &c. We're

The hill of Si-on yields A thousand sacred sweets, Or walk the golden streets. And ev'ry tear be
Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Then let your songs abound,

Then let your songs a-bound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching, &c.

Then let your songs abound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching, &c. To

marching thro' Emanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, We're, &c. We're, &c. We're march - - - - - ing thro'

dry; We're marching, &c. We're marching, &c. To fairer worlds on high, We're marching, &c. We're marching, &c. To fairer, &c.

To fair-er worlds on high, We're, &c. We're, &c. We're, &c. We're march - - - - - ing thro', We're, &c.

fairer worlds on We're marching, &c. We're, &c. We're march - - - - - ing thro', &c. We're, &c.

BANNOCKBURN. 3 lines 7s & 2 lines 5s.

1. Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of mankind the life and light, Ma-ker, Teach-er in a fi-nite, Je-sus, hear and save! Strong Cre-a-tor, Sa-viour mild,

2. Thron'd a-bove ce-lestial things, Lord of lords, and King of kings; Je-sus, hear and save! Soon to come to earth a-gain,
Borne a-loft on an-gels' wings,

Hum-bled to a mor-tal child, Captive, beat-en, bound, re-vil'd; Je-sus, hear and save!

Judge of an-gels and of men, Hear us now, and hear us then; Je-sus, hear and save!

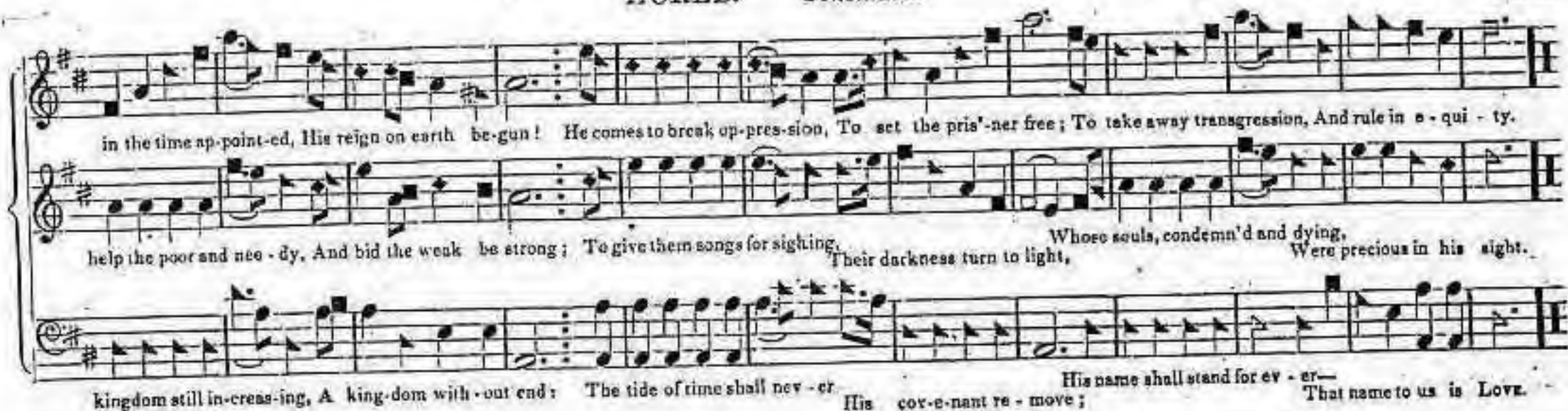
HOREB. 7s & 6s.

WOLFF, of Switzerland.

1. Hail to the Lord's a-noint-ed, Great David's greater Son! Hail

2. He comes with succor speedy, To those who suffer wrong; To

3. For him shall prayer un-ceas-ing And dai-ly vows re-nd; His



in the time ap-point-ed, His reign on earth be-gun! He comes to break op-pres-sion, To set the pris'-ner free; To take away transgression, And rule in e-qui-ty.

help the poor and neo-dy, And bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for sighing, Whose souls, condemn'd and dying, Their darkness turn to light, Were precious in his sight.

kingdom still in-creas-ing, A king-dom with-out end: The tide of time shall nev-er His cov-e-nant re-move; His name shall stand for ev-er—That name to us is Love.

MOUNT HOR. 6,7,6.



1. The day of the Lord—the day of sal-va-tion, } Is swift-ly coming on;—It sure-ly will appear; And you and I must meet it With ec-sta-sy or fear.
The day of his wrath and dire in-dig-na-tion }

2. He'll come in the clouds—the an-gels a-round him! } But sinners then will rise; Their looks will ful-ly tell Their fearful ex-pec-ta-tion Of ban-ish-ment to hell.
The saints shall be bold—and nothing con-found them, }

3. The Judge to his bar will sum-mon all na-tions, } The good and bad shall then Be-fore his throne appear, And stand in awful ter-ror, Their fi-nal doom to hear!
The liv-ing and dead of all gen-er-a-tions: }

4. The saints shall be blest, and taken to heaven,
The wicked, accurs'd, to hell shall be driven,
Where they shall fully feel
The vengeance of the Lord,
And weep and howl to see him
With his avenging sword

5. But all the redeemed, in high elevation,
Will sing a sweet song in sweet exultation!
O how will God delight
To hear them while they sing,
And give Him all the glory,
As their eternal King!

6. O may I be there—Lord, count not this rudeness!
O let me be there, to tell of thy goodness!
And then I shall but be
Just where I now would be,
Delightfully ascribing
The glory all to Thee!

There is a house not made with hands, E-ter-nal, and on high, And here my spirit wait-ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

And here my

And here my spir-it wait-ing

And here my spirit wait-ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly, And here, &c. Till God, &c. fly

And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly, Till God, &c. fly fly

spirit wait-ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly, Till God, &c. fly fly fly

stands, Till God shall bid it fly, And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God, &c. fly fly fly

MOUNT PLEASANT. *Concluded.*

435

fly fly Till God shall bid it fly.

fly Till God shall bid it fly And here my waiting spi - rit stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

fly fly fly fly

fly fly.

MIDNIGHT CRY. 7,6,7.

When the midnight cry began, O what lamentation! } Lo! the Bridegroom is at hand! Who will kindly treat him, Surely all the waiting band Will now go forth to meet him.
Thousands sleeping in their sins, Neglecting their salvation! }

1. Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and marmur, and re-pine, To see the wick-ed plac'd on high, In pride and robes of hon - or

But oh their end, their dread-ful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so: On
 shine. But oh their end, their dread-ful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so: On
 But oh their end, their dread-ful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so: On
 But oh their end, their dread-ful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so: On

slip - - p'ry rocks I see them stand, And a - rey bil - lows roll be - low.

slip - - p'ry rocks I see them stand, And a - rey bil - lows roll be - low.

slip - - p'ry rocks I see them stand, And a - rey bil - lows roll be - low.

slip - - p'ry rocks I see them stand, And a - rey bil - lows roll be - low.

PORTSMOUTH. L. M.

Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast, Let ev'-ry soul be Je-sus' guest; Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bid-den all man-kind.

Hark! the Redeem-er, from on high,
Sweetly invites his favourites nigh;
From caves of darkness and of doubt, He gently speaks and calls them out:
Come, my be-
Come, my be-lov-ed, haste a-

Come, my be-lov-ed, haste a-way, Cut short the hours of thy de-lay; Fly like a youth-ful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spi-ces grow.
Come, my be-lov-ed, haste a-way, Cut short the hours of thy de-lay; Fly like a youthful hart or roe, Over the hills where spices grow.
loved, haste a-way, Cut short the hours of thy de-lay; Fly like a youth-ful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spi-ces grow,
way, Cut short the hours of thy de-lay; Fly like a youth-ful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spi-ces grow

Je-sus, the Ho-ly child, shall sit High on his father Da - vid's throne; Shall crush his foes beneath his feet, And reign for a-ges

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is a bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is written in the first treble staff, with accompaniment in the second, third, and fourth staves. The lyrics are placed below the second staff.

yet unknown. Sing how he left the worlds of light; And the bright shining robes he wore; How swift and joy-ful was his flight, On wings of mer - cy, love, and pow'r.

This system contains four staves of music, continuing from the first system. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is a bass clef. The key signature remains two sharps. The melody continues in the first treble staff, with accompaniment in the other staves. The lyrics are placed below the second staff.

1. How love - ly are thy tents, O Lord! Wher - e'er thou choos-est to re - cord Thy name, or place thy house of

pray'r, My soul out - lies the an - gel choir, And saints, o'erpower'd with strong de - sire, To meet thy spe - cial pre - sence there.

2. Happy the man to whom 'tis given
To dwell within that gate of heav'n,
And in thy house record thy praise;
Whose strength and confidence thou art,
Who feel thee, Saviour, in their heart,
The Way, the Truth, the Life of grace.

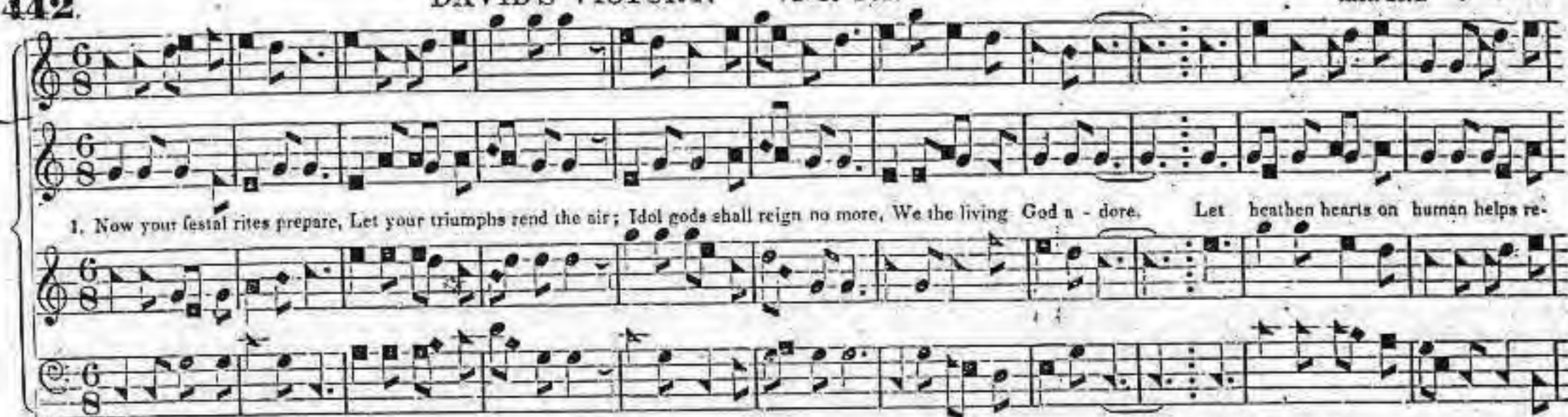
3. Who, passing through the mournful vale,
Drink comfort from the living well,
That flows replenish'd from above;
From strength to strength advancing here,
Till all before their God appear,
And each receives the crown of love.

4. Better a day thy courts within,
Than thousands in the tents of sin;
How base the noblest pleasures there!
How great the weakest child of thine!
His meanest task is all divine,
And kings and priests thy servants are.

1. Come, all ye young people, of ev'ry re-la-tion, Come, listen awhile, and to you I will tell, } I was not yet sixteen, when Jesus first called me, To think of my
How I was first call-ed to seek for sal-va-tion, Redemption in Jesus, who sav'd me from hell: }

soul and the state I was in; I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus, Between me and him was a mountain of sin.

2. The Devil perceived that I was convinced,
And strove to persuade me that I was too young,
That I would get weary before my ascension,
And wish that I had not so early begun:
Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was partial,
When he was a setting of poor sinners free,
That I was forsaken, or was reprobated,
And there was no mercy at all for poor me.
3. But glory to Jesus! his love's not confined
To princes, nor men of a noble degree;
His love flows most freely to all human creatures,
He died for poor sinners when nail'd to the tree.
And when I was groaning in sad lamentation,
My soul overwhelmed in sorrow and grief,
He drew near in mercy, look'd on me with pity,
He pardon'd my sins, and he gave me relief.
4. And now I've found favor in Jesus my Saviour,
And all his commandments I'm bound to obey;
I trust he will keep me from all Satan's power,
Till he shall think proper to call me away.
So farewell, young people, if I can't persuade you,
To leave off your follies and go with a friend—
I'll follow my Saviour, in whom I've found favor,
My days to his glory I'm now bound to spend.



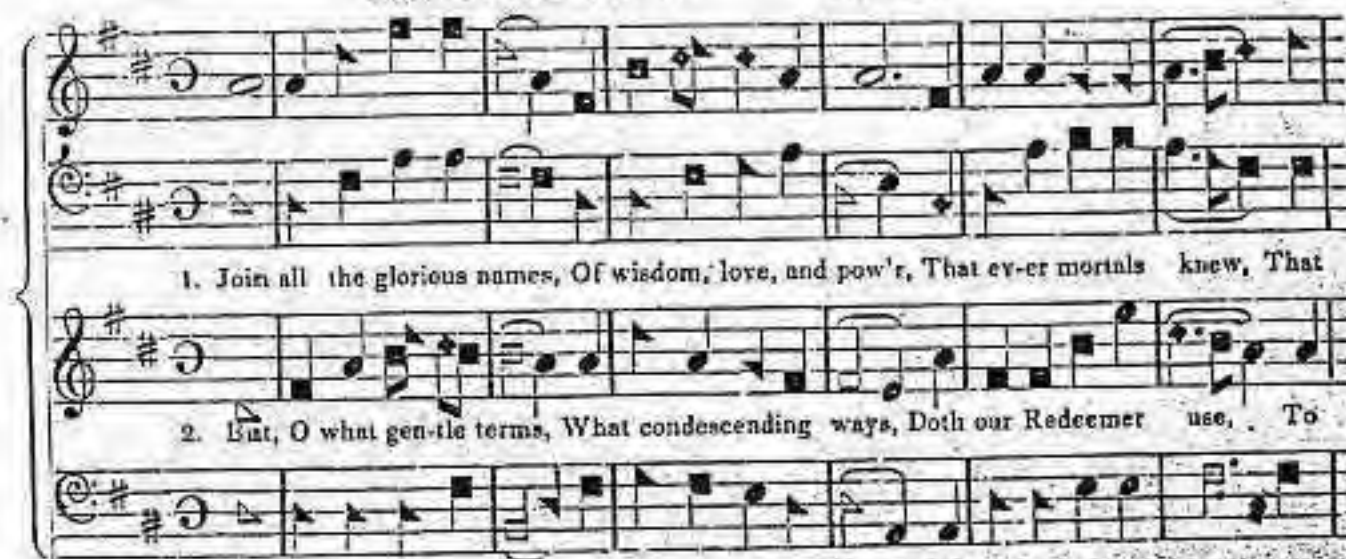
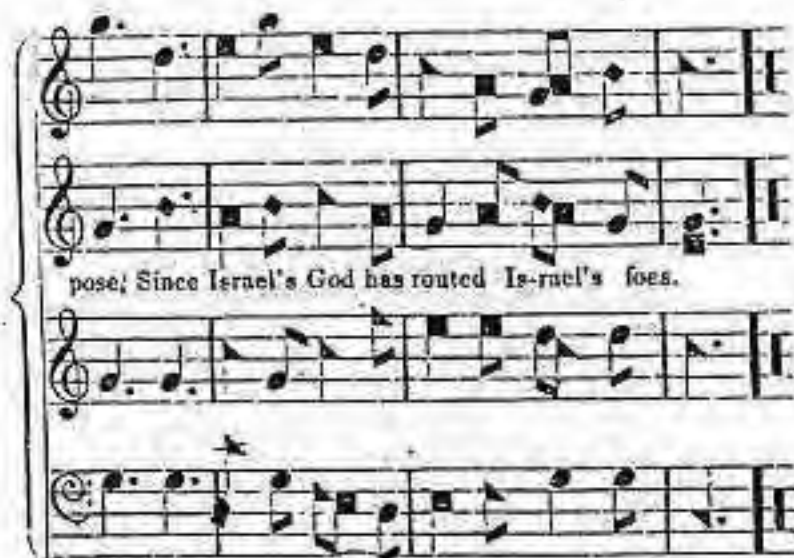
2. Let remotest nations know
Proud Goliath's overthrow;
Fallen, Philistia, is thy trust;
Dagon's honor laid in dust:
Who fears the Lord of glory need not fear
The brazen armor or the golden spear.

3. See the routed squadrons fly!
Hark! their clamors rend the sky;
Blood and carnage stain the field—
See the vanquish'd nations yield!
Dismay and terror fill the afflicted land,
While conqu'ring David routs the trembling band.

4. Lo! upon the tented field,
Royal Saul has thousands kill'd;
Lo! upon the sanguine plain,
David has ten thousands slain:
Let mighty Saul his vanquish'd thousands tell,
While David's votaries tenfold triumphs swell.

CONNECTICUT.

H. M.



All are too mean, All are too mean, All are too mean, &c.

an-gels ev - er bore; All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set my Sa-viour forth.

teach his heavenly grace; Mine eyes with joy and won-der see, What forms of love he bears for me!

Mine eyes with joy and won-der see, What forms, &c.

WARRENTON. 8s & 7s.

Female Pilgrim.

Chorus.

1. Whither goest thou, Pilgrim stranger, Passing thro' this darksome vale? } I am bound for the kingdom. Hal-le - lu - jah! O hal-le - lu - jah!
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger, And wilt not thy courage fail? } Will you go to glo-ry with me?

2. PILGRIM thou dost justly call me,
Wandering o'er this waste so wide;
Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm bless'd with such a GUIDE.
3. Such a Guide!—no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If a guardian pow'r befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

4. Yes, unseen—but still, believe me,
Such a Guide my steps attends;
He'll in ev'ry strait relieve me;
He from ev'ry harm defends.
5. Pilgrim! see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding thro' the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?

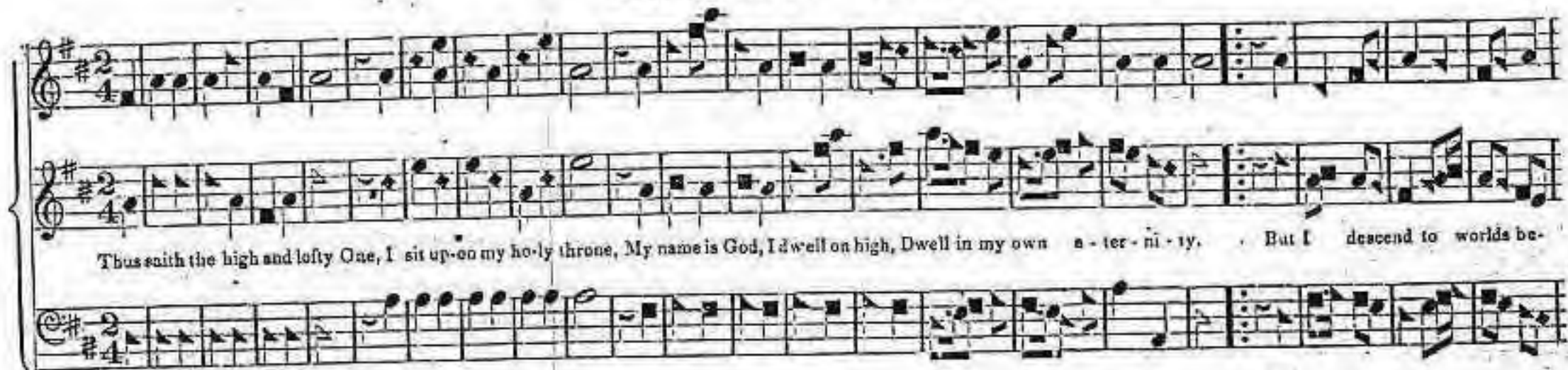
6. No; that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend,
There to plunge will be delightful—
There my pilgrimage will end.
7. While I gazed—with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plunged from sight;
Gazing still—I saw her rising,
Like an angel—cloth'd with light.

Dis-miss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed up-on thy word; } Tho' we are guilt-y, thou art good, Wash all our works in Je-sus' blood;
All that has been a - miss, forgive, And let thy truth with-in us live. }

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with a large closing brace at the end of the first line.

Give ev'-ry fetter'd soul re-lease, And bid us all de-part in peace, Give ev'-ry, &c.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.



Thus saith the high and lofty One, I sit up-on my ho-ly throne, My name is God, I dwell on high, Dwell in my own a - ter - ni - ty. But I descend to worlds be-



low, On earth I have a man-sion too; The hum-ble spi - rit and con-trite, Is an a - bode of my de - light, Is an a - bode of my delight.

HYMN.

1. Thus saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigor and delight.
2. "Then shall thy neighbor, next in place,
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure, and rule thy love to him."
3. The substance this, that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke:
"The law demands a perfect love.
4. But O how base our passions are!
This holy law we can't fulfil;
Regenerate our souls, O Lord!
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

A wake, our souls, a-way our fears, Let ev' - ry trembling thought be gone, Awake, and run the heav'nly road, And put a cheer-lul cou-rage on.

This system consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clef, and the bottom two are bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

Swift as the ea - gle cuts the air, We'll mount a - loft to thine a-bode, On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire a-midst the heav'n - ly road.

This system also consists of four staves, with the same instrumentation and key signature as the first system. The musical notation continues the hymn's melody and accompaniment.



On wings, On wings of love our souls shall fly, . . . On wings, &c.

On wings of love, On wings of love our souls shall fly, . . . Nor tire a - midst the heav'nly road.

On wings of love our souls shall fly, On wings, &c.

our souls shall fly, On wings of love our souls shall fly, On wings, &c. Nor tire, &c.

ALL SAINTS NEW. L. M. D.

HALL



Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fear - less thro' death's i - ron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she

Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft as downy pil-lows are, While on his breast I lean my

pass'd. Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft . . . as downy pillows are, While on his breast I

Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft as downy pil-lows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out

Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft as downy pil-lows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my

head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

sweet-ly there, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

life out sweet-ly there, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

1. Draw nigh to us, Je-ho-vah! Draw nigh to us, Je-ho-vah! Draw nigh to us, Je-ho-vah. In our so-cial meet-ing; In this pro-pi-tious hour; Oh may we feel thy pow-er, Oh

2. Draw nigh to us, blest Je-sus, Draw nigh to us, blest Jesus, Draw nigh to us, blest Jesus. In our so-cial meet-ing; Oh may we find thy fa-vor, Thou e-ver blessed Sa-viour, Thou

3. Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit, Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit, Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit. In our so-cial meet-ing; Con-vince and ren-o-vate us, A-new in Christ cre-ate us, A-

SPANISH HYMN. 6s & 5s, P.

Very slow.

may we feel thy pow-er, In this so-cial meet-ing.

e-ver bless-ed Sa-viour, In this so-cial meet-ing.

new in Christ create us. In this so-cial meet-ing.

Thro' thy pro-tect-ing care, Kept till the dawning;
Taught to draw near in pray'r, Heed we the warning;
Ev-er-more prais-ing thee, God of the morning.

O thou great One in three! Gladly our souls would be

Ah! love-ly appearance of death,
 What sight up-on earth is so fair!

Not all the gay pageants that breathe
 Can with a dead bo-dy com-pare.

With solemn delight I survey Tho

cor-pee when the spirit is fled, In love with the beautiful clay, And longing to lie in its stead.

CONSOLATION NEW. C. P. M.

Come on, my part-ners in distress, My comrades thro' the wilderness.

Who still your bo-dies feel, A-while forget your griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce-les-tial hill, . . . To that ce-les-tial hill.

O HOW PLEASANT. 7s.

Infant Piece.

Treble and Alto by W. M. HOSKIN.

1. O how plea-sant 'tis to see Lit-tle chil-dren all a-gree; Hymn-ing notes of joy and praise, In the morn-ing of their days.

2. Ev'-ry bird that lifts the wing Has some note of praise to sing; All the songs that cheer the grove Swell with sym-pa-thy and love.

3. Children, im-i-tate their lays; Sound your sweetest notes of praise; Raise your songs of glad-ness high, To the re-gions of the sky.

4. All your tongues were made to sing Prais-es to th'E-ter-nal King; Love should blend with ev'-ry strain, Love to God, and love to men.

1. What sorrowful sounds do I hear, Move slowly along in the gale! How solemn they fall on my ear, As, soft-ly, they pass thro' the vale! Sweet Cory-don's notes are all o'er,

2. Sweet woodbines will rise round his tomb, Young hyacinths freshen and bloom, Each morn, when the sun gilds the east,
And willows there sorrowing wave; While hawthorns encir-cle his grave.

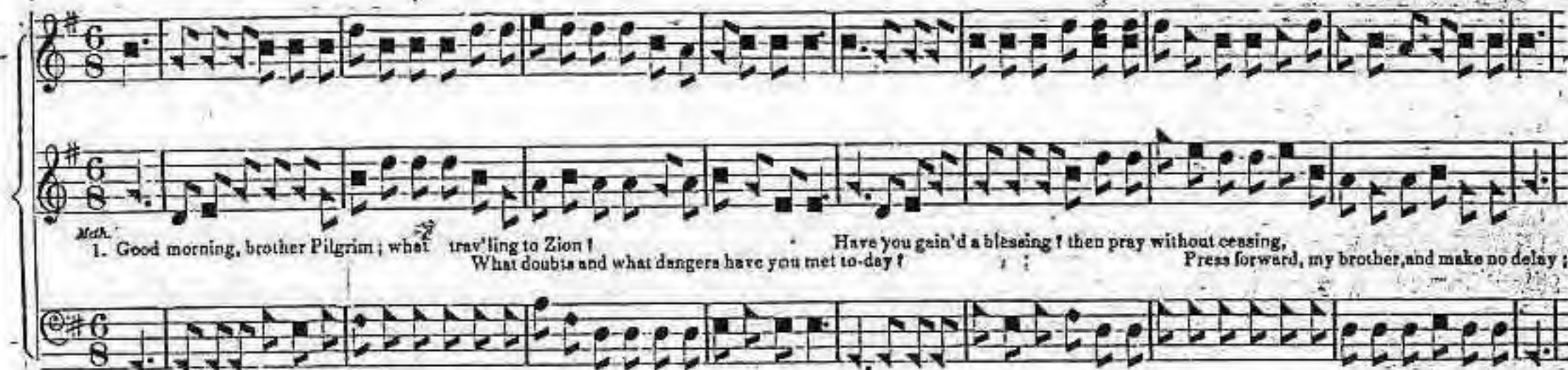
Now, lone-ly, he sleeps in the clay; His cheeks bloom with roses no more, Since death call'd his spirit a-way.

(The green grass bespangled with dew.) To charm the sad Car-o-line's view.
He'll cast his bright beams on the west.

3. O Corydon! hear the sad cries
Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;
O spirit! look down from the skies,
And pity thy mourner below;
'Tis Caroline's voice in the grove,
Which Philomel hears on the plain;
Then, striving the mourner to soothe,
With sympathy joins in her strain.
4. Ye shepherds, so blithesome and young,
Retire from your sports on the green;
Since Corydon's dead to my song,
The wolves tear the lambs on the plain;
Each awain round the forest will stray,
And sorrowing, hang down his head;
His pipe then in symphony play,
Some dirge to sweet Corydon's shade.
5. And when the still night has unfur'd
Her robes o'er the hamlets around,
Gray twilight retires from the world,
And darkness encumbers the ground;
I'll leave my own gloomy abode,
To Corydon's urn will I fly,
There, kneeling, will bless the just God,
Who dwells in bright mansions on high.

This spa-cious earth is all the Lord's, And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds; He raised the building on the seas, And gave it for their dwelling-place. But

there's a bright-er world on high, Thy pul-ace, Lord, a-bove the sky; Who shall as-cend that blest a-bode, And dwell so near his Ma-ker, God!

*Form.*

2. I came out this morning, and now am returning,
Perhaps little better than when I first came,
Such groaning and shouting, it sets me to doubting,
I fear such religion is only a dream;
The preachers were stamping, the people were jumping,
And screaming so loud that I nothing could hear,
Either praying or preaching—such horrible shrieking!
I was truly offended at all that was there.

Met.

3. Perhaps, my dear brother, while they pray'd together
You sat and considered, but pray'd none at all;
Would you find a blessing, then pray without ceasing,
Obey the advice that was given by Paul:
For if you should reason at any such season,
No wonder if Satan should tell in your ear,
That preachers and people are only a rabble,
And this is no place for reflection and prayer.

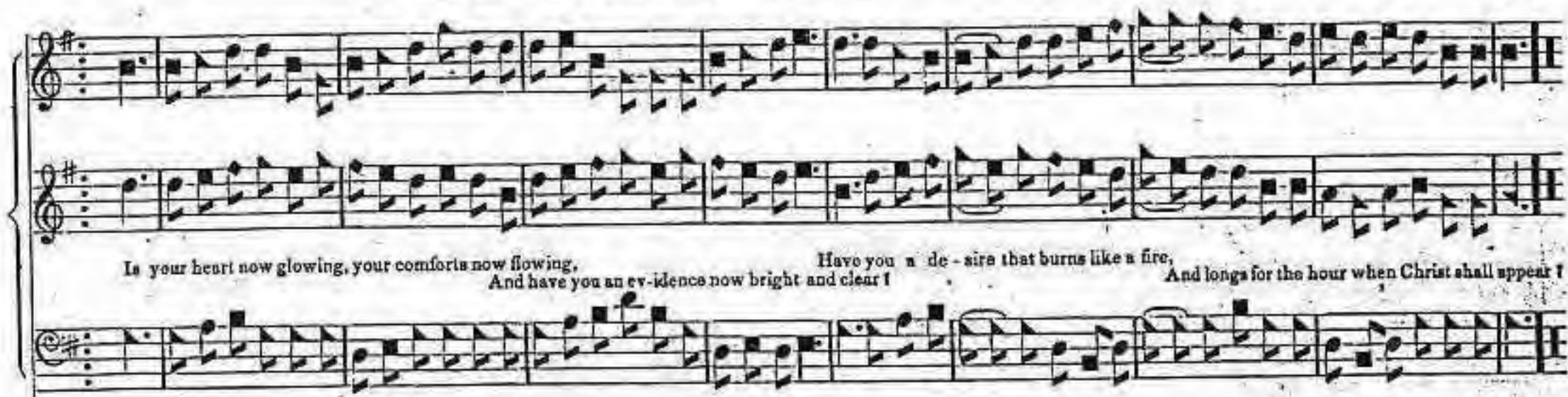
Form.

4. No place for reflection—I'm fill'd with distraction,
I wonder that people could bear for to stay,
The men they were bawling, the women were squalling,
I know not for my part how any could pray:

Such horrid confusion—if this be religion
I'm sure it is something that never was seen,
For the sacred pages that speak of all ages,
Do nowhere declare that such ever has been.

Met.

5. Don't be so soon shaken—if I'm not mistaken
Such things were perform'd by believers of old;
When the Ark was coming, king David came running,
And dancing before it, in Scripture we're told:
When the Jewish nation had laid the foundation,
To rebuild the temple at Ezra's command,
Some wept and some praised, such noise there was raised,
'Twas heard afar off, and perhaps through the land.
6. And as for the preacher, Ezekiel the teacher,
God taught him to stamp and to smite with the hand,
To show the transgressions of that wicked nation—
To bid them repent and obey the command.
For Scripture collation in this dispensation,
The blessed Redeemer has handed it out—
"If these cease from praising," we hear him there saying,
"The stones to reprove them would quickly cry out."



Form.

7. Then Scripture's contrasted, for Paul has protested
 That order should reign in the house of the Lord—
 Amid such a clatter who knows what's the matter !
 Or who can attend unto what is declared !
 To see them behaving like drunkards, all raving,
 And lying and rolling prostrate on the ground,
 I really felt awful, and sometimes felt fearful
 That I'd be the next that would come tumbling down.

Meth.

8. You say you felt awful—you ought to be careful
 Lest you grieve the Spirit, and so he depart,
 For by your confession you've felt some impression,
 The sweet melting showers have soften'd your heart :
 You fear persecution, and that's a delusion
 Brought in by the devil to stop up your way ;
 Be careful, my brother, for blest are no other
 Than persons that "are not offended in Me."
9. As Peter was preaching, and bold in his teaching,
 The plan of salvation in Jesus's name,
 The Spirit descended, and some were offended,
 And said of these men, "They are fill'd with new wine."

- "I never yet doubted that some of them shouted,
 While others lay prostrate, by power struck down ;
 Some weeping, some praising, while others were saying,
 "They're drunkards, or fools, or in falsehood abound."

10. As time is now flying and moments are dying,
 We're call'd to improve them, and quickly prepare
 For that awful hour when Jesus, in power
 And glory is coming—'tis now drawing near :
 Methinks there'll be shouting, and I'm not a doubting,
 But crying and screaming for mercy in vain ;
 Therefore, my dear brother, let us pray together,
 That your precious soul may be fill'd with the flame.

Form.

11. I own prayer's now needful, I really feel awful
 That I've grieved the Spirit in time that is past ;
 But I'll look to my Saviour, and hope to find favor,
 The storms of temptation will not always last :
 I'll strive for the blessing, and pray without ceasing,
 His mercy is sure unto all that believe :—
 My heart is now glowing ! I feel his love flowing !
 Peace, pardon, and comfort I now do receive !

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand an-gels fill'd the sky; Those heav'nly guards a-round thee wait, Like char-iots that

Not Si-nai's mountain could ap-pear More glo-rious, when the Lord was there;
 at-tend thy state. Not Si-nai's mountain could ap-pear More glorious, when the Lord was there; While
 Not Si-nai's mountain could appear More glorious, when the Lord was there, More, &c.

Not Si-nai's mountain could ap-pear More glorious, when the Lord was there, More, &c.

SINAI. *Concluded.*

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While he pronounced his dread - ful law, And struck the cho-sen tribes with awe, And struck, &c.

he pronounced his dread - ful law, And struck the cho - sen tribes with awe, And struck, &c.

While he pronounced his dread - ful law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe, And struck, &c.

While he pronounced his dread - ful law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe, And struck, &c.

MIDDLEBURY. 6s & 9s.

2. We have laid up our love, Tho' our bodies con - tin-ue be-low; The redeem'd of the Lord, And with singing to Paradise go.
And our treasures above, We re-mem-ber his word.

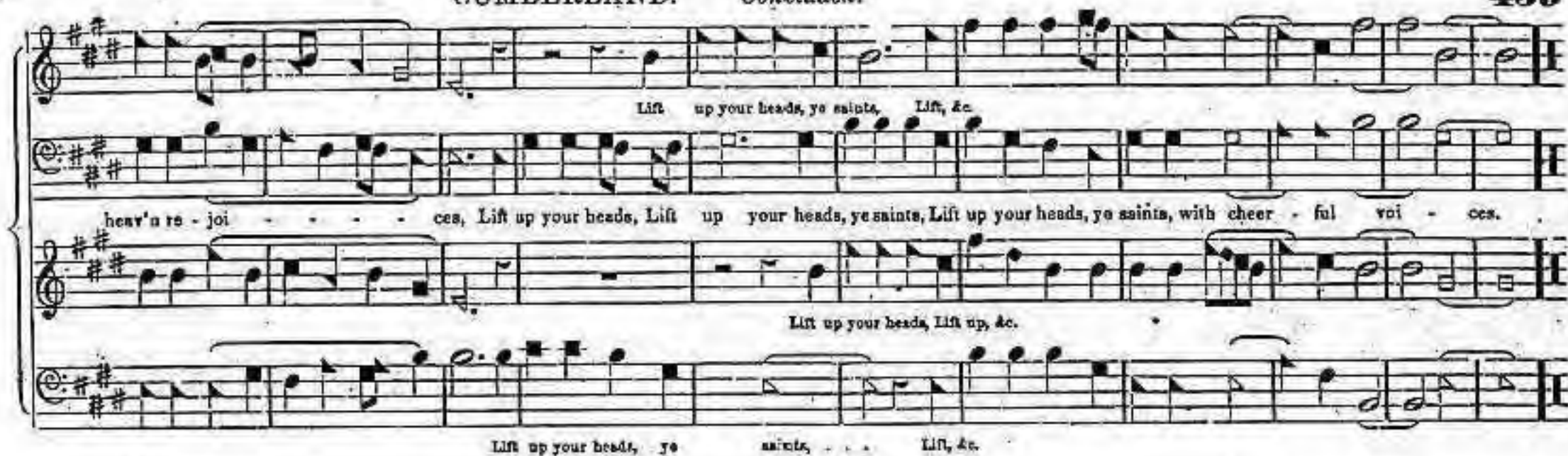
3 M

Calls the south na - - - - - tions and a-wakes the north;
 The God of glo - - - - - ry sends his summons forth, Calls the south na-tions, - - - - - Calls the south nations and a-wakes the north;
 Calls the south na - - - - - tions and a-wakes the north;
 Calls the south na - - - - - tions and a-wakes the north;

From east to west the sovereign or-ders spread, Thro' distant worlds, &c. The trumpet sounds, - - - - - hell trembles,
 From east to west the sovereign or-ders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead; The trumpet sounds, The trumpet - sounds, hell trembles,
 From east to west, &c. Thro' distant worlds, &c. The trumpet sounds, The trumpet sounds, hell trembles,
 From, &c. Thro' &c. The trumpet sounds, - - - - - hell trembles,

CUMBERLAND. *Concluded.*

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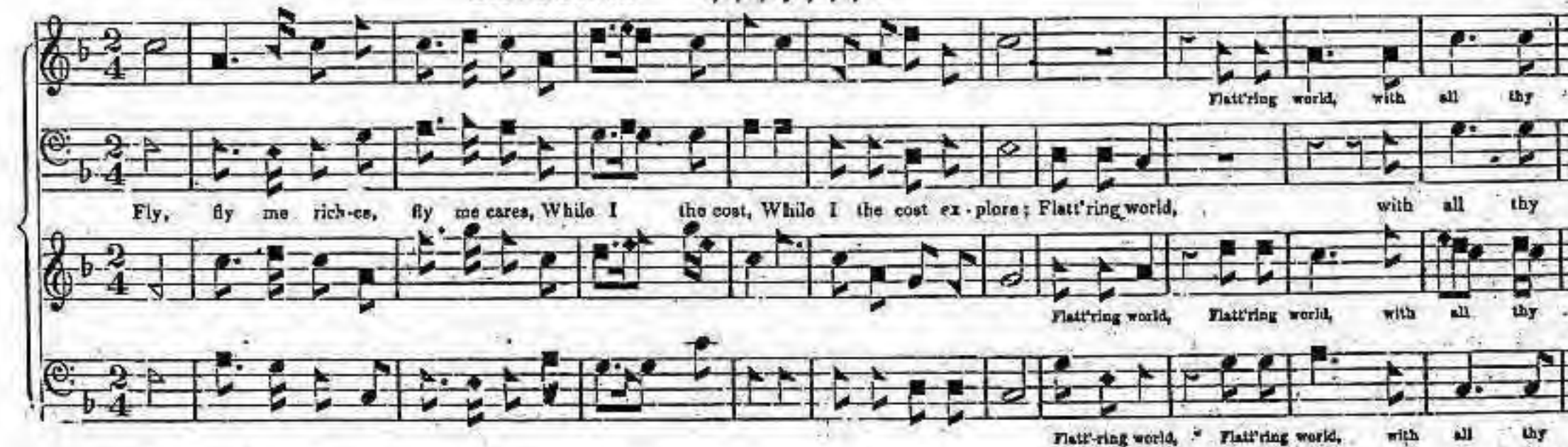
Lift up your heads, ye saints, Lift, &c.

heav'n re-joices, Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, ye saints, Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

Lift up your heads, Lift up, &c.

Lift up your heads, ye saints, Lift, &c.

DEVOTION. 7,6,7,6,7,7,6.



Flatt'ring world, with all thy

Fly, fly me riches, fly me cares, While I the cost, While I the cost explore; Flatt'ring world, with all thy

Flatt'ring world, Flatt'ring world, with all thy

Flatt'ring world, Flatt'ring world, with all thy

Strangers tar-ry but a night, When the last dear day is come, . . .

cares, So - li - cit me no more: Pilgrims fix not here their home, Pilgrims fix not here their home, Strangers tarry but a night, When the last dear day is come, Strangers tar-ry but a night, When the last dear day is come, . . . Strangers tar-ry but a night, When the last dear day is come,

When, &c. They'll rise, They'll rise, They'll rise to joy, They'll rise, &c.

When the last dear day is come, They'll rise, , They'll rise, They'll rise to joy, They'll rise to joy - ful light.

When, &c. They'll rise, They'll rise, They'll rise, They'll rise to joy, They'll rise, &c.

When, &c. They'll rise, They'll rise, They'll rise to joy, They'll rise, &c.

1. Ours is the Sab-bath-school, Its les-sons may we prize,* And grow, by ev'-ry gos-pel rule, Un-to sal-va-tion wise.

2. So all our lives be-low, In wis-dom's plea-sant ways, The fruits of Sabbath-schools shall show, The bliss of Sab-bath days.

3. Then heav'n it-self shall be Our Sab-bath-school *a-bove; And un-dis-turb'd e-ter-ni-ty, One Sab-bath-school of love.

HOW KIND THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE! H. M.

1. How kind the Saviour's love, While in his arms he took And bless'd each little child! I love to hear them lisp my name,
How tenderly he smiled! "Forbid them not, for such I came, I love to hear," &c.

2. How oft our teachers pray;
Their efforts do not cease,
That we may find the way
To happiness and peace!
They urge the message he has sent,
Entreating children to repent

3. Thy blessing, Lord, impart,
Grant mercy to us all;
Let grace incline each heart
To listen to his call:
Then sin, nor death, nor earthly charms,
Shall keep us from our Saviour's arms.

* Solo for the first two stanzas—all should sing the third.

1. Chil-dren redeem'd in ev'ry place, Have heard the gos-pel sound; } Some, tho' but few, have learn'd to bless Je-sus, the Sun of righteousness.
Of ev'-ry co-lor, ev'-ry race, In ev'-ry realm a-round; }

2. The sub-ject of their praise the same, His love their sweet de-light; } For children can-not un-derstand The language of an-o-therland.
In dif-ferent tongues they praise his name, Yet here could not u-nite; }

3. But, when in heav'n the ransom'd throng Of dif-ferent na-tions meet, } Earth's dif-fering lan-gua-ges be done, The tongues in heav'n shall all be one.
One voice, one sub-ject, and one song, The cho-rus will com-plete: }

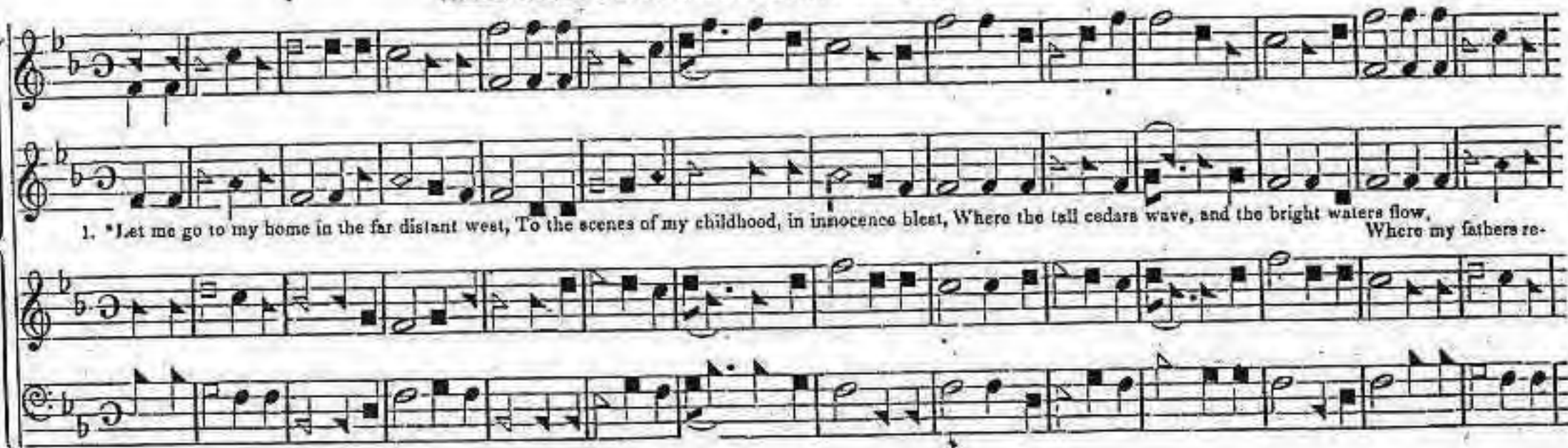
ABINGDON. L. M.

From Wm. Caldwell's "Union Harmony."

1. There is an hour when I must die, Nor do I know how soon 'twill come; A thou-sand children, young as I, Are call'd, by death, to hear their doom.

2. Let me im-prove the hours I have, Be-fore the day of grace is fled; There's no re-pent-ance in the grave, Nor par-don of-fer'd to the dead.

3. Just as a tree cut down, that fell To north or southward, there it lies; So man de-parts to heav'n or hell, Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.



1. *Let me go to my home in the far distant west, To the scenes of my childhood, in innocence blest, Where the tall cedars wave, and the bright waters flow, Where my fathers re-



pose, let me go, let me go. . . . Where my fathers re-poss, Oh! there let me go!

2. Let me go to the spot where the cataracts play,
Where I often have sported in boyhood's bright day,
And there greet my fond mother, whose heart will overflow
At the sight of her child; let me go, let me go.
At the sight of her child, oh! there let me go!
3. Let me go to my sire, by whose battle-scar'd side
I have sported so oft in the noon of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe;
To my father, the chief, let me go, let me go.
To my father, the chief, oh! there let me go!
4. And, oh! do let me go to my flashing-eyed maid,
Who hath taught me to love 'neath the green willow's shade,
Whose heart, like the fawn leaps—as pure as the snow;
To the bosom I love let me go, let me go.
To the bosom I love, oh! there let me go!
5. And, oh! do let me go to my wild forest home,
No more from its life-cheering pleasures to roam;
'Neath the grove of the glen let my ashes lie low;
To my home in the woods, let me go, let me go.
To my home in the woods, oh! there let me go!

* * This song, it is said, was composed by the son of a chief of one of the Western tribes, who was sent to Washington city to make a treaty with the United States, which treaty was delayed for awhile by unavoidable circumstances." So. Harmony, edit. of 1847.

1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb,—Its fleece was white as snow; And ev' - ry - where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go;

2. So the teach - er turn'd him out; But still he lin - ger'd near, And wait - ed pa - tient - ly with - out, Till Ma - ry did ap - pear;

3. "What makes the lamb love Mary so!" The ea - ger chil - dren cry; "O, Ma - ry loves the lamb, you know," The teach - er did re - ply;

It fol - low'd her to school, one day,—That was a - gainst the rule; It made the chil - dren laugh and play, To see a lamb at school.

And then he ran to her, and laid His head up - on her arm, As if he said—I'm not a - fraid,—You'll keep me from all harm.

"And you each gen - tle an - i - mal In con - fi - dence may bind, And make them fol - low at your call, If you are al - ways kind."

1. All the week we spend, Full of child-ish bliss; } Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sab-bath school,
 Ev'-ry changing scene Brings its hap-pi-ness; }

2. Love-ly is the dawn Of each ri-sing day; } Then our in-fant thoughts are full Of the pre-cious Sab-bath school,
 Love-ly-est the morn Of the Sab-bath day; }

Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sabbath school, Had we not the Sab-bath school.

Then our in-fant thoughts are full Of the precious Sab-bath school, Of the precious Sab-bath school.

3. To our happy ears
 Blessed news is brought;
 Tidings of the work
 Love divine hath wrought;
 Gracious news, and merciful;
 How we love the Sabbath school!
4. Teachers, you are kind,
 Thus to point the road
 Leading us from sin,
 To our Father, God;
 May we all be dutiful,
 In the precious Sabbath school!
5. Sweetly fades the light
 Of each passing day;
 Fairest is the night
 Of the Sabbath day;
 Then our hearts, with praise, are full,
 For the precious Sabbath school!

1. Come, chil-dren, young and low-ly, A - loud your voi-ces raise To Je - sus, King of glo - ry, - He stoops to hear your praise.

2. Ye youth-ful tribes, re - mem-ber His con - de-scend - ing grace Dis - play'd when he did wan - der A - mong an in - fant - race;

3. Is Je - sus now less love - ly, Or is that crown-less bright, That decks his brow in glo - ry, Un - fold - ing dar-zling light!

4. Till round the world the sto - ry Of Je - sus' death shall spread, And hea - then lands shall glo - ry In Christ, their liv - ing Head;

His heart is all com - pas - sion, His voice is full of love; Come, then, let ad - o - ra - tion For - bid your hearts to rove.

For - get - ting all his great - ness, He blest the ten - der throng: While they, with in - fant sweet - ness, Ho - san-nas to him sung.

O no; he still is will - ing To bless the youthful race! Then each - let each, ex - cel - ling, Ex - tol his glorious grace,

Then, in one heav'nly u - nion, Your hal - le - lu - jahs bring, And serve, in sweet com - mu - nion, The ev - er - last - ing King

1. When, His sal - va - tion bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The chil-dren all stood sing-ing Ho - san - nah to his name.

2. And since the Lord re - tain-eth His love for chil-dren still; Though now, as King, he reign-eth On Zi - on's heav'n-ly hill;

3. For, should we fail pro - claim-ing Our great Re - deem - er's praise, The stones, our si - lence shaming, Might well ho - san - nah raise.

Nor, did their zeal of - fend him; A - mid that might-y throng, He let them still at - tend him, Well pleased to hear their song.

We'll flock a - round his ban-ner, Who sits up - on the throne, And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - nah To Da-vid's roy - al Son!"

But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words? No! while our hearts are ten - der, They, too, shall be the Lord's.

1. Hear the roy - al pro - cla - ma - tion, The glad tidings of sal - va - tion, Publish - ing to ev' - ry crea - ture, To the ruin'd sons of na - ture; Je - sus reigns, he reigns

vic - to - rious, O - ver heav'n and earth most glo - ri - ous, Je - sus reigns.

2. See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
Rebel sinners! royal favour
Now is offer'd by the Saviour:
Lo! he reigns, &c.

3. Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing!
Here is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation,—
Jesus reigns, &c.

4. Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost for ever,
O now turn to God your Saviour!
Lo! he reigns, &c.

5. Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money—
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Jesus reigns, &c.

6. For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises,
Lo! he reigns, &c.

7. Shout, ye tongues of ev'ry nation,
To the bounds of the creation,
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion,
Jesus reigns, &c.

8. Now our souls have caught new fire,
Brethren, raise your voices higher,
Shout with joyful acclamation;
To the Prince of our salvation.
Jesus reigns, &c.

9. Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ has purchased our redemption:
Angels, about the pleasing story,
Thro' the brighter worlds of glory,
Jesus reigns, &c.

ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

(Another arrangement.)

Air'd by A. DARTMOUTH.

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CHORUS.

Hear the roy-al pro-cla-ma-tion, The glad tidings of sal-va-tion, Publishing to ev'-ry crea-ture, To the ru-in'd sons of nature; Je-sus reigns, he reigns victorious,

Parts by Wm. Housen.

TIPPETT.

C. M.

Infant Piece.

Air by CHAS. DINGLEY.

Over heav'n and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns.

1. I saw a little child at play, Beside a glassy pool, Where soft the dancing sunbeams lay, Upon the waters cool.

2. I saw him cast a little stone In-to that peaceful tide, And watch the wavelets one by one, Spread circling far and wide.

3. I thought about a purer wave,
For all the nations given,
The precious blood a Saviour gave
To make us meet for heav'n.

4. Dear children, if your hearts you bring,
Where those bright waters glide,
As spreads each gently circling ring
Upon that quiet tide;

5. So from each heart, beneath that wave,
Sweet influence may spring,
Some distant heart from death to save,
Some soul to heav'n to bring.

6. Far as the ocean's waves extend,
Far as earth's shores are spread,
So far that heart its love may send,
For which a Saviour bled!

1. See the leaves a - round us fall - ing, Dry and with - er'd, to the ground; Thus to thoughtless mor - tals call - ing, In a sad and sol - emn sound—

2. "Virgins, much, too much pre - sum - ing On your boast - ed white and red; View us, late in beau - ty blooming, Number'd now a - mong the dead;

3. "Yearly in our course re - turn - ing, Mes - sen - gers of shortest stay; Thus we preach this truth con - cern - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

"Sons of Ad - am, (once in E - den, When, like us, he blighted fell,) Hear the lec - ture we are read - ing; 'Tis, a - las! the truth we tell.

Youths, tho' yet no loss - es grieve you, Gay in health and many a grace; Let no cloudless, skies de - ceive you; Summer gives to Au - tumn place.

On the tree of life e - ter - nal, Man, let all thy hopes be stay'd; Which, a - lone, for ev - er ver - nal, Bears a - leaf that shall not fade."

SWEET SPRING.

Parts by Wm. Flower.

171



1. I have seen, I have seen, in the sweet spring time, All the flow'rs opening bright to the sun; And then my heart was full of praise, To
I have seen, I have seen, in the sweet spring time, All the flow'rs opening bright to the sun;

2. I have heard, I have heard, on a sweet May morn All the birds singing blithe on the tree; And then I've rais'd my cheerful voice, And
I have heard, I have heard, on a sweet May morn All the birds singing blithe on the tree;

3. I have known, I have known, in the sweet moonlight, All the thoughts such a scene would in-spire; And then what vi-sions came to me, When
I have known, I have known, in the sweet moonlight, All the thoughts such a scene would in-spire;



Him who gave those bless-ed rays; O I love, yes I love, in the sweet spring time, All the flowers open-ing bright to the sun.

call'd all na-ture to re-joice; O I love, yes I love, on a bright May morn, All the birds sing-ing blithe on the tree.

I have pray'd, O God! to thee; O I love, yes I love, in the sweet moon-light, All the thoughts such a scene would in-spire.

Ye tribes of Ad - am join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine, To your Cre - a - tor's praise. Ye ho - ly throng Of an - gels bright, In worlds of light Be - gin the song.

an - gels bright, In worlds of light Be - gin the song.
 ho - ly throng Of an - gels bright, In worlds of light Be - gin the song.
 worlds of light Be - gin the song. In worlds of light Be - gin the song.
 of light Be - gin the song, In worlds of light Be - gin the song.

O COME, COME AWAY.

Treble and Alto by W. Housa.

1. O come, come away! the Sabbath morn is passing; Let's hasten to the
 2. My comrades in - vine to join their happy number, And gladly will I
 While others may seek for vain and foolish pleasures,
 The Sabbath-school shall

O COME, COME AWAY. *Concluded*

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Sabbath school; The Sabbath bells are ringing clear, I love their voice to hear; O come, come a - way!
 O come, come a - way! Their joyous peals salute my ear,
 meet them there; 'Tis there we meet to sing and pray, With joy let's haste a-way, O come, come a - way!
 O come, come a - way! To read God's word on his glad day,
 be my choice; How dear to hear the plaintive strain, With sweet-est tones a-gain! O come, come a - way!
 O come, come a - way! From youthful voices rise a-main,

4. 'Tis there I may learn the ways of heavenly wisdom,
 To guide my feeble steps on high; O come, &c.
 The flow'ry paths of peace to tread,
 Where rays of heavenly bliss are shed,
 My wand'ring steps to lead: O come, &c.

5. I there hear the voice in heavenly accents speaking,
 "Let little children come to me; O come, &c.
 Forbid them not their hearts to give,
 Let them on me in youth believe,
 And I will them receive:" O come, &c.

6. With joy I accept the gracious invitation;
 My heart exults with rapturous hope; O come, &c.
 My deathless spirit, when I die,
 Shall, on the wings of angels, fly
 To mansions in the sky: O come, &c.

ATKINSON. 11s.

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove, And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 My sov'reign, e-ter-nal, unchangeable love; Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

Not too fast.

1. Thou, my God, art good and wise, And in - fi - nite in pow'r : } Give me thy con-vert - ing grace, That I may o-be - dient prove ; Serve my Ma-ker
Thee, let all in earth or skies Con - tin - ually a - dore ! }

all my days, And my Re - deem - er love.

2. For my life, and clothes, and food,
And ev'ry comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere :
For the blessings numberless,
Which thou hast already given ;
For my smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3. Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And thy good Spirit impart !
Then shall I in thee believe,
With all my loving heart :
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heav'nly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4. Grace, in answer to his pray'r,
And every grace bestow ;
That I may, with zealous care,
Perform thy will below ;
Rooted in humility,
Still in ev'ry state resign'd,
Plant, Almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

5. Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
With self-abasing shame,
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify thy name ;
Thee, let ev'ry creature bless,
Praise to God alone be giv'n ;
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heav'n.

NEW FAREWELL. 8s & 7s.

475

Fare-well, my lov-ing friends, farewell! We must be sep-a-ra-ted, }
 In diff'-rent re-gions we must dwell, Dis-tant-ly sit-u-a-ted. }
 D. C. May truth and jus-tice guide our will, And God from e-vil screen us.

O let not this our friend-ship chill, Tho' moun-tains rise be-tween us;

DWIGHT. C. M.

Plaintive.

1. As crush'd by sud-den storms, the rose Sinks on the gar-den's breast, Down to the grave our bro-ther goes, In death's cold arms to rest.

2. No more with us his tune-ful voice The hymn of praise shall swell; No more his cheer-ful heart re-joice To hear the Sab-bath bell.

3. Yet if in yon un-cloud-ed sphere, A-mid a bless-ed throng, He war-bles to his Sa-viour's ear, The e-ver-last-ing song;

4. No more we'll mourn our bu-ried friend, But lift the an-dent pray'r, And ev'-ry wish and ef-fort bend To rise and join him there.

* On the death of a Sabbath scholar.

1. Hap - py the child, whose ten - der years Re - ceive in - struc - tion well; Who hates the sin - ner's path, and fears The road that leads to hell.

2. When we de - vote our youth to God, 'Tis pleas - ing in his eyes; A flow'r, when of - fer'd in the bud, Is no' vain sac - ri - fice.

3. 'Tis ea - sier work, if we be - gin To serve the Lord be - times; While sin - ners that grow old in sin Are bar - den'd in their crimes.

5. Let the sweet work of prayer and praise Em - ploy our young - est brenth; Thus, we're pre - pared for long - er days, Or fit for ear - ly death.

LABAN. S. M.

Treble by Wm. Housa.

Piece for children.

1. There is beyond the sky A heav'n of joy and love; And ho - ly children, when they die, Go to that world a - bove.

2. There is a dreadful hell, And ev - er - last - ing pains: There sinners must with de - vils dwell, In darkness, fire, and chains.

3. Can such a wretch as I Es - cape that curs - ed end? And may I hope, when - er I die, I shall to heav'n as - cend?

4. Then will I read and pray, While I have life and breath; Lest I should be cut off to - day, And sent to endless death.

As a solo, duet, or trio, except the Chorus.

VESPER HYMN. 8s & 7s.

Rusden Air.

177

Treble and Bass by W. Housar.

Cres.

Chorus.

Fos.

* 1. Hark! the Vesper hymn is steal-ing O'er the waters soft and clear; Nearer yet, and nearer pealing, Now it bursts up-on the ear: Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te!

2. Now like moonlight waves retreating To the shore, it dies a-long; Now, like an-gry surges meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song: Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te!

Dim.

HYMN.

Ju-bi-la-te! A - - men! Farther now, and farther stealing, Soft it fades up-on the ear.

Ju-bi-la-te! A - - men! Hush! a-gain, like waves re-treat-ing To the shore, it dies a-long.

1. God our Father, great Creator,
At thy feet we-humbly bow;
Gratitude for boundless favor,
Should in praises ever flow;
Great Jehovah,
Praise to thee is ever due.
2. Gracious Jesus, mighty Saviour,
Hear our lisping to thy praise;
Thou didst bless such little children,
And invite them to thy face;
Son of David,
Loud hosannas to thy name.

* A single voice announces the Vesper hymn as stealing on the ear from a distance, "o'er the waters;" whence we imagine the sounds will be constantly varying in loudness or softness, and in their apparent distance from the listener. As the single voice proceeds, the "Jubilate" comes in, in Cres., Dim., &c. But the piece is here prepared for Singing School, or Church service.

Treble and Bass by Wm. Housen.

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone, when I am gone: Smile if the slow toll-ing bell you should hear, When I am gone, I am gone.

2. Plant you a tree which may wave o-ver me, When I am gone, when I am gone: Sing you a song if my grave you should see, When I am gone, I am gone.

The first system consists of three staves. The top two staves are Treble clef, and the bottom staff is Bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

Weep not for me as you stand round my grave, Think Who has died his be-lov-ed to save; Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have, When I am gone, I am gone.

Come at the close of a bright sum-mer day, Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray, Come, and re-joice that I thus pass'd a-way, When I am gone, I am gone.

The second system also consists of three staves (two Treble, one Bass) in the same key and time as the first. It continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

The musical score consists of four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 6/4. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with many rests. Above the first staff, the title 'JESHURUN' and the rhythm '7,6,7,6,7,7,6.' are written. Above the second staff, the text 'Part, mostly by Wm. Housa.' is written. Above the third staff, the number '479' is written. Above the fourth staff, the letters 'D. C.' are written. The music is divided into four measures by vertical bar lines. The first measure of each staff contains a single note, followed by a rest. The second measure contains a single note, followed by a rest. The third measure contains a single note, followed by a rest. The fourth measure contains a single note, followed by a rest. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with many rests.

1. None is like Je-shu-run's God, So great, so strong, so high! } Is-rael is his first-born son, God, th' Al-migh-ty God is thine!
 Lo! he spreads his wings a-broad! He rides up-on the sky. }
 D. C. See him to thy help come down, The ex-cel-lence di-vine!

2. Thee, the great Jehovah deigns
 To succor and defend;
 Thee th' eternal God sustains,
 Thy Maker and thy Friend:
 Israel, what hast thou to dread?
 Safe from all impending harms,
 Round thee, and beneath are spread,
 The everlasting Arms.

3. God is thine; disdain to fear
 The enemy within:
 God shall in thy flesh appear,
 And make an end of sin;
 God the man of sin shall slay,
 Fill thee with triumphant joy;
 God shall thrust him out, and say,
 "Destroy them all, destroy!"

4. All the struggle then is o'er,
 And wars and fightings cease:
 Israel then shall sin no more,
 But dwell in perfect peace:
 All his enemies are gone;
 Sin shall have in him no part:
 Israel then shall dwell alone,
 With Jesus in his heart.

5. In a land of corn and wine
 His lot shall be below:
 Comforts there, and blessings join,
 And milk and honey flow!
 Jacob's well is in his soul:
 Gracious dews his heav'n's distil,
 Fill his soul, already full,
 And shall for ever fill.

6. Blest, O Israel, art thou!
 What people is like thee!
 Sav'd from sin, by Jesus now,
 Thou art, and still shalt be:
 Jesus is thy ser'nfold shield,
 Jesus is thy flaming sword;
 Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield
 To God's Almighty Word.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose Or decks the lily fair, Or streaks the humblest flower that blows, But God has plac'd it there, Or

2. There's not of grass a single blade, Or leaf of lowliest union, Where heav'nly skill is not display'd, And heav'nly wisdom seen, Where

3. There's not a star whose twinkling light illumines the distant earth, And cheers the solemn gloom of night, But Heaven gave it birth, And

4. There's not a place in earth's vast round, In ocean's deep, or air, Where skill and wisdom are not found, For God is ev'rywhere, Where

AMERICAN GRATITUDE. 8s & 7s.

Words by LOVELL.

1. Up to thee, Al-mighty Father, An-cient of a-ser-nal days, Thron'd in un-cen-sured glo-ry, Hear us, while our songs we raise.

2. While a na-tion's heart is leap-ing, Mighty in its gush-ing joy, May the song of ad-o-ra-tion, All its grate-ful pow'rs em-ploy.

AMERICAN GRATITUDE.

Concluded.

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Praise for thy un-cess-ing boun - ty, Pour'd with an in - dul - gent hand; Praise for bless - ings still in - creas - ing, Crown-ing free-dom's fa-vor'd land.

Thine, O Lord, shall be the king-dom; Thine the pow'r and glo - ry be; Thine thro' end - less a - ges roll - ing, Thine through-out e - ter - ni - ty.

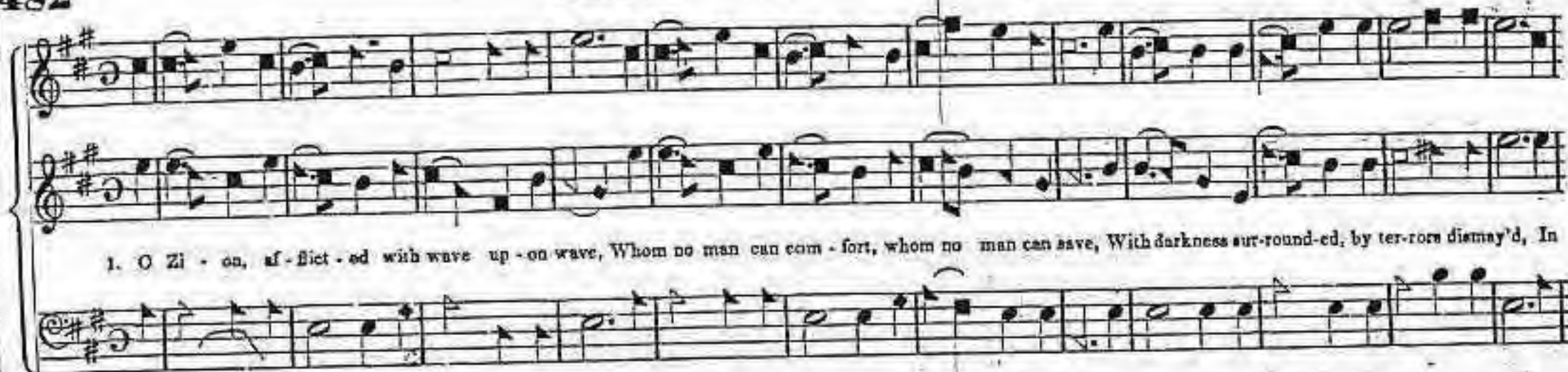
SUNDAY-SCHOOL FAREWELL. C. M. D.

Arr'd by W. Housz.

D.C.

1. Fare-well, dear friend! a long fare-well, For we shall meet no more. } Our friend and bro-ther, lo! is dead! The cold and life-less clay
Till we are rais'd with thee, to dwell On Zi-on's hap - py shore. }
D. C. Has made in dust its si - lent bed, And there it must de - cey.

2. But is he dead?—no, no, he lives! His hap - py spir - it flies } Fare-well, dear friend, a-gain fare-well! Soon we shall rise to thee:
To heav'n a-bove; and there re-ceive The long ex - pect - ed prize. }
D. C. And when we meet, no tongue can tell How great our joys shall be.



1. O Zi - on, af - flict - ed with wave up - on wave, Whom no man can com - fort, whom no man can save, With darkness sur-round-ed, by ter-rors dismay'd, In

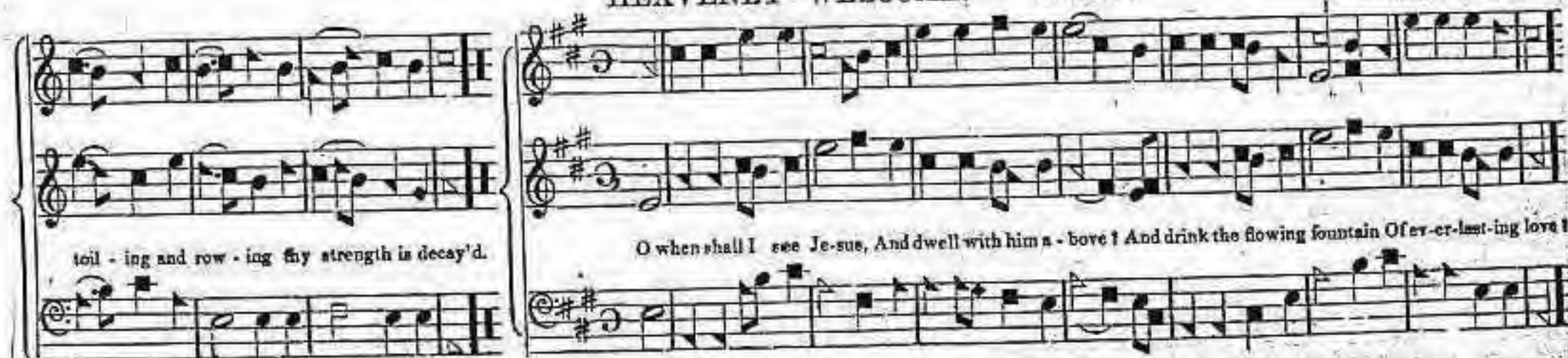
2. Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot that sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3. "O fearful, O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are the light of thine eyes;
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land."

4. Forget thee, I will not, I cannot—thy name
Engraved on my heart, doth ever remain;
The palms of my hands when I look on, I see
The wounds I received while suff'ring for thee."

HEAVENLY WELCOME. 7s & 6s.

Arr'd by Wm. Hockess.



toil - ing and row - ing thy strength is decay'd.

O when shall I see Je-sus, And dwell with him a - bove! And drink the flowing fountain Of ev-er-last-ing love!

When shall I be de-liv-er'd From this vain world of sin! And with my bless-ed Je-sus Drink end-less pleas-ures in.

The following Chorus is generally sung to the last part of the tune, omitting the slurs:—

"To see the saints in glo-ry, And the an-gels stand in-vi-ting! And the an-gels stand in-vi-ting, To wel-come trav'-lers home!"

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER. 11s.

Irish Melody.

Andante con Espressivo.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, left bloom-ing a-lone, } No flow'r of its kin-dred, no rose-bud is nigh,
All its for-mer com-pan-ions are fa-ded and gone; }
D. C. To re-flect back its blush-es or give sigh for sigh.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping, go, alumber with them;
Thus kindly I'll scatter thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

3. So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone!

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN. 6s & 5s.

1. When shall we meet a - gain! Meet ne'er to sev - er! When will peace wreath her chain Round us for ev - er! Our

2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er! When shall sweet friend - ship glow, Change - less for ev - er! Where

3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sa - viour! May we all there u - nite, Hap - py for ev - er! Where

4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon will peace wreath her chain, Round us for ev - er. Our

hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er, no, nev - er!

joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill, Nev - er, no, nev - er!

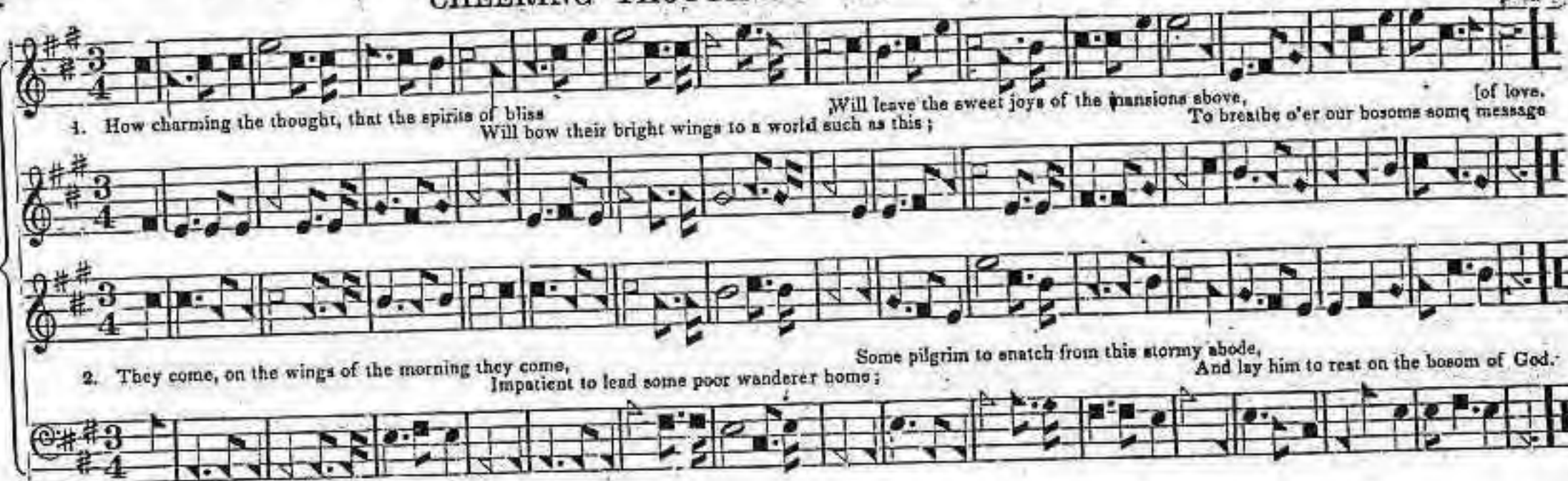
kin - dred spir - its dwell, There may our mu - sic swell; And time our joys dis - pel, Nev - er, no, nev - er!

hearts will then re - pose, Be - cure from world - ly woes; Our songs of praise shall close, Nev - er, no, nev - er!

CHEERING THOUGHT. 11s.

Parts arr'd by Wm. Hottel.

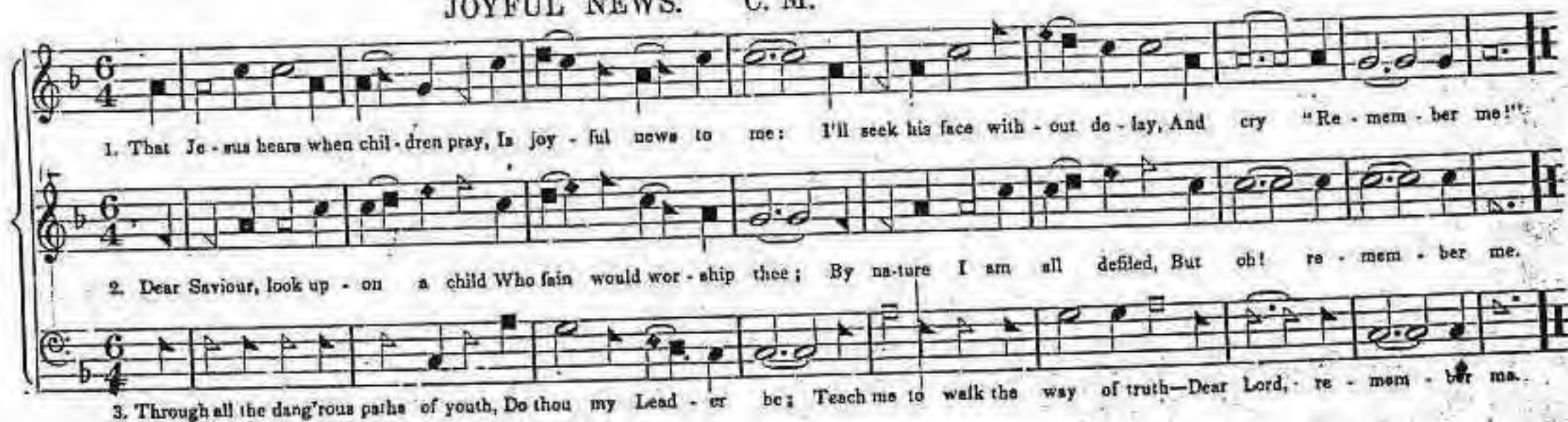
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1. How charming the thought, that the spirits of bliss
Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message [of love.]

2. They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode,
And lay him to rest on the bosom of God.

JOYFUL NEWS. C. M.



1. That Je - sus hears when chil - dren pray, Is joy - ful news to me: I'll seek his face with - out de - lay, And cry "Re - mem - ber me!"

2. Dear Saviour, look up - on a child Who fain would wor - ship thee; By na - ture I am all defiled, But oh! re - mem - ber me.

3. Through all the dang'rous paths of youth, Do thou my Lead - er be; Teach me to walk the way of truth—Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

1. What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame! Is it death? is it death? } If this be death I soon shall be From ev'-ry pain and sor-row free;
 That soon will quench, will quench this mortal flame! Is it death? is it death? }

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me, All is well! All is well! } There's not a cloud that doth a - rise, To hide my Je - sus from my eyes;
 My sins for - giv'n, forgiv-en, I am free, All is well! All is well! }

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints on high, All is well! All is well! } Bright angels are from glo-ry come, They're round my bed, they're in my room,
 I too will strike my harp with equal joy, All is well! All is well! }

ALL IS WELL. [Another arrangement.]

I shall the King of glory see: All is well! All is well!

I soon shall mount the upper skies: All is well! All is well.

They wait to waft my spirit home: All is well! All is well!

4. Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master's voice Calls a-way! Calls a-way! }
 I soon shall see— en - joy my happy choice, Why de-lay! Why de-lay! }

5. Hail! hail! all hail! all hail, ye blood-wash'd throng, Sav'd by grace, Sav'd by grace! }
 I come to join, to join your rap'trous song, Sav'd by grace, Sav'd by grace! }

Musical score for 'All is Well' in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves.

Fare - well, my friends, a - dieu, a - dieu, I can no lon - ger stay with you, My glitt'ring crown appears in view, All is well! All is well!

All, all is peace and joy di - vine, And heav'n and glo - ry now are mine, Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lamb! All is well! All is well!

THE LIGHT OF SABBATH EVE. 8 lines 6s.

Musical score for 'The Light of Sabbath Eve' in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. The light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away,
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day?
Is this the Sabbath eve,
Of fruitless time destroy'd?
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day?

2. To waste these Sabbath hours,
O may we never dare,
Nor taint with thoughts impure
These sacred days of pray'r;
But may our Sabbaths here
Inspire our hearts with love,
And prove a foretaste dear,
Of that sweet rest above.

1. Come, let us learn to sing, *Fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa: Loud let our voices ring, Fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa: Let us sing with open sound,

2. This is the scale so sweet, Fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa: Sing it with accent meet, Fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa: First ascend in notes so true,

3. Children should love to sing, Fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa: Praise to the heavenly King, Fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa: Let us learn his face to seek,

CHILDHOOD'S GLADNESS. 8s & 7s.

With our voices full and round, Fa, mi, la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa.

Then descend in order too, Fa, mi, la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa.

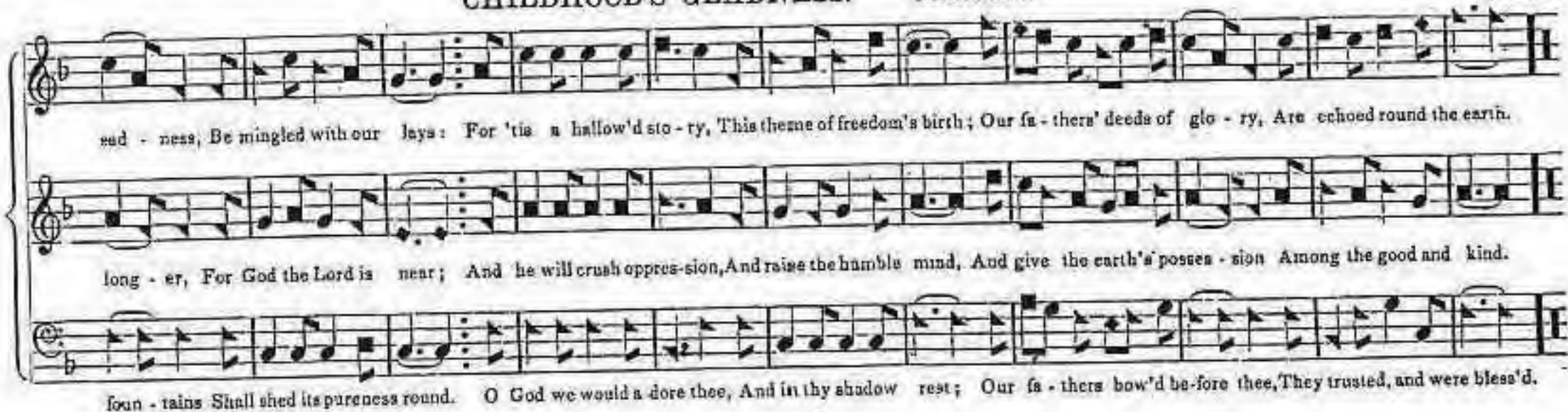
Then aloud his praise we'll speak, Fa, mi, la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa.

1. We come in childhood's gladness, To breathe our songs of praise, Nor let one note of

2. The sound is waxing stronger, And thrones and nations hear; Proud man shall rule no

3. And then shall sink the mountains, Where pride and pow'r are crown'd, And peace like gentle

* These words, Fa, sol, &c., are given for the Air only; Bass and Treble sing the notes in their parts to correspond.



and - ness, Be mingled with our lays: For 'tis a hallow'd sto - ry, This theme of freedom's birth; Our fa - thers' deeds of glo - ry, Are echoed round the earth.
 long - er, For God the Lord is near; And he will crush oppres - sion, And raise the humble mind, And give the earth's pos - ses - sion Among the good and kind.
 foun - tains Shall shed its pureness round. O God we would adore thee, And in thy shadow rest; Our fa - thers bow'd be - fore thee, They trusted, and were bless'd.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

English national air, "God save the king."
 Words by Rev. S. F. Smith of Boston, Mass.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Of thee I sing; Land of the Pilgrim's pride; Let freedom ring.
 Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Land where my fathers died; From ev' - ry mountain side
 2. My na - tive country! thee, Thy name I love; Thy woods and templed hills; Like that a - bove.
 Land of the no - ble free, I love thy rocks and rills, My heart with rapture thrills,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, Sweet freedom's song; Let all that breathe partake, The sound pro - long.
 And ring from all the trees, Let mortal tongues awake, Let rocks their silence break,
 4. Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of lib - erty! To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might Great God our King!

The morn - in^g sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to the west; All nations, with his beams, are blest, Where'er the ra - diant light appears;

This system contains the first four staves of music. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is L. M. Quadruple. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

So science spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands which long in darkness lay; She vis - its fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars.

This system contains the next four staves of music. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is L. M. Quadruple. The lyrics are written below the second staff. The system concludes with first and second endings marked '1' and '2'.

Fair Freedom, her at - tend - ant, waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates; To crown the young and ri - sing states With lau - rels of im - mor - tal day.

This musical system consists of four staves. The top three staves are treble clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#), and the bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature. The music is written in a common time signature. The lyrics are printed below the second staff.

The Brit - ish yoke, the Gallic chain, Was urged up - on our necks in vain; All haughty ty - rants we disdain, And shout, "Long live A - mer - i - ca!"

This musical system also consists of four staves with the same instrumentation as the first system. The lyrics are printed below the second staff. The system concludes with first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the final measures.

CLAREMONT.

Trembling, &c. fly-ing, fly - ing, fly-ing, O! the, &c.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame: Trembling, hoping, lin - g'ring, fly - ing, fly - ing, fly - - ing, O! the pain, the bliss of dying!

Trembling, hoping, lin - - - - g'ring, fly - - - - ing, O! the, &c.

Trembling, hoping, lin - g'ring, flying, fly - ing, flying, O! the, &c.

And let me, &c. And let me, &c. Hark! they whisper, angels say, "Sis-ter spirit, come away."

Cease, fond na-ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan-guish in - to life, And let me languish in - to life. Hark! Hark!

And let me, &c. And let me, &c. Hark! they whisper, angels say, "Sis-ter spirit, come away."

First system of musical notation (measures 1-16). The music is in 6/4 time. The lyrics are: Hark! Hark! "Sis-ter spir-it, come a-way." "Sis-ter spir-it, come a-way." What is this, &c. Steals my, &c. "Sis-ter spir-it, come a-way." What is this absorbs me quite, Steals my senses, shuts my sight! Drowns my Hark! they whisper, angels say, "Sis-ter spir-it, come a-way." "Sis-ter spir-it," &c.

Second system of musical notation (measures 17-32). The music is in 6/4 time. The lyrics are: Drowns my spir - it, draws my breath! Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, &c. The world, &c. spir-it, draws . . my breath! Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, &c. Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, &c. The world recedes, it

dis - ap - pears, Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, my ears, &c. My ears, &c.

my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, my ears With sounds se-

dis - ap - pears, Heav'n o-pens on my eyes, my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, my ears, &c.

The first system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is another vocal line with lyrics. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "dis - ap - pears, Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, my ears, &c. My ears, &c." and "my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, my ears With sounds se-raph - ic ring, my ears With sounds se-".

Lento.

raph - ic ring. Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly! O grave! where is thy vic-to-ry, thy vic-to-ry! O grave! where is thy

The second system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is another vocal line with lyrics. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "raph - ic ring. Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly! O grave! where is thy vic-to-ry, thy vic-to-ry! O grave! where is thy".

vic-to-ry, thy vic-to-ry! O death! where is thy sting! Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly, I

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

fly! O grave! where is thy vic-to-ry! O death! where is thy sting! I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly! O grave! where is thy vic-to-ry! O death! where is thy sting!

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

Be-hold! Behold the wretch whose lust and wine Have wasted his es-tate; He begs a share among the swine, To taste the husks they eat! "I die with

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

My father's house hath large supplies, And bounteous are his hands, And bounteous are his hands.

hunger here," he cries, "I starve in fo - - reign lands;

My father's house hath large supplies, - And boun - - - - - teous are his hands.

This musical system also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with some words spanning across the staves.

- I'll go, and with a mourn - ful tongue, Fall down be - fore his face— Father, I've done thy jus - tice wrong, Nor can de - serve thy grace.

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) in 3/2 time, featuring a melody with various note values and rests. The fourth staff is the piano accompaniment in 3/2 time, providing harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

He said, and hast-en'd to his home, To seek his fath - er's love: The fath - er saw the reb - el come, And all his bow - els move.

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are vocal parts in 6/4 time, continuing the narrative of the prodigal son's return. The fourth staff is the piano accompaniment in 6/4 time, featuring a more active bass line with frequent eighth notes.

He ran and fell up - on his neck, Embraced and kiss'd his son; The reb - el's heart with sor - row brake, For sol - lies he had done.

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first three staves.

"Take off these clothes of shame and sin," The father gives command; "Dress him in garments white and clean, With rings a - dorn his hand. A day of feasting.

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F) and a time signature of 6/8. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first three staves.

A day of feasting, &c.

I or-dain, A day of. feasting I or-dain, Let mirth and joy a - bound, Let mirth and joy a - bound, My son was dead, but lives again, Was lost, but now is found.

day of feasting I or-dain, Let mirth and joy a - bound, Let mirth and joy, &c.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

B. F. WARR.

And saying,

Airs, W. H.

In those days came John the Baptist, preach-ing in the wil-der-ness of Ju-de-a, And saying, And saying, "Repent ye! for the

And saying,

kingdom of heav-en is at hand, For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet E - saias, saying, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the

This musical system consists of four staves. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is a bass clef. The music is written in a single system with a brace on the left. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

Lord, make his paths straight. And the same John had his raiment of cam - el's hair, and was bound with a leathern gir-dle, and his meat was locusts and wild honey.

This musical system also consists of four staves, with the first three in treble clef and the fourth in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

501

Tempo d'ad lib.

Da-vid the king was griev-ed and mov-ed, He went to his cham-ber, his cham-ber, and wept;

"O my

And as he went, he wept, and said, "O my

Would to God I had died, Would to God I had died for thee, &c.

son! O my son! Would to God I had died for thee, O Ab-sa-lom, my son, my son!

Would to God I had died,

HEAVENLY VISION.

FARCE.

I be-held, and lo! a great mul-ti-tude, which no man could number, Thousands, &c.
 Thousands of
 I be-held, and lo! a great mul-ti-tude, which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten times
 Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Thousands, &c.
 I be-held, and lo! a great, &c.

ten times thou - sands, Thousands, &c. Thousands, &c. stood before the
 thousands, &c. Thousands of thousands, and ten times thou - sands, Thousands, &c. Stood be - fore the
 thousands, Thousands of thousands, &c. Thousands, &c. Thousands, &c. stood before the
 ten times thousands, Thousands, &c. Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands of thousands, stood be - fore the

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves are in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the second staff.

Lamb, And they had palms in their hands, and they cease not day and night, say-ing. "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord God Al-mighty, Which

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves are in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 6/4 time. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

was and is, and is to come, which was and is, and is to come." And I heard a mighty an-gel fly ing thro' the

midst of heav'n, cry-ing with a loud voice, "Wo! wo! wo! wol be un-to the earth by reason of the trumpet which is

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The music is in 3/2 time. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

yet to sound." the great men and no-bles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gath-er-ed themselves to -

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The music is in 3/2 time. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

And when the last trum-pet sound-ed, the great men, &c.

geth - er, and cri - ed to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sit - teth on the throne;

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is a bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

For the great day of his wrath is come, And who shall be a - ble to stand? And who shall be a - ble to stand?

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is a bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the second and third staves. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the staves.

JUDGMENT ANTHEM.

Hark! Hark, ye mortals, hear the trumpet Sounding loud the mighty roar, Hark, the archangel's voice proclaiming, Thou, old time, &c.

Hark! Hark! Thou, old time, shalt be no more! His loud trumpet,

Hark! Hark! Hark, the archangel's voice, &c.

Hark! Sounding loud, &c.

See the purple banner flying, Hear the judgment chariot roll,

His loud trumpet rends the tombs— Hear the judgment, &c.

Hear the judgment chariot roll,

His loud trumpet, &c. "Ye dead, awake! Hear the &c.

roll,

roll. Hear the sound of Christ victorious, Lo! he breaks thro' yonder cloud! Midst ten thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand saints and

roll;

.....

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melodic line with a fermata. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melodic line with a fermata. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melodic line with a fermata. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melodic line with a fermata.

Is it he who died on Calvary, That was pierced with a spear! Tell us, seraphs, you that wonder'd, See, he ri-ses thro' the

angels, See the cru-ci-fi-ed shine!

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It contains a melodic line with a fermata. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It contains a melodic line with a fermata. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It contains a melodic line with a fermata. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It contains a melodic line with a fermata.

Very Low.

Hail him! Oh! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Oh! yes, 'tis Jesus! Oh!

Hail him! Oh! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! . . . O come quickly! O come quickly!

Hail him! Oh! yes, 'tis Jesus, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! O come quickly! Oh! . .

Oh! O come quickly! Oh!

Oh! come quickly! Hal-le-lu-jah! Come, Lord, come!

O come quickly! Oh! come quickly! Hal-le-lu-jah! Come, Lord, come! Happy, happy mourners, Happy mourners, Hap - py mourners,

. come quickly! Hal-le-lu-jah! Come, Lord, come!

. come quickly! &c.

First system of musical notation. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "Lo! in clouds he comes, he comes!" (under the second staff), "All ye nations, &c." (under the first staff), "All ye nations now shall sing him Songs of ev - er - last - ing joy." (under the second staff), "now de-termin'd Ev-'ry e - vil to destroy;" (under the third staff), and "View him smiling;" (under the bottom staff).

Lo! in clouds he comes, he comes!

All ye nations, &c.

All ye nations now shall sing him Songs of ev - er - last - ing joy.

now de-termin'd Ev-'ry e - vil to destroy;

View him smiling;

Second system of musical notation. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The lyrics are: "Now redemption, long expected, See the solemn pomp appear; All his people, once rejected, Now shall meet him in the air. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hallelujah! Welcome, welcome!" (under the second staff). The word "Lento" is written above the first staff.

Lento

Now redemption, long expected, See the solemn pomp appear; All his people, once rejected, Now shall meet him in the air. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hallelujah! Welcome, welcome!

bleed - ing Lamb. Now his mer - it, by the harpers, Thro' th' e - ter - nal deep re - sounds; Now re - splen - dent shine his nail - prints, Ev'ry eye shall see the wound!

They who pierc'd, &c.

They who pierc'd him, shall at his ap - pear - ance wail.

They who pierc'd, &c. wail. Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain, Heav'n and earth shall

They who pierc'd, &c. wail.

See away; All who hate him must, ashamed, Hear the trump proclaim the day, Come to judgment! Come to judgment! Come, &c. Stand before the Son of man!

swells the solemn-summons loud, Tears the strong pil - - - lars of, &c.
Hark! the shrill, &c.

Hark! Tears the strong pil-lars of the vault of heaven, Breaks up old mar-blo,
Hark! the shrill out-cries of the guilty wretches! Live - ly, bright hor-ror,

Hark! Hark! th' archangel swells the solemn summons loud, Tears the strong pil. - - - lars, &c.
Hark! the, &c.

Hark!

the re-pose of princes;
and a-ma-zing anguish,

Flames all a-round them!
Gnaw-ing with-in them!

See the Judge's hand a-rising, Fill'd with vengeance on his foes;

See the graves o-pen, and the bones a-ri-sing,
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worm lies,

Brisk. *Lorn.* *Sorr.*

Hear the

Down to hell, there's no redemption, Ev'ry Christless soul must go; Down to hell de-part! de-part! de-part, ye curd-ed in-to ev-er-lasting flames!

Saviour's words of mercy, "Come, ye ransom'd sinners, home, Swift and joyful be your jour-ney To the palace of your God!"

See the souls that earth despised, In ce-les-tial
Joy ce-les-tial, hymns harmonious, In soft sympho-

glories move, Hal-le-lu-jahs big with wonder, Praising Christ's e-ter-nal love: Hal-le-lu-jahs, Hal-le-lu-jahs Ech-o thro' the realms of light. Lord! A-men!

ny resound; Angels, seraphs, harps and trumpets, Swell the sweet angelic sound, "Hail! Almighty! Hail! Almighty! Great, e-ter-nal

Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is ris'n in-deed! Hal - le - lu - jah!

The Lord is ris'n in-deed! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Now is Christ risen from the

Now is Christ the first fruits, &c. Hal - le - lu - jah!

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and be - come the first fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah!

dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ, &c. Hal - le - lu - jah!

And did he rise? And did he rise? . . . did he rise? Hear it, &c.

Hel-le-lu-jah! And did he rise? did he rise? Hear it, ye na-tions, hear it, O ye dead!

And did he rise? And did he rise? . . . did he rise? Hear it, &c.

And did he rise? . . . And did he rise? . . . did he rise? Hear it, &c.

He rose, He rose, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars, &c.

He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And triumph'd o'er the grave! Then, then,

He rose, He rose, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And triumph'd, &c.

He rose, he rose, He burst the bars of death, He burst the, &c.

Then I rose, then I rose; Then first humanity, &c.

then I rose; Then first hu-man-i-ty, tri-umphant, pass'd the crystal ports of light, And eter-nal

Then I rose, then I rose, then I rose; Then first, &c.

Then I rose,

Thine's all, &c.

Thine's all the glory, &c.

youth. Man, all immortal, hail! hail! Heaven, all lovish of strange gifts to man!

Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss, Thine's all, &c.

Man, all immortal, &c.

Fear before him, all the earth.

Give un - to the Lord the glo-ry due un-to his name; Come into his courts; Worship the Lord in the beauty of ho-li-ness: Fear be - fore him, all the earth.

Fear Before him, all the earth.

For he cometh

He shall judge the people righteously. And the earth be glad before the Lord, For he cometh To judge the world with righteousness, And the people with his truth.
Let the heav'n's rejoice,

righteously. For he cometh,

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Bullseye

I am the rose of Sha-ron, and the lil-y of the val-leys. I am the rose of Sha-ron, and the lil-y of the val-leys.

As the lil-y among the thorns, so is my love a-mong the daughters: As the ap-ple-tree, the ap-ple-tree a-mong... the trees of the wood,

I sat down un - der his sha - dow with great de - light,
So is my be - lov-ed a - mong the sons, So is my be - lov-ed a - mong the sons:
I sat down un - der his sha - dow with great de - light,
I sat down un - der his sha - dow with great de - light,
I sat down un - der his sha - dow with great de - light,
I sat down un - der his sha - dow with great de - light,

And his fruit was sweet to my taste,
And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting house, his

Stay me with fla - gons,

He brought me to the banqueting house, His ban - ner o - ver me was love.

Comfort me with

ban - ner o - ver me was love,

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The third staff is also treble clef with the same key signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef line. The music is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are distributed across the staves: 'Stay me with fla - gons,' on the first staff; 'He brought me to the banqueting house, His ban - ner o - ver me was love.' on the second staff; 'Comfort me with' on the third staff; and 'ban - ner o - ver me was love,' on the fourth staff.

For I am sick,

ap - ples, For I am sick, For I am sick of love, I charge you, O ye daugh - ters of Je - ru - sa - lem,

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The third staff is also treble clef with the same key signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef line. The music is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are distributed across the staves: 'For I am sick,' on the first staff; 'ap - ples, For I am sick, For I am sick of love, I charge you, O ye daugh - ters of Je - ru - sa - lem,' on the second staff.

that ye stir not up,

By the roses, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, that ye stir not up, that ye stir not up nor a-

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The fourth staff is a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes.

The voice of my be-lov-ed!

wake, a - wake, a - wake, a - wake my love till he please.

Be-hold! . . . he com-eth,

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The fourth staff is a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

THE ROSE OF SHARON. *Continued.*

and

skipping, leaping up - on the mountains, skipping up - on the hills.

skip-ping.

leap-ing up-on the mountains, skipping, My be-lov-ed spake.

said un-to me. For lo! the win-ter is

Rise up!

Rise up! Rise up! Rise up, . . . my love, my fair one, and come a-way! For lo! the win-ter is

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song titled 'The Rose of Sharon'. The page is numbered '22' in the top left corner. The title 'THE ROSE OF SHARON.' is centered at the top, followed by the word 'Continued.' in italics. The score is written for four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The third staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The time signature is 2/4 for the first three staves and 6/4 for the fourth staff. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple staves. The lyrics include: 'and', 'skipping, leaping up - on the mountains, skipping up - on the hills.', 'skip-ping.', 'leap-ing up-on the mountains, skipping, My be-lov-ed spake.', 'said un-to me. For lo! the win-ter is', 'Rise up!', 'Rise up! Rise up! Rise up, . . . my love, my fair one, and come a-way! For lo! the win-ter is'. The music features various note values, including eighth, quarter, and half notes, as well as rests. There are some decorative flourishes and a repeat sign in the fourth staff.

THE ROSE OF SHARON. *Concluded.*

523

past,

past, The rain is o-ver and gone, For lo! the win-ter is past, The rain is o-ver and gone, the

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

The rain, &c. The rain, &c.

rain is o-ver, the rain is o-ver, the rain is o-ver and gone, For lo! the win-ter is past, the rain is o-ver and gone!

This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

BUTLER.

I heard a great voice from heav'n, saying un - to me, Write, from henceforth, Write, from henceforth, Write, from henceforth, Bless-ed are the dead that die in the Lord!

Yea, saith the Spir - it, for they rest, for they rest, For they rest, For they rest - from their labors,

from their la-bors, from their la-bors, and their works, which do fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, which do fol-low, fol-low them, Which do fol-low them.

ANTHEM OF PRAISE.

Oh! praise God in his ho-li-ness, Praise him in the fir-ma-ment of his pow'r; Praise him for his no-ble acts, Praise him for his noble acts, Praise him according to his

ANTHEM OF PRAISE, *Concluded.*

excellent greatness. Praise him in the sound of the trumpet, of the trumpet; Praise him upon the lute, upon the lute and harp; Praise him with the cymbals, with the cymbals and

Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, &c. that hath breath, &c.

dances. Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes; Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath, &c. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, that hath breath, &c. that hath, &c.

Let ev'ry thing, &c. that hath, &c. that hath, &c.

The musical score consists of ten staves. The first four staves are grouped by a brace on the left. The first staff is in treble clef, and the subsequent three are in bass clef. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some lines spanning across multiple staves. The score concludes with a double bar line on the tenth staff.

FAREWELL ANTHEM.

FRANCE.

527

My friends, I am go-ing a long and tedious journey, never to return; I am go-ing a

My friends, I am go-ing a long and tedious jour-ney, nev-er to re-turn; I am go-ing, I am go-ing a

My friends, I am going, &c. I am go-ing, I am go-ing a long and

My friends, I am go-ing a long and te-dious jour-ney, nev-er to return; I am go-ing a long journey, never to re-turn; ... I am

long and tedious, &c. I am go-ing a long journey, never to return, nev-er to re-turn, ..

long and tedious journey, nev-er to re-turn. I am go-ing a long journey, never to re-turn, nev-er, nev-er, nev-er to re-turn, ..

te-dious journey, nev-er to return; I am go-ing a long journey, never to re-turn, nev-er to re-turn, nev-er to re-turn,

go-ing a long journey, nev-er to re-turn; I am go-ing a long journey, never to re-turn, nev-er to re-turn, nev-er to re-

I am go-ing - a long and tedious journey, nev-er, nev-er to re - turn. Fare you well, my friends, fare you well, my friends!

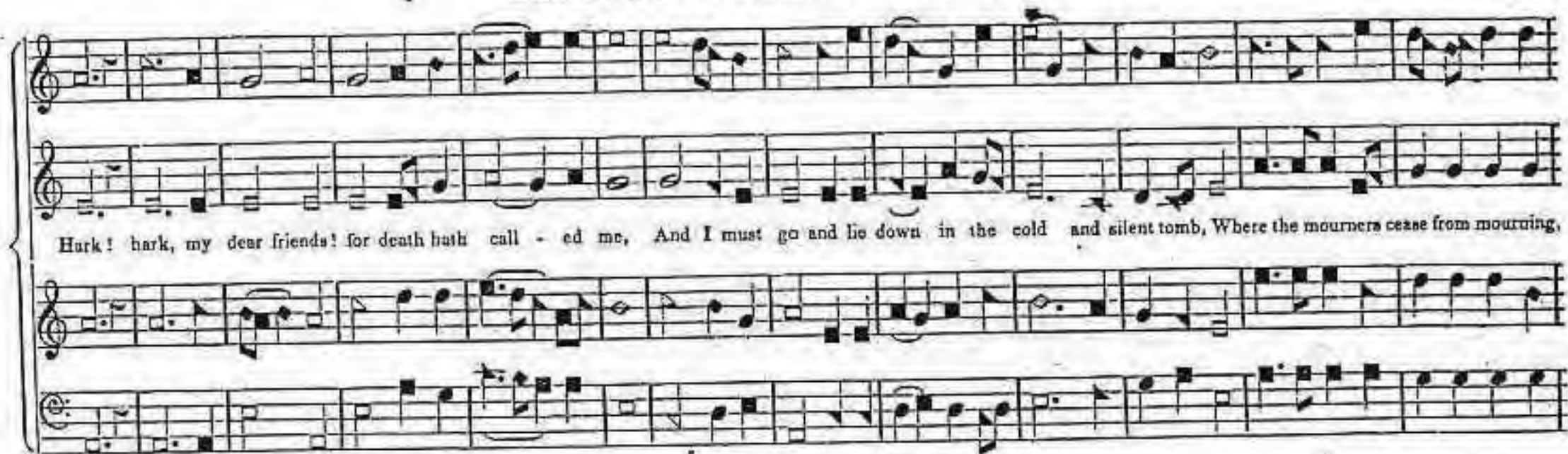
nev-er to re - turn, never, never, never, nev-er, never to re - turn. Fare you well, fare you well, my friends! Fare you well, my friends!

nev-er to re - turn, never, never, never, never to re - - turn. Fare you well, my friends!

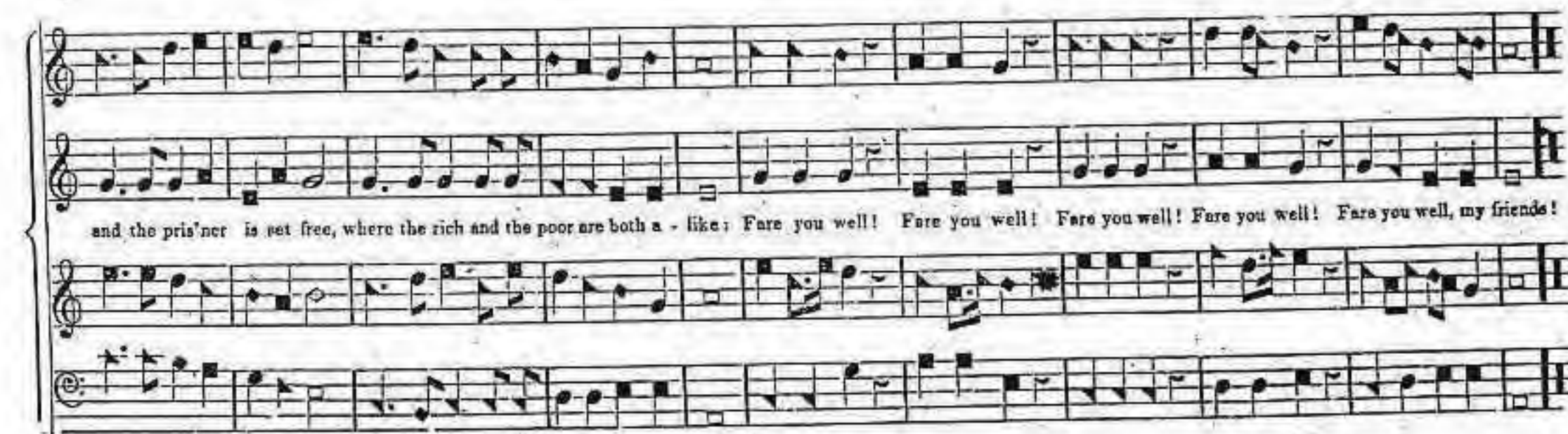
- turn, nev-er to re - turn, never, never, &c. Fare you well!

Fare you well!

Fare you well, my friends! God grant that we may meet together, in that world a - bove, where trouble shall cease, and har-mo-ny shall a - - bound.



Hark! hark, my dear friends! for death hath call - ed me, And I must go and lie down in the cold and silent tomb, Where the mourners cease from mourning,



and the pris'ner is set free, where the rich and the poor are both a - like; Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well, my friends!

THE DRUNKARD'S BURIAL. 10s & 8s.

All by Wm. Hooper,
except the first part of the air.

Adieu.

1. Not a sigh was heard nor a wail - ing note, As his corse to the grave - yard was hur - ried; } We bu - ried him there at the
 Not a tear - drop fell on the lone - ly spot, Where the drunk - ard we sol - emn - ly bu - ried: }

dead of night, The clods with our shovels turn - ing. By the strug - gling moonbeam's mis - ty light, And our lan - terns dim - ly burn - ing.

2. The winding-sheet enclosed his breast,
 For in a coarse shroud we had bound him,
 And he lay like a drunkard, taking his rest,
 With his mantle closed around him.
 Ah! few and short were the prayers we said,
 From his life no hope could we borrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we thought of a judgment with sorrow.

3. We thought, as we heaped his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 Of the worms that would speedily feast on the dead—
 And his soul cast adrift on the billow!
 Ah! what shall we say of the spirit that's gone!
 In mirth, or in anger upbraid him?
 Nay, for nothing he'll reck, but in silence sleep on,
 In the dark, gloomy grave where we laid him.

4. And then when our heavy task was done,
 And the hour had arrived for retiring,
 We sadly reflected that many a one
 From intemperance now was expiring.
 O Father in heaven, with mercy look down
 On drunkards, both youthful and hoary!
 Reclaim them from error, and make them thine own
 And exalt them at last to thy glory.

1. O soft sleep the hills in their sun-ny re - pose, In the lands of the South, where the vine gai - ly grows ; And blithesome the hearts of the vin - ta-gers

2. And fair is the wine when its splendor is pour'd, From sil - ver and gold round the fes - tiv - al board, Where the ma - gic of mu-sic awakes in its

be, In the grape-purpled vales of the isles of the sea, In the grape-purpled vales of the isles of the sea.

3. Yet lift not the wine-cup, though pleasures may swim
Mid the bubbles that flash round its roseate brim ;
For dark in the depths of the fountains below,
Are the sirens that lurk by the vortex of wo !

4. They have lured the gay spirit of childhood astray,
While it dream'd not of wiles on its radiant way,
And the soft cheek of Beauty they've paled in its bloom,
And quench'd her bright eyes in the damps of the tomb.

5. They have torn the live wreath from the brow of the brave,
And changed his proud heart to the heart of the slave ;
And e'en the fair fame of the good and the just,
With the gray hairs of age they have trampled in dust.

6. Then lift not the wine-cup though pleasures may swim
Like an angel of light round its roseate brim ;
For dark in the depths of the fountains below,
Are the sirens that lurk by the vortex of wo !

pow'r, And wit gilds the fast falling sands of the hour, And wit, &c.

THE DRINK. 8s & 6s.

1. The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl Is not the drink for me; It kills his body and his soul, How sad a sight is he! But there's a drink that God has giv'n, Dis-

2. The stream that ma-ny prize so high Is not the stream for me; For he who drinks it still is dry, For ev-er dry he'll be; But there's a stream so cool and clear, The

3. The wine-cup that so ma-ny prize Is not the cup for me; The aching head, the bloated face, In its sad train I see; But there's a cup of water pure, And

till-ing in the show'rs of heav'n, In measure large and free, O that's the drink for me! O that's the drink for me! O that's the drink for me!

thirsty trav-'ler lin-gers near, Refresh'd and glad is he: O that's the stream for me! O that's the stream for me! O that's the stream for me!

he who drinks it may be sure Of health and length of days: O that's the cup for me! O that's the cup for me! O that's the cup for me!

O that I could now a - dore Him, Like the heav'n-ly hosts a - bove, Who for ev - er stand be - fore Him, And un - ceas - ing sing his love;

Hap - py songsters! Hap - py songsters!

Hap - py songsters! When shall I your cho - rus join.

Hap - py songsters!

Hap - py songsters!

TEMPERANCE SONG.

1. Rouse the temperance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing, and blind—
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may find.
2. Bear the blissful tidings onwards,
Bear them all the world around;
Let the myriads thronging downwards,
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
And obeying,
In the paths of peace be found.
3. Plant the temperance standard firmly,
Round it live, and round it die;
Young and old, defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory;
And all nations
Hail the happy jubilee.

HAIL TO THE CAUSE.

Scotch Air.

1. Hail! hail! hail to the cause that in triumph ad-van-ces! Honor'd and bless'd be its patrons di-vine! Inscrub'd be their names on a ban-ner that glan-ces,

2. This, this, this is the cause which will stay the great fountain, That's flooding our land with its dark rolling wave; Soon may it spread o-ver o-cean and mountain,

3. Loud, loud, loud sound the trumpet, of Peace, Love, and Temp'rance. And Bacchus's groans to the blast will re-ply; Past dreams of the drunkard are brought to remembrance,

"Friends of the wife and the daughter, man-kind." Hail to the cause that in triumph ad-van-ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be its pa-trons di-vine!

Sav-ing its millions from death and the grave. This is the cause which will stay the great foun-tain, That's flooding our land with its dark rolling wave;

The wine-cup is dash'd from his lips with a sigh. Loud sound the tram-pet of Peace, Love, and Temp'rance, And Bacchus's groans to the blast will re-ply;

Inscríb'd be their names on a ban-ner that glan-ces, "Friends of the wife and the daughter, man-kind!" Heav'n smile on men so true! Earth sound their
 Soon may it spread o-ver o-cean and mountain, Sav-ing its mil-lions from death and the grave: God is its au-thor grand, Saints aid the
 Past dreams of the drunkard are brought to remembrance, The wine-cup is dash'd from his lips with a sigh: "Go, thou ac-curs-ed thing, Thine is the

praises too! Gay-ly they march on and shout as they go; Oh! ev'-ry Christian pen, Lend, lend your aid to men! Bring glo-ry to God from the hovels of wo-
 glorious plan, Unfurl the broad banner of 'Temp'rance and Peace! Plant it in the mighty Rock, Proof to the tempest's shock; Proudly 'twill wave while our ar-mies in-crease.
 scorpion's sting, Long hast thou kept me in mis-'ry and wo; Hope smiles with pla-cid air, To join that bright army I'll go, yes, I'll go!"
 'Neath yonder ban-ner fair,

1. Come, join in our tem- perance ar- my, I'm sure that it nev- er will harm you, To give in your name to the pledge,
And put on the Wash- ing- ton badge;

2. They call us all bro- ken- down to- pers— But once we were ve- ry good loaf- ers, When our money went in- to their till;
And they may say just what they will;

We're done with our days of ca- rou- sing, For now, with our so- ber minds choos- ing, We've pledged ourselves never to spree,
Our nights, too, of fro- li- some glee;

We've broken the charm of their glass- es, That wives and our lit- tle ones' fa- ces Wear gladness in- stead of a gloom,
And mended the joys of our home;

3. Our garments are sound, now, and decent;
Our po-ckets with money are lined;
Our friends, when they meet us, are pleasant,
And even the ladies look kind,
We've launch'd our cold water frigate,
And call it the 'Temperance ship,'
And invite you to help us to rig it,
And join our tee-total trip.

4. She's fully insured, in her cruising,
From piracy, shipwreck, and fire;
And you may be sure of not losing
Your wages or character by her;
Her crew are men honest and hearty,
Her cargo is plenty and peace;
Come, join our tee-total party,
And all your old sorrows will cease.

5. We're bound for a haven of gladness,
And all the world's joining our crew;
I'm sure, then, 'tis folly and madness,
If you'll not embark with us, too,
Huzza for the Washington banner,
That floats o'er the 'Temperance ship'!
Come on, now, my hearties, and man her,
And take a long tee-total trip!

* The grand Washingtonian Temperance movement was begun in Baltimore, Md., on Friday evening, April 2, 1840, by WM. K. MITCHELL, tailor, J. F. HOSS, carpenter, D. ANDERSON, blacksmith, GEO. STRONG, wheelwright, J. MCCULLY, coachmaker, and ARCH. CAMPBELL, silver-plater. MITCHELL wrote the grand tee-total Washingtonian Pledge, and was the first president of their society.

1. Be days of drinking wine for-got, Let wa-ter goblets shine, And time our memory o'er - er blot The days of drinking wine; Those

2. We two have quaff'd, in days long past, Bright ju-ices of the vine! But let us from our memories cast Those customs of "lang syne;" Had

3. We two can meet as friends should meet; We two to-ge-th-er dine; Our bowls' rage quaff from fountains sweet, And ne'er re-gret the wine; At

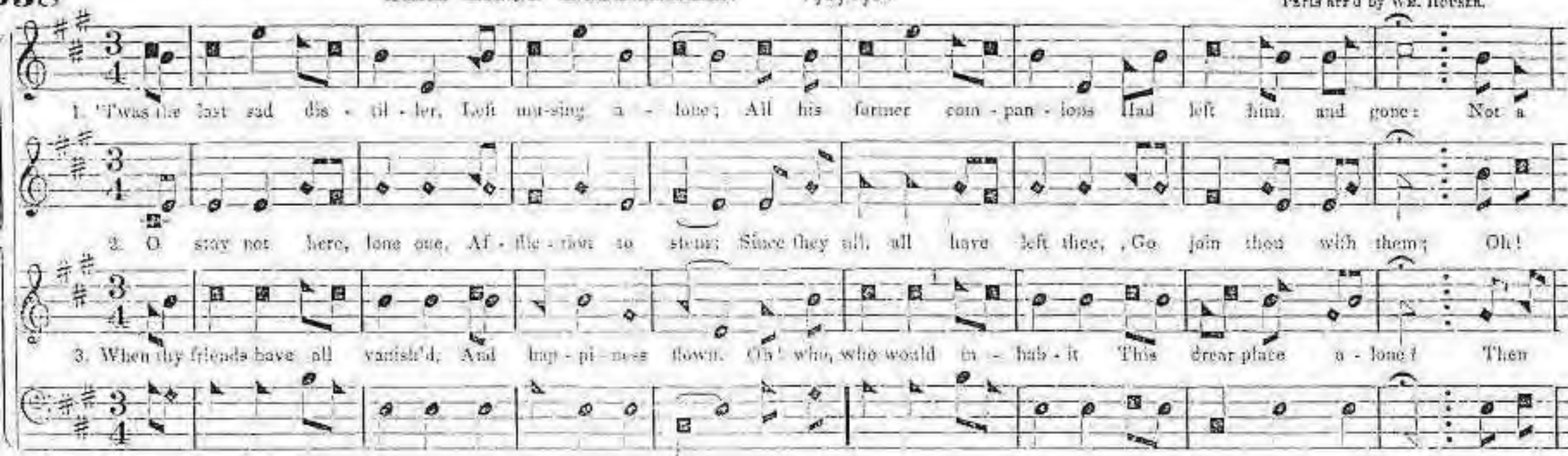
days of drinking wine, my friend, Those days of drinking wine; A temperance hour is worth a pow'r Of days of drinking wine.

cus-toms of "lang syne," my friend, Bad cus-toms of "lang syne;" Our temperance age must blot the page Of customs of "lang syne."

Temp'rance's shrine, my friend, my friend, We're pledged at her fair shrine, And hold her cause a - bove the laws And customs of lang syne.

THE LAST DISTILLER. 7,5,6,5.

Parts arr'd by Wm. Hovsen.



1. 'Twas the last sad dis-til-ler, Left my-sing a-lone; All his former com-pan-ions Had left him, and gone: Not a

2. O stay not here, lone one, Af-ter-noon so stern; Since they all, all have left thee, Go join them with them; Oh!

3. When thy friends have all vanish'd; And hap-pi-ness flown. Oh! who, who would in-hab-it This dear place a-lone? Then



friend-ly one near him, Not a run-sell-er nigh, To add and to cheer him, Those days have gone by.

look at those black walls, They tell a sad tale. Of the tears of the widow, The or-phan's low wail.

come with a firm heart, To the pledge sign thy name, And thou'lt lose care and sor-row, And peace thou wilt gain.

1. Onward! onward! hand vie-to-ri-ous,
Rear the Temp'rance banner high!

Thus far hath your course been glorious;
Now your day of triumph's nigh.

Vice and er-ror flee be-

2. Onward! onward! songs and prais-es Ring to heav-en's top-most arch,
Wheresoe'er your standard rais-es, And your conqu'ring legions march, Gird the Temp'rance armor

fore you, As the dark-ness flies the sun; On-ward, vict'-ry ho-vers o'er you, Soon the bat-tle will be won!

on you, Look for guid-ance from a-bove; God and an-gels smile up-on you, Has-ten then your work of love!

3. Lo! what multitudes despairing;
Widows, orphans, heirs of woe,
And the slaves their fetters wearing,
Reeling madly to and fro;
Mercy, justice, both entreat you,
To destroy their bitter foe;
Christians, patriots, good men greet you,
To the conflict bravely go!

4. To the venter and distiller
Thunder truth with startling tone!
Swell the accents louder, shriller,
Make their guilt enormous known
Onward! onward! never falter,
Cease not till the earth is free;
Swear on Temp'rance's holy altar,
Death is yours, or Victory!

MARSH.

MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG

Song of the Sons of Temperance
By Dr. E. M. PRUITT, of Sparta, Geo.

Andante *Chorus. Presto*

1. Hail, brothers, hail! we have met once more,
On this consecrated ground;
Here to tell of days of yore,
When the bumper sparkled round.
Then, hail! brothers, hail! for the long night is past;
Our Temp'rance Pledge
[is now]

Fir. *Adagio*

Final to be sung at the end of the last stanza, or at pleasure.

hail'd to the mast;
Our skies no more with clouds o'er-cast,
And oh, how bless'd our happy home!
how bless'd our happy home!
Sweet, oh, sweet our loved ones' welcome home!
Welcome home! Welcome home!
Welcome home! Welcome home!

2. Oh! when the bumper sparkled round,
And each drank so full and free,
Wives and children never found
Aught in life, but misery.

CHORUS. Then hail, &c.

3. O how changed is the happy scene,
Round the cheerful fireside!
Now each face, with smile serene,
Greets us home, at eventide!
Then hail, &c.

4. And now, instead of the bitter curse,
And the angry, vengeful look,
We meet, God's blessings to rehearse,
And to read his Holy Book.
Then hail, &c.

AWAY THE BOWL!

German Air.
Words by Wm. Hodsan.

541

On Spirito.

Flr.



1. Our youthful hearts with temp'rance burn, Away, away the bowl! From dram-shops all our steps we turn, Away, away the bowl! Farewell to ruin and all its harms, Fare-



2. See how that staggering drunkard reels, Away, a-way the bowl! A-las! the mis'ry he re-veals, A-way, a-way the bowl! His children grieve, his wife in tears, How



2. We drink no more, nor buy nor sell, A-way, a-way the bowl! The drunkard's offers we re-pel, A-way, away the bowl! U-ni-ted in a 'Temp'rance band, We're



Flr.

Flr.

Chorus, Flr.

F.F.



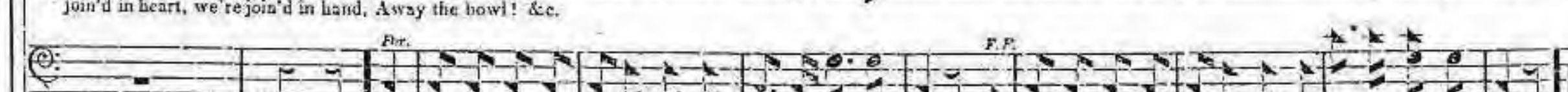
well the wine-cup's boasted charms, A-way the bowl! &c.



sad his once bright home appears! A-way the bowl! a-way the bowl! A-way, a-way the bowl! A-way the bowl! a-way the bowl! Away, a-way the bowl!



join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand, Away the bowl! &c.



Flr.

F.F.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Air by J. B. TAYLER.

As a Duett or Solo, and Ad Libitum.

1. Sparkling and bright in its li - quid light Is the wa - ter in our glass-es, 'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth. Ye lads and to - sy lass - es,
 2. Bet - ter than gold is the wa - ter cold, From the liv - ing foun - tain flowing; A calm de - light both day and night, To hap - py homes be - stow - ing.
 3. Sor - rows depart from the bleeding heart Of the weeping wife or mo - ther, As the poi - son'd cup is giv - en up By hus - band, son, or bro - ther.

Cresc.
Temp.
 Re - sign, re - sign your ru - by wine, Each smil - ing son and daugh - ter, There's nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa -

ter. Oh then re - sign your ru - by wine, Each smiling son and daugh - ter, There's nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa - ter.

SIGN OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Words by PETER WALKER

543

Sung as a Solo, Duette, or Trio.

Chorus.



1. Oh sweet the strains are swelling,
But none can see the mystic crew
Where the Sons of Temperance meet,
Array'd in badges fine,
Of bliss within forth-telling,
Of purest white, and red, and blue,
And harmony complete:
Unless they know the sign—
The sign, the sign—unless they know the sign,
Unless they know the sign.
(Of the Sons of Temperance.)



2. The ladies are for going
They drink no cider, rum, nor beer,
While they at home are sewing,
To see what the men do there,
But water-sparkling, pure and clear—
So I'll the sign declare—
The sign—the sign—Oh this is all the sign,
Oh this is all the sign.
Of the Sons of Temperance.



3. Their eyes in pearly whiteness
Do another sign disclose;
And then, no ruby brightness
Does e'er adorn their nose.
No zigzag windings mark their feet,
But onward as a line
In dress and every thing complete,
They bear the Temperance sign.
The sign, the sign, Oh this, &c.

4. No wife e'er fears to meet them,
When the evening has come;
The children run to greet them,
And bid them welcome home.
For Purity, Fidelity,
And Love in them combine,
And so they strive that all may be
Preserved from rum and wine.
The sign, the sign, Oh this, &c.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

6.4s.

Words by PETER WALKER.
Bass, Treble, and Alto, by WM. HENNER.

Ad lib.

Chorus.



1. Sad-ly and hopelessly Mourning her lot,
Sitteth one doom'd to be Wife of a sot,
Singing, "Oh where, my love, Now do you roam? Come, my love, Come, my love, Come to your home."



2. Long has the midnight hour
Silently flit,
But at her glimmering lamp
Still does she sit,
Singing, "Oh where, my love," &c.

3. Startling at every sound
Heard on the street,
Often she opens the door
No one to meet;
Singing, "Oh where, my love," &c.

4. Vainly is kindness shown,
Vain is her art;
Vainly she strives to wake
Love in his heart;
Singing, "Oh where, my love," &c.

5. Rum has enslaved him,
Virtue has fled,
Lady, no rest is thine
Till thou art dead;
Singing, "Oh where, my love," &c.

1. A Baby was sleep-ing, Its mo-ther was weep-ing, For her husband was out on a wild drink-ing spree; And the tem-pest was swelling Round that

com-fort-less dwell-ing, And she cried, "Oh! the sor-rows, the sor-rows I see!"

2. The hours while she num-ber'd
The baby still slum-ber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bend'd her knee—
"Oh! bless'd be that warn-ing,
My child thy sleep adorn-ing,
For I know that the an-gels are whisp'ring to thee.
3. "And while they are keep-ing
Bright watch o'er thy sleep-ing,
O pray to our Fa-ther in heav-en with me,
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy fa-ther—
For I know that the an-gels are whisp'ring to thee!"
4. "And ere the gray dawn-ing,
Her sad-ness and mourn-ing
Were chang'd to the ful-ness of glad-ness and glee—
For her hus-band, re-lent-ing
And truly re-pen-ting,
Had whisp'rd to her, "I have sign'd! I am free!"

* This beautiful stanza was written by THOMAS MACFARLAN.

ONE GLASS MORE. C. M. D.

* Rose of Allendale. * Scotch Air.

545

1. Stay, mor-tal, stay, nor heed-less thus Thy own des-truc-tion seal; Within that cup there lurks a curse Which all who drink shall

2. Go, view that prison's gloo-my cells, Their pal-lid ten-ants sear; Gaze, gaze up-on those earth-ly hells, And ask when they be-

3. Be-hold that wretched fe-male form; An out-cast from her home; Chill'd by af-flic-tion's win-try storm, And doom'd in want to

4. Stay, mor-tal, stay! re-pent! re-turn! Re-lect upon thy fate; The pois'ous draught in-di-gnant spurn, Spurn, spurn it ere too

feel; Disease and death for ever nigh, Stand ready at the door, And eager wait to hear the cry, "Oh! give me one glass more!" Oh!

gan; Had these a tongue, O man! thy cheek Would burn with crimson o'er; Had these a tongue they'd to thee speak, "Oh! take not one glass more!" Oh!

room; Behold-her! ask that prattler dear Why mother is so poor, He'll whisper in thy startled ear, "'Twas fa-ther's one glass more." 'Twas

late; O fly the grog-shop's horrid din, Nor linger at the door, Lest thou perchance shouldst sip again The treach'rous "one glass more." The

give me one glass more! Oh! give me one glass more! And eager wait to hear the cry, Oh! give me one glass more.

take not one glass more! Oh! take not one glass more! Had these a tongue they'd to thee speak, Oh! take not one glass more!

Father's one glass more, 'Twas father's one glass more, He'll whisper in thy startled ear, 'Twas father's one glass more.

Treach'rous one glass more, The treach'rous one glass more, Lest thou perchance shouldst sip a - gain The treach'rous one glass more!

AFFLICTED ZION. 5 lines 7s.

Wm. Houston.

Sitting by the streams that glide Down by Babel's tow'ring wall, With our tears we swell the tide, While our mournful thoughts recall Thee, O Zion, and thy fall.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

547



Hail Co-lum-bia, hap-py land!

Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause,

And when the storm of war is gone, En-

Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band!

Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause.



joy the peace your val-or won; Let in-de-pen-dence be your boast, Ev-er mind-ful what it cost, Ev-er grate-ful for the prize, May its al-tars



reach the skies; Firm u-nited let us be, Rallying round our lib-er-ty. As a band of bro-thers join'd, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.

THE INEBRIATE'S LAMENT.

Slow and mournful.

1. * Fare-well! Farewell! ye blest scenes of my childhood.

Your sacred enjoyments for ever are gone;
 Ye valleys, and mountains, and deep-rungled wildwood,
 Where echoes of music salute the first dawn;

D. C. Can shed the soft beams of hope's beacon around me,
 Or lure me again to my vine-trellis'd cot.

No longer the charms and endearments that bound me—

Bright beams of my youth—to that once hallow'd spot,

2. By yon drooping willow my Mary is sleeping,

Her infant reposing so sweet on her breast;
 While angels around her their vigils are keeping.

D. C. A poor, homeless drunkard, in sadness to ponder,
 Lest I should revisit the place where they rest!

But now o'er the earth, like an exile I wander.

Upitied, unhonor'd, uncherish'd, unknown,

* These words are by Mr. D. W. Belisle, author of the "Parterre," a collection of beautiful poems. Reader, be sure to get the "Parterre," if you desire a rich feast of real poetry.

Qui Spirato.

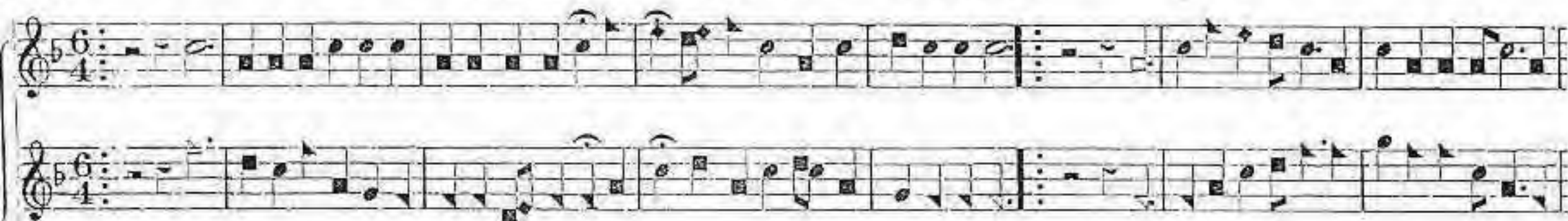
1. O say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleam - ing, } And the rocket's red glare, bombs
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing ; }

bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night, that our flag was still there ! O say, does that star-spangled ban - ner yet wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave !

2. On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream—
'Tis the star-spangled banner ! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave !

3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more ?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution :
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight and the gloom of the grave ;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave !

4. O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes, and the war's desolation ;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation :
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust ;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave !



1. Come, strike the bold anthem, the war-dogs are howling. Al-ready they ea-ger-ly snuff up their prey; } The infants, affrighted, cling close to their mothers.
 The red clouds of war o'er our forest are scowling, Soft peace spreads her wings and flies weeping away; } The
 D. C. While beauty weeps fathers, and lovers, and brothers, Who rush to display the A - mer - i - can Star.



2. Come, blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum awaken,
 The dread rifle seize, let the cannon deep roar;
 No heart with pale fear or faint doubling be shaken,
 No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore:
 Shall mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters, left weeping,
 Insulted by ruffians, be dragg'd to despair?
 Oh, no! from her hills the proud eagle comes sweeping,
 And waves to the brave the American Star.

To us the high boon by our God has been granted,
 To speed the glad tidings of liberty far;
 Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted,
 And vanquish them by the American Star.



youths grasp their swords, for the combat prepare,

3. The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
 Look down from the clouds with bright aspect serene;
 Come, soldiers, a tear and a toast to their mem'ry,
 Rejoicing they'll see us as they once have been.

4. Your hands, then, dear comrades, round liberty's altar--
 United we swear by the souls of the brave!
 Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
 To live independent, or sink to the grave!
 Then, freemen, cheer up--lo! the striped banner's flying,
 The high bird of liberty screams through the air!
 Beneath her oppressions and tyranny dying--
 Success to the beaming American Star.



* Arranged by Wm. Houser, and dedicated to his nephew, Wm. A. W. Houser, in consideration of his gallant conduct in the battle of Buena Vista, as a member of the immortal Second Kentucky Regiment, commanded by McKee and Clay.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS. [AN ODE.]

Words by Mrs. HEYCKE.
Music principally by Miss AUGUSTA BROWN.

551

1. The breaking waves dash'd high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
As a

band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.
2. Not as the conqu'ror comes,
They the true hearted come;
Not with the roll of the stirring drum,
Nor the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the fly - ing dove, In si - len - tude in - tears, They seek the depths of the desert glen, With their hymns of lofty cheer, 3. A - midst the storm they sang! And the

stars heard and the sea; And the sounding isles of the dim woods rang With the anthem of the free! The o - cean eagle soar'd From his nest by the white wave's foam, And the rocking pines of the

THE PILGRIM FATHERS. *Concluded.*

553

ff

forest roar'd ;
This was their welcome home !

4. What sought they thus afar !
Bright jewels, bright jewels, bright jewels, of the mine !

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Expression *Moz. Str.* *For.*

Aye ; call it ho-ly ground,
The spot where first they trod ;

They have left unstain'd what there they found,
Freedom to worship God,

They have left unstain'd what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

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